



DESIGNED FOR THE DEFENCE AND PROMOTION OF
BIBLICAL TRUTH,
 AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF RELIGION IN
THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE.

CONTENTS.

No. 45.	PAGE	No. 47.	PAGE
Treasure in Earthen Vessels.....	361	Morals and Religion in Lapland	401
Progress of the Gospel in Italy	362	Footsteps of the Prince of Wales:—Damascus to Con-	402
Footsteps of the Prince of Wales	364	stantinople	404
"All my Springs are in Thee"	365	EMINENT CHRISTIANS:—John Claude	406
Anecdote of an Archbishop	366	The Editor and his Friends	408
Correspondence	366	Begins with God	408
Saturday Evening	368	The Dove	408
An Aged Christian to his Friend	368	Rich	409
Much Safer	368	The Resurrection	409
YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.—The Law of Love; I said I would Try; The Three Handfuls of Grain	369	YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.—The Long Night	411
Short Arrows	371	Short Arrows	412
Mrs. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES:—Chapter XXXVII., A Present of Tea-Leaves. Chapter XXXVIII., Henry Ashley's Object in Life	372	Contributions for the Nestorians in Lourdes	412
Literary Notices	378	Mrs. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES:—Chapter XLII., The Gover- nance come to Grief. Chapter XLIII., The Gover- nance	412
Weekly Calendar of Remarkable Events chiefly associated with the Christian Church	379	Literary Notices	417
No. 46.		No. 48.	
Alexander the First, of Russia—Part II.....	381	Alexander the First of Russia.—III.....	421
A Pilgrim's Progress in the Olden Time.—Part II.....	382	The Army of Martyrs:—Peter of Alexandria	423
The Editor and his Friends	384	The Editor and his Friends: Chapter II	425
"Retiring Hour"	386	The Half-Way Christian	427
Past Experience	386	Lost Opportunities	428
Home Intercourse	387	The Sympathy of Jesus	428
Harvest Hymn	387	Consecration to Christ	429
YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.—The Country Pastor.—Part VI.....	388	Mothers' Department:—Seed Long Dormant, but not Dead: Physical Hints for Mothers	429
Short Arrows	390	The Mother's Lesson	429
Mrs. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES:—Chapter XXXIX., Atterly's Field. Chapter XL., Looking into the Shop Windows	391	YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT:—The Country Pastor, Part VII.....	430
Literary Notices	396	Short Arrows	432
Progress of the Truth	397	Mrs. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES:—Chapter XLIII., The Quarrel. Chapter XLIV., Anna Lynn's Dilemma	433
Weekly Calendar of Remarkable Events chiefly associated with the Christian Church	399	Progress of the Truth	433
Temperance Department	399	Temperance Department	433

CASSELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN,
 LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

Cassell, Petter, and Galpin's Announcements.

NEW AND IMPORTANT WORK DESIGNED TO PROMOTE FAMILY WORSHIP.

In preparation, and will shortly be published,

In Weekly Numbers, price 1d., and in Monthly Parts, price 6d.,

To be completed in One Yearly Volume, price 7s. 6d.

CASSELL'S BOOK OF FAMILY PRAYERS.

Each Number of this Work will contain Prayers for Morning and Evening for every Day of the Week. It will be printed in bold type, on superior paper, and will be designed as an appropriate work to assist the Family Worship of every Household.

Further particulars will be announced in our next Monthly Wrapper.

COMPLETION OF CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF ENGLAND, DOWN TO THE PRESENT TIME.

IN accordance with the pledge given to the very large body of Subscribers who expressed their desire that the ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF ENGLAND should be continued to the present time, Messrs. CASSELL, PETTER, and GALPIN adopted such measures as they believed would enable them to secure the completion of this important work with as little delay as was compatible with its satisfactory execution.

Having this object in view, they placed themselves in communication with a gentleman whose position and attainments, no less than his own political experience, eminently qualify him to undertake the narration of the great and stirring events of the period to be treated of—1820-62. They have now the pleasure to announce that their proposals have been accepted, and that the History will be brought down to the present time in Two Volumes. The date of the issue of the First Number, now in active preparation, will be shortly announced.

Messrs. CASSELL, PETTER, & GALPIN feel great confidence in saying that these concluding Volumes will be found to be written in a graphic and masterly manner. While preserving an interesting and animated narrative of the general course of events, it is intended to give prominence to those questions and movements which have exercised so wide an influence upon the social progress of the age. These important subjects will be viewed and discussed in a candid and impartial spirit. The leading men of the time will be faithfully portrayed, especially those who have lived beneath the surface of events and directed the movements—thus exhibiting, as far as possible, the inner life of society.

The two concluding Volumes of the ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF ENGLAND will thus contain a comprehensive record, complete in itself, of the period which has witnessed such remarkable political and social changes.

The work will be illustrated by Engravings of a high class, from designs by eminent Artists.

READY WITH THE NOVEMBER MAGAZINES, PRICE SIXPENCE,

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANACK FOR 1863.

The success which attended the issue of a Wrapper *printed in four colours* with the Almanack for 1862, has induced the Publishers to prepare, at great expense,

An entirely New Wrapper, of Original Design, printed in SIX COLOURS, expressly for their Almanack for 1863.

This new and beautiful Wrapper will impart to CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANACK for 1863 all the external attractiveness of an

ELEGANT DRAWING-ROOM ANNUAL:

And, looking to the amount of useful, interesting, and necessary information which will be found in its pages, in addition to the numerous Engravings with which it will abound, Messrs. CASSELL, PETTER, and GALPIN believe that it will be appreciated by the public as far surpassing any previous Almanack published at Sixpence, and will tend to increase the estimation in which this popular Annual has hitherto been held.

To insure early Copies, Subscribers should order from their Booksellers immediately.

CASSELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

TREASURE IN EARTHEN VESSELS.

THERE are clouds upon the sky and spots on the sun. Those clouds often drench the weary wayfarer, and give forth lightning and thunder, bearing destruction and death. The spots on the sun produce no appreciable diminution in its light and heat, neither do they retard its motion, but they are spots notwithstanding. While, however, the clouds bring storms, and the sun has its spots, both alike are sources of great blessing to the world. But for the clouds, and their fertilising showers, the earth would soon become a vast parched desert; provisions for man and beast would fail, and all animal and vegetable life would become extinct. This globe would turn daily on its axis, and revolve yearly in its orbit; but all its fair scenes would be desolate; and the melody of birds, the hum of insects, the roar of wild beasts, and the fragrance and beauty of flowers, would pass away with the voice of joy and of praise. But for the sun there would soon be also destruction and solitude. If either sun or clouds were withdrawn, the earth would be waste and void, and would roll on its solitary way unlovely and without life. These things are an allegory. The Church of Christ and the proclamation of his grace may be likened to the clouds and the sun. The Church has been ordained to exercise a beneficent influence in the world, and its constant activity is a source of universal blessing. The Gospel has a like beneficent intention, and we may well say of it, with one of our poets:—

"Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day,
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to cheer our way."

Yet it so happens that the Church is not in all respects perfect. It is not perfect in its forms and ceremonies, nor in its spirit and modes of operation. Human passions and remaining depravity often lead to mistakes and controversies, by which the weak are injured and the timid are made afraid, and the labours of the spiritual husbandman are frustrated. The Gospel is perfect, both in its design and in its action; but we have this treasure in earthen vessels. The eyes of men are weak, and a variety of causes tend to make them look upon the Gospel, and to describe it, imperfectly. The spots in this case are not in the sun, but in men's words, and imaginations, and conceptions; but they have the same effect as if they were in the sun, and by many mistaken individuals they are regarded as such.

But, after all, what would the world be without the Sun of Righteousness, without the volume of Divine revelation, without the grace which flows through it to man? And what would the world be without the Church, which God has instituted and formed for himself to show forth his praise? The Lord does not usually convert men as he converted Saul of Tarsus, on his way to Damascus, by an immediate revelation from heaven. He has placed the truth in the hands of his people, and makes them the instruments for

proclaiming and spreading it. It is his Spirit which makes their efforts successful, but they are called to make those efforts. "I have planted, Apollos hath watered," says St. Paul; "but God gave the increase." This is the case. God's servants plant and water the seeds of heavenly grace, but the Lord of life alone gives the crop. Both in the conversion of sinners and the building up of saints, human instrumentality is largely used; therefore it was that the Apostles went everywhere preaching the Word, declaring the Gospel of salvation. Therefore it was that St. Paul said to the Philippian believers, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." But preaching and human effort were not all. When sinners were converted we are told how "the Lord added daily unto the Church such as were saved." So, too, when the Philippians were exhorted to work out their own salvation with fear and trembling, it was added, "For it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure."

We admit that there are defects in Christian character and teaching; but we do not admit that these defects arise from any imperfection either in the Christian system or in the operations of God. If the Psalmist could truly say, "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul," we may as truly say this of the completed volume of Divine revelation. If the inspired writer could declare that the work of God was perfect, so also may we say it, and especially of that saving work of grace which he begins and carries on in the heart. Yet there is imperfection connected with both, and that imperfection is seen in many ways. We have an indistinct, and often inaccurate, conception of the truth which God has given us; and the difficulties which lie in the way of our uninterrupted growth in grace are manifest. They remind us of the seed which fell by the way side, or in stony places, or among the thorns. Just as the labours of the husbandman are impeded by stones and weeds, so are the operations of truth and grace impeded in our souls.

Many years ago a book was written upon the "Causes of the Corruption among Christians." The writer of that work was a French Protestant, who desired to treat his subject practically, and to show why professing Christians were deficient in so many things. Without entering into profound questions of divinity, he looked rather at facts, and we shall indicate the facts which he mentions. First of all, he specifies ignorance. Men do not take the trouble to acquaint themselves with what God has revealed to guide their faith and practice. Closely allied to ignorance is prejudice, which is properly a pre-conceived opinion either against real religion, or in favour of some false form of it. People are very apt to judge of religion by some fanciful and erroneous standard. A good deal of mischief arises also from those maxims of the world which pass current for wisdom, and which either go to justify neglect or



positive sin. Not less mischievous is the perverted explanation of some passages of Scripture, which, rightly understood, tend powerfully to confirm and strengthen holy zeal. In this way the doctrine of election, justification by faith, perseverance, Divine sovereignty, &c., have been abused and perverted. A very favourite passage with many is, "Be not righteous overmuch." Next to this may be mentioned that false modesty, or shame, which encourages some to stifle their convictions, and keep back from confessing Christ. Procrastination—"the thief of time;" delay, in hope of repenting; believing, and being saved hereafter—is widely prevalent, and is the life and soul of no small amount of neglect. The spirit of sloth is very widely diffused, and men are found who are active and earnest in everything but the work of God, whether for themselves or for others. Wordly business is often made a plea for neglect. The farm, the shop, and the family furnish admirable and unanswerable excuses, of which multitudes avail themselves. As an old divine expresses it, "Men are too busy to be saved."

There is another class of obstacles to the proper development and growth of the Church, to which the same writer calls attention. In these he goes a little further into the matter, and we shall do well to reflect upon them. He considers that the low state of piety in the Church is a hindrance and a stumbling-block to the world. So also is the want of discipline and order; for where offenders are permitted to offend with impunity, and abuses are tolerated or even cherished, there must be something seriously wrong. The spirit, and conduct, and teachings of the clergy themselves may be a scandal; they may, in various ways, be unfit for their holy office. The influence of persons of wealth and rank is often prejudicial to the interests of real religion. Popular or fashionable education may be and often is simply designed to prepare persons for the occupations and amusements of the world; the prevailing character of papers and books may be unchristian or anti-Christian. If to all these we add the temptations of pleasure, pride, and gain, and the example of those with whom men associate, we shall see how many things, even in a nominally Christian land, are adverse to religion. Almost all the particulars we have mentioned branch out into a variety of details, so that they who are called to shine as lights in the world may well exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things?" God be thanked, the answer is ready—"My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." This is the consolation which we have. That one word GRACE is our precious heritage. When overwhelmed with sin and care, beset with temptations, or disengaged by trials, here is something to help us on; and we feel new strength as we remember that "He who has begun a good work in us will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

What the Christian feels in reference to himself and his fellow-Christians, he feels in reference to the world at large. How can men be brought to know and love Christ? How can the Gospel be exhibited, in its power and glory, to all the world? How can men's eyes, and ears, and hearts be opened, and the heralds of salvation—the Church—display to them the glories of the Cross? Again the answer is, By grace! The Holy Spirit must help those who, by their profession, cry, "Behold, the Lamb of God!" The Holy Spirit must also act upon those to whom

the Gospel is preached, and without this the soul of the sinner cannot be saved.

We have much more to say on this subject, and, seeing its great importance, we propose shortly to return to it again.

PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL IN ITALY.

A LECTURE by Signor Gavazzi has been published under the above title, and we have no doubt our readers will be interested in the extracts which we are about to give them from it. The lecture commences with an account of the state of things in 1847, and the two following years. Gavazzi thinks that at that time there was very little real religion in Italy. Since then, however, real progress has been made. He says:—

"We come now to the state of things in 1853. In Turin a little liberty was granted to the people by the carrying out of the constitution. One result of that freedom was that the religion of the Waldensians spread itself. That was a very good thing for Italy, because it gave rise to a new evangelical agency in the country, under Dr. De Sanctis, so that now we have two there instead of, as formerly, only one. This gave the Italians an opportunity of choosing which they considered the best of the two to attach themselves to. Had there been only one it would have seemed as though we were entrapping the Italians into the Waldensian Church, which would have been a very unwise proceeding. We were glad, therefore, of the freedom of choice which the existence of the two evangelical Churches afforded. When Dr. De Sanctis separated from the Church of Rome he had only twenty communicants in his new church, in Piedmont, from 1853 to 1859, we had religious toleration, if not religious liberty. Since 1859, having obtained our emancipation, the Government had not much time to be scrupulous and severe in looking after the professors of the evangelical religion, who were, therefore, left at liberty to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ. What has been the result of those two large spheres? At the present moment the Waldensian communities have forty congregations in Italy. There is one in almost every town in the province of Piedmont. We have three in Milan, one in Parma, one in Brusica, another in Modena, two at Bologna, five at Florence, three in Naples, one in Palermo, and in almost every large town in Italy we have a congregation, amounting altogether to forty, with an average of 2,000 communicants, and an average of hearers of about 20,000. I am here underrating, rather than overstating, the numbers. It is a certain fact, therefore, that evangelical religion, in Italy, has made mighty progress since 1859. I cannot speak of 1853, because between then and 1859 I was an exile in England, and did not go back to Italy again until the year 1859. Instead of twenty communicants we have 2,000; and instead of a few score hearers we have 20,000. That is a degree of realised progress which promises well for the future."

The lecturer gives a somewhat gloomy sketch of the general state of religion in the country. He admits that most of the people are Roman Catholics by profession, although great numbers of them do not believe in the essentials of Romanism. Even when they receive the Gospel, they do not like to be called Protestants, because there is a wide-spread dislike of the name. As to their willingness to hear the Gospel,

he remarks:—"When I commenced preaching in Florence I had very small congregations. There were only eighty people present on the first night; the second evening they had increased to 900; on the day following that the congregation was augmented to between 700 and 800. It seemed as though we could walk on their heads, so closely were they packed in our rooms. What did they come for? For no other purpose than that of hearing the Gospel. My room there was decent, certainly, but in itself it presented no attraction whatever to the people to come to it. The evangelical preachers in Italy have no extraneous appliances to draw the people to their places of meeting; they have nothing to present to them but the simple Gospel of Jesus Christ, without any auxiliary to create a sensation." Another illustration is to this effect:—"In 1856, the last time I was in Milan, the people were packed as closely as they could be, and there was a large crowd also in the court-yard; I preached from the window, so that those outside as well those inside were enabled to hear me. At least 1,400 people were present on that occasion, if not more. I had from 800 to almost 1,500 present to hear me on almost every day of the week. It was a very beautiful scene to witness; beautiful because we were in Italy, under a splendid Italian sky, and the weather in the month of May was most delightful. I would not suggest your doing the same thing here, my friends—going outside, under your sky, even in the month of July. I hope you perceive the logic of my argument, namely, that there is evidence of the progress of religion in Italy, because the congregations increase largely wherever the Gospel of Jesus Christ is preached. That, my friends, is an indisputable sign that the people are pleased with the Gospel; and it speaks well for the progress of the evangelical religion in Italy in the future. We hope to be able to enlarge our evangelical agencies in every town, small or large, throughout our dear peninsula."

Of the circulation of the Scriptures he observes that, "since 1859, Bibles are sold in all the large towns of Italy; and those who sell them do not meet with any interference or disrespect. That is a great thing; for the same thing cannot be said even of your sister island, Ireland. About two years ago, a man in Salerno took a Bible from a colporteur and cut it into pieces; but he was immediately taken before the magisterial tribunal, and sentenced to five months' exile from that his native town, in order to teach him to pay a little more respect to the Word of God in future. The agents of the society for the distribution of Bibles can go into the *cafés* and offer them for sale to any one who will buy them; when they are not disposed to purchase, the people simply say, 'No'; but they offer no insult whatever to the seller. In fact, the Bible is publicly sold universally to all classes of the people, including the clergy. In Naples, from November, 1861, to April, 1862, there were sold 9,000 Bibles; and 8,000 more were disposed of in the month of May, so that in six months the sale in that city amounted to 12,000 Bibles. Rather good selling that! At the present moment there cannot be less than 100,000 Bibles, which are being read and studied in Italy. That will be followed by good results to the Italians, because in Italy, perhaps more than in other places, if you give the Bible to the people it will make its way into their hearts. The Bible is read in families, and more especially by the young. You can understand the importance of its being read by the young,

because many of the old are unable to do so. Before 1859 we had several provinces where we had an average of fifty per cent. of the population who could read, and in other places not more than twenty-five per cent. could do so. In and near Rome, and in the Neapolitan provinces, there was only one in a hundred who could read; since then education has greatly increased. There were scarcely any schools where they could learn to do so."

Gavazzi is of opinion that English tracts are not likely to be acceptable in Italy; and we can readily believe this. Not only so, however, he says, "that translations of English tracts are not welcome, nor generally understood;" and, as his reasons for this conclusion are rather original, we give a portion of what he says upon the matter:—

"Your English tracts are launched among the English people as fish out of water; but with us they are fish out of water, because we do not know your language. The writers of religious books, for example, speak of the doctrine of justification by faith in Jesus Christ; and the people here know what it means; but in Italy they know nothing of the kind—they have only been taught that the priest justifies men. The Italians, therefore, require a previous explanation of the doctrine, which as your tracts do not contain, they are unfit for our readers, generally speaking. I do not say that that is always the case. In your knowledge of Christianity you are at least two centuries old. Your theological teeth are strong, and you are able to masticate and grind with them. You are able with them to crush and digest the hardest crusts of theology. But my Italians are babes in Christianity. Some of them may be boys, but others are but a few hours old; and can you give such infants hard crusts to eat? No, no; if they have nothing else to live upon, they must starve to death, my dear friends. But we have in Italy something better than your hard crusts to give them—we have some religious milk, sugar, and honey; we make a mixture suited to their palates—sweet! sweet! and our babes like that. Last year the Religious Tract Society came to the conclusion not to send any more tracts to the Italians, but to leave them to write them themselves. To publish tracts suited to their characters, at a cheap rate—that is Christianity. That is what Dr. De Sanctis is doing. He is writing tracts against the Romish doctrines of purgatory, the mass, auricular confession, and other corruptions, which tracts are doing more good than thousands of your English tracts translated into Italian would do. When I went to Genoa, in 1859, I found 70,000 English tracts lying there useless, because nobody would buy them; but immediately those of Dr. De Sanctis made their appearance, they spread through the whole of Italy. Four or five years ago an almanack of an evangelical character was brought out, and its sale has increased from 2,000 to 80,000 copies. There are some signs of progress even there."

Besides the difficulties arising from ignorance, indifference, bigotry, superstition, and unbelief, the law itself interposes obstacles, and it is also by no means easy to find places to preach in. These points are illustrated in the following passages:—

"We have in Italy five criminal codes still. A new code will be presented to our Parliament, of an exceptional character to the others. Our codes vary; we have one in Parma, another in Modena, another

in the Roman States, another in Piedmont, and another in Naples. For speaking against the dogma of the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary, a man was condemned to three days' imprisonment in Naples. Three men in Tuscany were condemned to five years' imprisonment for merely speaking against the Church of Rome. On that ground we were compelled to be cautious; for, although three days are nothing, five years are something. I know that there is a Providence watching over us. When in Italy, however, I do not conceal anything in my bosom; everything I have in my heart I speak out of my mouth, notwithstanding these laws. It is true that I brought myself under the notice of the magistracy by so doing. In Florence I was twice called upon to stand my trial. I had eighteen accusations brought against me. They said to me, 'Have you spoken these words charged against you?' I replied, 'Unquestionably; yes.' 'Do you maintain what you then spoke?' 'Unquestionably; yes.' 'Have you anything to say in your defence?' 'Nothing now. I will reserve my defence, and when I appear before the judge and jury, then I shall stand upon my own ground. I shall employ no Queen's counsel to defend me. It is a theological cause, and I understand theology better than your counsel do. But, mind, tell the judge I shall take at least ten hours to defend myself against your eighteen accusations. I intended, too, to keep my word. When they heard me talk about a ten hours' defence, they said to me, 'Go on; go on; preach what you like;' and now I really do preach in Italy what I like. I have no longer any annoyance from anybody. The judge laid down the rule that we can preach what we please in our chapels, but that we must not print anything against the Church of Rome, or against the Pope. But we know how to print what we want there notwithstanding. According to its own judgment, then, the Consistory cannot judge me any more for speaking, because I can answer, 'Here is your own judicial order. You told us that we might preach what we liked in our own chapels; and, therefore, I am preaching what I like, agreeable to your own dictum.' One of the greatest obstacles we have now to encounter comes from our aristocracy, who will not let us have any of their palaces to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ in. This is a great difficulty, because there are no places which we can hire. We have no public rooms, as you have in England, which we can rent for the purposes of lecturing and preaching in, except in Florence, where there are concert rooms to be had.

"The obstacles we have to encounter from the Church of Rome do not arise from controversy, because the priests will not meet us in argument. I have invited them to come out and discuss our points of difference, but they will not do so; all that they do is to speak against me behind my back. I have cried to them, 'Come out! come out! come out!' but nobody has come. The field is thus left open to me. I encounter no obstruction. I am never insulted in my sermons or lectures; the only obstacles I meet with are from the Pope."

CONTRIBUTIONS received since our last for the Nestorians in London (see THE QUIVER, Nos 33, 35, and 43).—Leicester, 2s. 6d.; A Widow's Mite (J. E. K.), 2s. 6d.; M. A. N., £1 2s. 6d.; R. S. T., 1s.; J. R. D., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Alex. Sharp, 10s.; A Dissenter, 1s. 6d.; Cyrus B., 1s.; J. B., 1s.; Selina, 5s.

FOOTSTEPS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

SAFED TO DAMASCUS.

SAFED lies upon a lofty, isolated hill, and was once a busy, thriving place, with a population of eight or nine thousand inhabitants. It is one of the holy places of the Jews in Galilee, and lays claims to a considerable antiquity, which by some is denied. The first certain mention of it is by William of Tyre, who says that, in A.D. 1157, Baldwin, the Christian king, was defeated, and escaped with difficulty to the castle of Safed. Its importance as a fortress was seen in later times, and its history has therefore been a chequered one. Several centuries ago it became famous for its Jewish school, from which many eminent Rabbis proceeded. The place is remarkably picturesque in its situation, and has been described by many travellers.

From Safed there is a road towards the north over a hilly country, sprinkled with villages, none of which appear to be identified with ancient rites till we arrive at Kedesh. This is no doubt Kedesh-Naphtali, an old royal city of the Canaanites (Josh. xii. 22). It became a Levitical city, and a city of refuge. Some time after Joshua it recovered its independence. It seems to have been the birthplace of Barak. Tiglath Pileser conquered it, and took its inhabitants into captivity, 740 B.C. It is also mentioned in the Book of Maccabees. It is now a village, standing upon a hill, well watered, and surrounded by fertile plains. There are some remains of antiquity in the vicinity, consisting of sarcophagi, and the ruins of two synagogues.

A few miles to the south-east of Kedesh are the Waters of Merow, the Bahr-el-Huleh of the Arabs. This lake lies in the valley of the Jordan, which flows through it. The neighbouring region is very fertile, but hot and unhealthy. The lake is five or six miles broad and seven or eight miles long, bounded on the north by an immense and impassable marsh. Some distance beyond the head of the marsh, and to the east of the Jordan, is the Hill of Dan, where the city of Dan once stood. This ancient place is often alluded to in the Old Testament as in the extreme border of the Holy Land. It is now called the Tell-el-Kady, and is known as the second source of the river Jordan. Once it was the principal seat of the idolatrous worship of the Jews. The hill is about forty or fifty feet high, of a circular or oval figure. Part of it is covered with oak trees, and another part with thick brushwood and briars. It is evidently the crater of an extinct volcano, about half a mile in circumference. Out of the side there gushes forth all at once a beautiful river of delicious water. There are, in fact, two streams, which here take their rise, and soon unite, rushing into the marsh of the Huleh, where they join to form the Jordan. Further to the east at Banias is another fountain, the water from which is very copious, gushing out in a full stream, and hastening away to the valley of the Jordan.

Banias is the ancient Panæas, or Cæsarea Philippi, a city of Upper Galilee, near the sources of the Jordan, at the foot of Mount Hermon. It was rebuilt and enlarged by Philip the tetrarch, who named it in honour of himself and Tiberius Caesar. It was afterwards called Neronias, in honour of Nero. In Mark viii. 27 we read that our Lord visited this locality, for he went "into the towns of Cæsarea Philippi?" Mr. Thompson says: "The city is securely embosomed among mountains, which stand around it on the

north-west, north, east, and south. The platform or terrace upon which it is built may be elevated about one hundred feet above the extensive plain. That part of the city which was within the walls, lay directly south of the fountain. The stream formed a deep channel along the northern and western walls. The city was surrounded by water, and defended on all sides by natural ravines, except in the east, which was secured by a wide and deep fosse. The walls were very thick and solid, and were strengthened by eight castles or towers, and before the introduction of artillery Banias must have been almost impregnable. The plain towards the north-west, west, and south-west is covered with columns, capitals, and foundations, which bear testimony to the ancient size and magnificence of Banias." Dr. Robinson speaks of the beautiful terrace on which Banias is situated, and says, "Passing on among fine copes of trees, and splendid fields of wheat, and water-courses drawn from the noble fountain, we came, much exhausted, to the village in the angle of the mountains. Here we pitched our tent beneath the spreading terebinths, so often mentioned by travellers!"

But we must bid farewell to this spot, so interesting on so many accounts, and retrace our steps westward, pass the Hill of Dan and across the Jordan, or, as it is here called, the Hasbany, until we come again to the hills on the other side. Here we find Abil, which is believed to be the Abel-beth-Maacah, where Sheba posted himself when he revolted from David. It was a city of some importance, and was sacked by Ben-hadad, King of Syria, and by Tiglath Pileser (1 Kings xv. 20 ; 2 Kings xv. 29).

Pursuing our way over a diversified country, we soon come into the district inhabited by the Druses, of whose sanguinary conflicts and ancient feuds with the Maronites we recently heard so much. In due time we arrive at the river Leontes, now the Litany, which flows from the plains east of Lebanon, through a wild mountain region, into the Mediterranean. Crossing this famous stream, we may visit the Kulat-es-Shukif, or Belfort of the Crusaders. Here are still the massive remains of an ancient castle, standing upon a naked, isolated ridge, frowning down upon the country below, and forming a land-mark, visible from a considerable distance in all directions. This building is one of great strength, by its position and its construction, and is still in a wonderful state of preservation. The walls are very solid and lofty, rising sixty or eighty feet above the trench. The length is said to be eight hundred feet, and the breadth three hundred feet. A recent traveller says he found it deserted and desolate, its vaulted stables and princely halls serving only as a shelter for the goatherd and his flocks. The site is probably very ancient, but the place is first named in the twelfth century. The name Kulat-es-Shukif means "the Castle of the Rock," and the place itself was the scene of some deadly struggles during the Crusades. A description of this remarkable relic would require more space than we can afford; we will therefore proceed on our way. We once more cross the Litany, and traverse the district of Merj-ayun : then passing over the Hasbany, or infant Jordan, we reach Hasbeiya, half covered by its terraces of olive groves, which encompass it on each side, from the heights above to the ravine beneath. Hasbeiya is an interesting place, on more accounts than one. Not only is it a truly charming spot, but the principles of the

Gospel made considerable progress there under the teaching of the American missionaries, whose praise is in all the Churches. The sad events of 1860 broke up this mission, and compelled its Protestant inhabitants to remove to Beirut. Since then, confidence has been greatly restored, and there are now many in this district who favour or profess Protestantism.

From Hasbeiya we journey in a north-eastern direction to Rasheiya, an extensive village, which, in 1855, contained about four thousand inhabitants, mainly of the Greek faith, with whom Protestantism was a byword. At that time their leading men were not ashamed to say that if a Protestant came to Rasheiya to preach against their doctrines they would kill him. Now, however, we find this place enumerated among the principal stations of the American mission in this part. Rasheiya is the chief town of its district, is elevated about four thousand feet above the sea, and commands a vast and varied panorama of elevated plains, valleys, and mountain ranges, towards the east, the north, and the west, including Anti-Lebanon, Lebanon, and Jebel-es-Sheikh. The road to Damascus invites us, and we pursue it by Aiha and Rukleh to Katana. There are ruins at Aiha, of ancient date; and again at Rukleh—relics of those old and abominable idolatries which are so often alluded to and condemned in the Old Testament. Other ruins are abundantly scattered over these regions; one at Deir-el-Ashayir, seems to be particularly interesting. Those of the travelling fraternity who have leisure will find much to amuse and instruct them in these parts, provided always that they escape the "perils by robbers," which continue to form one of the romantic features of Syrian travel. We have no time for minute exploration, and therefore we push on to Damascus, where we are reminded of Naaman's question, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Jordan?" The Abana still flows through the city, and Pharpar runs at some distance towards the south.

Damascus is a bigoted place, but it is so well worth seeing that we could not dispense with a visit; it carries us back to the days of Abraham, when Eliezer of Damascus was his steward.

"ALL MY SPRINGS ARE IN THEE."

(Psalm lxxxvii. 7.)

To whom, dear Jesus, oh! to whom
Can needy sinners flee,
But to thyself, who bidst us come?
"Our springs are all in thee."

Perhaps some poor and tempted saint
Before thee now may be,
May not their hopes nor wishes faint,
"Their springs are all in thee."

The poor supply, the wounded heal;
Let sinners such as we
Salvation, mercy, taste and feel;
"Our springs are all in thee."

When we arrive at Zion's hill,
And all thy glory see,
Our joyful hearts will echo still,
"Our springs are all in thee."

SUPERSTITION.—Superstition is the speechless symbol of departed piety; or it is to religion what astrology is to astronomy—the foolish daughter of a wise mother.

ANECDOTE OF AN ARCHBISHOP.

We read the following in a foreign journal:—

In the year 1836, a friend of mine—Dr. S., a physician of eminence—embarked at Belfast, Ireland, for Glasgow, Scotland, on Friday evening, and stranded Saturday morning in the Loch, near Belfast, so high that the passengers could have walked all around the steamer on *terra firma*; but Sunday morning found them under way again. Among the passengers was a gentleman, whom Dr. S. supposed to be a Methodist clergyman. He approached Dr. S., and remarked that it was always proper, as well as a duty and pleasure, to observe the Sabbath; and as God, in his providence, had detained them on the steamer, when they expected to be in Glasgow, he desired there should be religious service, if agreeable to those on board. Dr. S. at once assented, and cheerfully complied with the request of the clergyman to ask the captain's permission to hold service in the cabin. The captain consented promptly, and replied that all hands, save the man at the wheel, should attend. At the hour appointed all assembled in the cabin. The clergyman took from his pocket a little Testament, read a portion of Scripture, offered a prayer entirely extempore, made a few simple remarks upon the Scripture read, led in prayer again, and thus the service closed.

After the service, Dr. S. engaged in conversation with the clergyman. The subject of Church and State came up, both gentlemen giving free expression to their thoughts, Dr. S. frankly stating his American opinion of dissent, and the rev. gentleman as freely his assent to the union of Church and State. Up to this time Dr. S. did not know who he was talking to, only that it was to a Christian clergyman. The object of each other's visit to Glasgow was then inquired for, and the clergyman said he was going to attend the Protestant Association, a society formed, as the name indicated, to promote the interests of Protestantism, as opposed to Romanism, and asked Dr. S. if he would not like to attend the convention, as it would be very interesting, and if so, he would give him a ticket of admission, handing him at the same time a card. Upon reading it, the doctor, to his great surprise, found the name of Archbishop Magee, of Dublin, the author of the great work upon the Atonement, a High Churchman and a great stickler for the union of Church and State, but theologically orthodox, a genial and warm-hearted Christian. He was the predecessor of Archbishop Whately. Upon arriving at Glasgow, handbills in large letters announced Archbishop Magee as the President of the Protestant Association, to be convened on Tuesday.

How truly catholic and Christian the spirit of this prelate! Occupying the highest position in the Established Church, and yet leading such a simple service, away from the consecrated altar, and chancel, and reading desk, and pulpit, without a gown or surplice, or even a prayer-book—only with the New Testament in his hand to guide his devotions. Was not this act prompted by a strong and child-like trust in Christ's promise, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them?"

And was not God fulfilling his own promise, too? for is it not recorded, "I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night," and "I will give you pastors according to mine heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding?"

Correspondence.

[When our opinion is desired upon any portion of Scripture, will our correspondents be good enough to write the passage at the top of the letter, naming the chapter and verse, and adding the signatures by which we are to address them? Then let the difficulty be stated, or the question be asked. This will guard against erroneous quotations, and save much time. The verse we are about to explain is in the required form.]

No. 237.—T.—HOW ARE WE TO UNDERSTAND THE FOLLOWING VERSE?—"And God said, Let us make man in our image."—Gen. i. 26.

The interpretations given to this verse are very numerous, but we think they do not rise up to the full meaning of the passage. A modern writer understands the term "our image" as denoting the image and likeness of God as a Triune Being; man consisting of spirit, soul, and body—1 Thess. v. 23; that is, a rational soul, an animal life, and a body, which three are one. From 1 Cor. xi. 7 and James iii. 9, it would seem that the term "image of God" does not mean his holiness, though holiness may have been a part of the designed likeness.

No. 238.—G. J.—DOES CHRIST RETAIN IN HEAVEN HIS EARTHLY BODY?

We are taught, in Holy Writ, that the Saviour ascended to heaven, taking our nature to represent us; and that he sent us his Spirit, that we, while on earth, might represent him. We believe that the nature that sinned was the nature that suffered, and the nature that suffered was the nature that triumphed; and that Christ ascended as the first-fruits of them that slept, and that he has taken his human nature, glorified, into heaven; and that the redeemed, when invested with their glorified bodies, will be like unto their Lord—that they will be minor representatives of his fulgence. In this exalted state the redeemed shall be as kings and as lords over some portion of God's works, and Christ, their Head, shall reign in his glory as King of these kings, and as Lord of these lords.

No. 239.—W. C. H.—"They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance."—Mark ii. 17.

Notwithstanding the greatness of the blessings purchased by the death of Christ, and notwithstanding the freeness of the offer of pardon and peace, still these blessings will produce no beneficial effect upon the minds of men righteous in their own estimation. As healthy man refuses the aid of a physician, so persons who are sinless in their own eyes will not avail themselves of remedies destined only for the sinful.

A consciousness of sin is a state of mind essential to a right participation of God's covenanted mercies in Christ, for the Saviour came to call men, as sinners, to repentance.

No. 240.—W. S. T.—"He who now letteth will let until he be taken out of the way."—2 Thess. ii. 7.

The word *to let* is derived from a Saxon word, implying to hinder, to obstruct.

Hooker says, "To glorify God in all things is to do nothing whereby the name of God may be blasphemed; nothing whereby the salvation of Jew or Gentile, or any in the Church of Christ, may be *let* or hindered."

The Church of England, in her Liturgy, uses the word in the same sense:—"Through our wickedness we are *sore let* and hindered."

In the Old Testament the word is employed to

express hindrance, or obstruction:—"Wherefore do ye let the people from their work? Go you unto your burdens."

No. 241.—R. M.—WHAT IS MEANT BY DIVIDING ASUNDER THE SOUL AND SPIRIT?—Heb. iv. 12.

The allusions in this and the following verse are to the operations of the priest engaged in the sacrifices appointed by the Jewish law. In dissecting these sacrifices, the priests observed and separated those parts which were the most secret and the most closely joined together. In this passage of Scripture man is spoken of by the various properties which constitute man, *bodily* and *spiritually*; and Christ is exhibited as that Mighty One unto whom all hearts are open, and from whom no secrets are hid; and we are assured, in this and in other parts, that all things stand revealed in the light of his countenance, and all things are opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do.

No. 242.—J. A.—"He delivered Peter to four quaternions of soldiers."—Acts. xii. 4.

Quaternion is a word that denotes a company of soldiers. The Roman company to which the term was applied consisted of sixteen soldiers, who took successive rounds of duty, *four at a time*. Hence the name. It only occurs once in Scripture.

No. 243.—M. R. W.—Some questions we have not yet answered for want of space; others remain unanswered because they are of no practical utility. We are obliged to class the question which our correspondent has favoured us with among that number.

No. 244.—CHARLES CO.—"In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."—Gen. ii. 17.

How can it be affirmed that Adam died on the day he partook of the forbidden fruit, when he lived nearly a thousand years after his expulsion from the garden of Eden?"

We are of opinion that Adam did die on the day of his disobedience; Adam lost in that hour the holy nature which united him to God, and which constituted the life of God in the soul of man. He lost this life, and was spiritually dead; and the revivification of this Divine life was only to be attained through the operation of the Holy Spirit; and when regained, Adam then became dead unto sin, but again alive unto righteousness.

This spiritual death was also followed by temporal death. The seeds of dissolution were implanted in the nature of Adam from the moment of disobedience, in conformity with the denunciation, "Dying, thou shalt die." The penalty incurred by our federal head in casting off his allegiance to God, the rightful King, and yielding to the allurements of Satan, the usurper, was death *spiritual immediately*, death *temporal remotely*, and death *eternal conditionally*—that is, if the spiritual life were not restored by faith in the forthcoming Messiah, leading to prayer and to contrition of heart.

No. 245.—J. F. (Glasgow).—JOHN THE BAPTIST.

By a reference to former numbers, our correspondent will find that his question has been already answered.

No. 246.—H. S.—"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."—Gen. ix. 6. IF THIS BE A LAW, OUGHT IT STILL TO BE ENFORCED, SHewing THAT WE ARE NOT UNDER A JEWISH, BUT A CHRISTIAN DISPENSATION?

Death by the bands of man is a punishment denounced by Almighty God against wilful murder, and it is not among those Jewish laws which ceased when the Jewish dispensation ceased. It was God's

command to Noah, nearly 900 years before the laws published by Moses were in existence; and the reason which God is pleased to assign for the denunciation is a reason which is as much in force in the present day as it was in the days of Moses or of Noah:—"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed; for in the image of God made he man." Hence we believe that we have Scriptural authority for saying that wilful murder should in all cases be punishable with death.

No. 247.—G. B.—HOW CAN WE RECONCILE THE FOLLOWING PASSAGES?—"Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise" (Luke xxi. 43). "Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father" (John xx. 17).

By considering Paradise as the region of repose and rest, where the souls of the righteous abide in joyful hope of the consummation of their bliss. This was not heaven; for to heaven our Lord ascended not until after his resurrection. Nor was it a place of torment; for to any such place the name of Paradise was never applied. Tertullian, Origen, and Chrysostom take this view of the words quoted from St. Luke, and thus they are strictly reconcilable with the words of our Lord, as recorded by St. John.

No. 248.—W. P.—WILL YOU KINDLY EXPLAIN THE TERM, "BAPTISED FOR THE DEAD?"—1 Cor. iv. 20.

In baptism there is implied an assent to the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead; but if there be no future resurrection, "What shall they do which are baptised in this faith, if the dead rise not at all? Why are they then baptised for the dead?"

No. 249.—W. T. N.—"We trust in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men, specially of those that believe."—1 Tim. iv. 10.

By the death of Christ, we humbly hope, all men are delivered from the penalty incurred by original sin, and all *believers* in Christ are delivered also from the penalty incurred by their actual sins. In this sense we understand the words of the Baptist, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the *sins* of the world!"—not *sias*, but *the sin*—the original sin which men inherit by their descent from our first parents.

In another sense Christ is also the Saviour of the world by obtaining for all men a resurrection of the body from the grave, and the soul from Hades; and in all cases where faith in this Deliverer prevails it becomes a joyful resurrection unto immortal life.

No. 250.—P. W. S.—"When therefore the Lord knew how the Pharisees had heard that Jesus had made and baptised more disciples than John."—John iv. 4. WHAT IS MEANT BY THE FIRST PORTION OF THE VERSE, "WHEN THEREFORE THE LORD KNEW."

When the circumstance took place, therefore the Lord knew it. He knew of the event without needing information from any one; for although he dwelt among men in his human nature, his Divine nature was equally present. It is a form of expression denoting knowledge.

No. 251.—W. B.—THERE IS A SEEMING CONTRADICTION BETWEEN MATT. XXVII. 5 AND ACTS I. 18; HOW ARE THESE STATEMENTS TO BE RECONCILED? "And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed and went and hanged himself." "And, falling headlong, he burst asunder in the midst," &c.

We may suppose that Judas, in his determination to commit suicide, or as it ought more properly to be termed, self-murder, threw himself from some elevated spot, and in the act broke the rope by which he intended to strangle himself, and in this half-strangled state he

fell forward, was dashed to pieces, or frightfully ruptured.

St. Matthew, in his narrative, speaks of the intention and the commencement of the evil deed. St. Luke, in his record of the Acts of the Apostles, describes the fearful results that followed. By St. Matthew, the betrayer's own act is told. By St. Luke, his additional sufferings, and the actual cause of death are detailed.

No. 252.—**A VOICE FROM THE NORTH.**—"Adam called his wife's name Eve, because she was the mother of all living."—Gen. iii. 20. **WHAT INTERPRETATION MUST WE GIVE TO THE FIRST CLAUSE TO CONNECT IT WITH THE SECOND?**

By translating the name. Adam called his wife's name *Life*, because she was the mother of all living.

No. 253.—**W. O.—HOW ARE THE FOLLOWING PASSAGES TO BE RECONCILED?** "Ye shall hear of wars and rumours of wars; see that ye be not troubled: for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet."

"For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes in divers places."—Matt. xxiv. 6, 7.

"And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they lean war any more."—Isaiah ii. 4.

The evangelist and the prophet speak of different events occurring at different periods. The one describes the unsettled and agitated state of the world prior to the destruction of Jerusalem, and the other is delineating, by means of figurative language, the tranquil and peaceful state of the world at a later period in its history. Chronology may be said to solve the difficulty, and both to be true at their respective periods of fulfilment.

SATURDAY EVENING.

SATURDAY evening—the prelude to a day of sacred rest—is again upon us. Another cycle in the division of time has run its round—has gone for ever. The secular events of another week are turned over to the muse of history, to be chronicled for the instruction of coming generations; while the living actors are crowding to their goal, and are a week nearer their journey's end.

Thus do the years as surely come and go as the weeks, and thus as surely will the Saturday evening of our lives gather its shades around us.

How suggestive of the closing hours of life are these closing hours of the week!

Almost instinctively memory turns backward and retraces the devious way. On her tablets are etched ineffaceable lines, recording every neglect of duty, every unkind word, every sin. *Memory is true.* From her testimony there is no escape. Before her tribunal we must stand or fall. How important, then, that we give heed unto our ways, and live truly, and with an eye single to the glory of God.

Reader, how stands the account with you? Will you wear the spotless robes made white in the blood of the Lamb? Will you win the victor's crown? Will you enter in through the gates into the city? Will you help to swell the chorus of the redeemed in the upper sanctuary? Will you be one of that "blood-bought throng" that shall range the heavenly hills, in ever-increasing knowledge and joy through eternal ages? *Oh, then, be faithful.*

Search the Scriptures as for your life. *They only* can furnish you with clear and definite descriptions of the way of salvation. Study them diligently, lest you mistake the road, and miserably perish in the wilderness of sin, as did Israel of old.

Will you not begin now, while perusing these lines, to live for eternity, if never before? Begin now to break away from the bondage of evil habits, and turn with full purpose of heart unto his testimonies, which are life.

Oh! let not your life come and go for nought. Enlist at once in the King's army; accept without delay the new uniform offered you freely by the Commander-in-chief of the Celestial hosts, and become a faithful and true soldier in the ranks of Zion's army corps.

These are times when new recruits are needed—when the enemy waxes valiant, and when all are expected to do their duty, even though they fall on the battle-field, contending for the right. The King of Zion does not want cowards. He calls for the brave and the true, and insures them a triumphant victory on every field. Therefore, "Say not ye there are yet four months, and then cometh the harvest! Behold I say unto you, Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."

AN AGED CHRISTIAN TO HIS FRIEND.

I WAS sorry to learn that you have not more *confidence* and *happiness* as to your faith, and love, and trust in the Redeemer, who shed his blood and rose again, and reigns at the right hand of God as our Mediator, Intercessor, and only hope. I feel as if I could take you in my arms, and carry you to him, *him only*. Out of him "God is a consuming fire" (Heb. xii. 29). Once, and for a long time, I followed my Saviour "afar off." If I have been brought nearer to him, it is surely of his grace; but it has been in resolving to *serve him as best I can*, however defective I may be: not saying, "I am so cold he will not, cannot receive me," but, "My only Saviour, my only hope and trust, I will love thee and serve thee; take me as I am, wash me in thy blood, cleanse me by thy Spirit." In a word, I beg you to *trust in his atoning blood, to search the Scriptures, and to pray to him for mercy, and light, and comfort, and salvation.* May we meet to join the song, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

MUCH SAFER.

"WILL you try a little of my 'Jamaica,' William? it is a prime article; or, if you prefer it, I have old Bourbon, which I pronounce as first quality."

"Thank you, Mr. Leeds; you must excuse me, I do not drink."

"Such articles as I offer can hurt no man, William," said Mr. Leeds; "they are perfectly pure—first quality."

"Thank you, sir, you must excuse me; I have never tasted liquor in my life. My mother always said, '*It is much safer not to touch it.*'"

"And you have followed your mother's advice; that is a noble fellow. I have no doubt, in the long run, it is much safer not to touch it. I do not know that I ever felt the worse for it; indeed, I often think it does me good, and I always keep it in the house for myself and my friends; but I keep none of your

druugged and poisoned liquors. I always keep a good article."

"If you will not think me impertinent, Mr. Leeds, I will say that is just the way my father talked, and he died from diseases brought on by intemperance. I had a pious, God-serving mother, whose heart was almost broken by my father's irregularities. My father was not a common drunkard. He always said it 'never hurt him,' but he drank a little daily, from one glass to two, three, and four a day. As he grew older, meeting some reverses in business, the habit increased upon him, and he became a broken-down, imbecile man at fifty years of age. How tenderly my mother cared for him, watched over him, read to him, prayed with him and for him. He only knows ^{to} whom all desires are known. God heard her prayers, and within the last two months of his life, like the returning prodigal, he acknowledged that he had sinned, and was not worthy to be received as a son. We hope he died, as few inebriates do, a penitent. But, humanly speaking, many more years of usefulness and prosperity might have been granted him, had he never indulged in that fearful habit which brings ruin and desolation to so many hearts and homes. As I became old enough to appreciate these things, my mother told me tearfully of my father's weakness, and its results; what misery the use of liquor had brought upon them, and said, 'O, William, I cannot keep you from it, but believe me when I say, it is much safer never to touch it.'

My mother is now at rest, but her words have not been forgotten; and I have never touched a drop of liquor, and through God's grace and power helping me, I never will."

Mr. Leeds sat listening attentively as the young man grew warm on the subject. Once or twice he brushed his hand across his eyes, as if a tear was in the way. Then he rose and said, "Give me your hand, William. You are a noble fellow, and God will bless you. Your simple story has done me more good than any Temperance lecture I ever heard. God helping me, I will try and be a better man; for, in spite of my predilections for good liquor, I know and feel it is much safer never to touch it."

Youths' Department.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

"PLEASE help me with this sum, sister Ellen, and then I'll not trouble you again to-night. I've tried it over and over again, but it isn't right, after all!" And little Charley Stanley put his hand to his head, as if he had thought so long upon his puzzling sum as to make his head ache.

"Oh, dear! Charley, I'm sure I've showed you how to do every one of the sums in your lesson already, and I want to finish this story!"

"Ellen!" said Mrs. Stanley, in surprise, "I am very sorry you should allow yourself to speak so unkindly to your little brother. Charley, my son, you may come to me; I will assist you, if your sister is unwilling to do so."

"Thank you, thank you, mamma!" and Charley's eye sparkled with pleasure as he brought his slate to his mother. "When this sum is done, my lesson is all ready for to-morrow; and papa said I might go to grandpa's to-morrow afternoon if my lessons are perfectly learned. Ellen has showed me three, and

you one, and I have done seven all alone; but this one I cannot get right."

"Very well for a little boy of eight, but I hope soon to see you try to conquer all difficulties alone. Here, my son, is your mistake, in adding this column of figures; look it over and add it carefully, and when that is done, the sum will be right."

Charley, thus encouraged, went again over the sum, and discovered and corrected the mistake, then laid away his slate and books, with the self-satisfied feeling we may all enjoy when we have patiently and faithfully performed every known duty.

"Oh, mother," said Charley, "I feel as though you had lifted a great weight from me, and now I can rise up as light as a feather," and he sprang across the room several times, like a young deer.

"Your lessons were a burden, my son, this evening, because you were tired; at another time, when you are well, you would not feel so. I only obeyed the law of love in assisting you."

"Law of love, mother! I do not know what you mean."

"I mean that law which makes it our duty to help each other at all times and in all places, as we have opportunity. But you wish to rise early to-morrow, Charley; I think you had better go to bed now."

With a light, happy heart, and an affectionate kiss from his mother's lips, he left the room; not daring to say good night to Ellen, fearing another cross look or word if he should disturb her.

He had scarcely closed the door, when Ellen threw down the book, exclaiming, "There, I have finished the story, and it is not much, after all."

"And to read that story which you care so little about, you throw away one of earth's greatest pleasures," said Mrs. Stanley, seriously.

Ellen looked at her mother very earnestly a few moments, and said, "I do not know what you mean, mother!"

"I mean the pleasure of doing good—of bearing another's burden. You know Charley is never quick at figures, and now is more than usually troubled to keep along with his class, because he has been absent a week on account of illness, and is still weak from the effects of it. His lessons are in reality a great burden to him now; you are four years older than he is, and might be of great use to him, if you would. I have a motto for you to learn, which, if practised every day by each one who professes Christianity, would make this world a much happier one than it now is."

"What is it, mother?"

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and thus fulfil the law of Christ."

"One person may feel something to be a burden, which another, under different circumstances, would consider trifling. It is our duty to help bear this burden; however little the assistance may be which we render, it is something, it raises the weight a little, and we help, in a small degree, to bear the burden. A kind word, or even a smile sometimes, is worth something to those who have trials of which we know nothing; yet we do know that our kindness is needed everywhere, by everybody."

"But, mother, you do not think a little girl twelve years old can become like Christ, do you?"

"She can try to become like him, and God is just as well pleased with what a child does, because it is required of her, as he is pleased when older persons try to glorify him by their Christian conduct."

A child has duties every day, and God gives all the necessary strength to perform those duties, but requires no more of any of us than we are able to perform. At home and abroad, remember this law of love, "Do to others as you would have others do to you," and "Bear ye one another's burdens;" then if these rules are always obeyed, we shall know that we are striving to become like Jesus Christ.

I SAID I WOULD TRY.

"CHILDREN," said the superintendent of a Sabbath-school, one day, just before school was dismissed, "I want you each to try if you cannot bring one new scholar with you next Sabbath. It would be but a small thing for each one to do, and yet it would double our school. Will you all try?" There was a general "Yes, sir;" though I am afraid they did not all remember the promise they had made.

"I said I would try," thought little Mary Gordon, as she walked home. "I said I would try; but all the children I know go to a Sabbath-school already, except Tom; but I couldn't ask him, he is such a big boy, and so bad; and, besides, I'm afraid of him. No, I couldn't ask Tom."

This "Tom" of whom Mary stood so much in awe, was the terror of all the little boys and girls in the neighbourhood. If any boy's kite was found torn, or any girl's pet kitten hurt, Tom was sure to be concerned in the mischief. As to his attending Sabbath-school or church, such a thing had never been known. He had even been heard to say, with a threatening look, that he would like to see any one try to get him inside such places. No wonder little Mary was afraid.

"I said I would try," she thought again to herself. "That was making a promise; and if I don't try I shall break it, and that would be very wrong. Besides, he might come, and then he would learn how to be good, and how to go to heaven, and I don't believe he knows anything about it now. Oh, yes, I'll ask him to come."

It was not long before she had an opportunity. The next day, as she was returning from school, she saw Tom at a little distance, walking slowly along. He did not see her till she was just up to him, and as he was about passing her, she stopped him. "Tom," she said, with a trembling voice and a beating heart, "won't you go to the Sunday-school with me next Sunday?"

In utter amazement, he gazed at her a minute without speaking; then he said, slowly, "Go to the Sunday-school! Why, what in the world shall I go there for?"

Taking courage from his manner, Mary ventured to look up at him, and said, earnestly, "Oh, Tom, don't you want to go to heaven?"

"Well," said Tom, "suppose I do; going to the Sunday-school won't take me to heaven, will it?"

"No," said Mary, hesitatingly; "but Tom, when I first went there, I heard them singing, 'I want to be an angel,' and they sang it so beautifully, it made me feel as if I wanted to be an angel too; and then I learned the way. And so might you, too, Tom, if you would only come."

She had scarcely finished, when Tom walked abruptly past her, and a minute after, she heard him whistling as he walked down the street. Poor little Mary! she was so disappointed, that the tears would

come, and, as she was wiping them away, she heard a hasty footstep behind her, and, in an instant Tom stood before her again. "Mary," he said, "are you crying because I won't go to Sunday-school?"

She looked at him surprised, and a little startled, and then said, earnestly, "Oh, Tom, won't you come?"

"Mary," he replied, "you are the only one that ever cared enough about me to cry for me. You need not cry any more; I'll go with you next Sunday."

Tom went, and after that his seat was never vacant. He did learn the way to heaven, and walked in it; and the last I heard of him was that he had taken his life in his hand, and gone to preach to the heathen "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

I know not where he may be now. I know not whether, in a distant land, he yet stands up in his Master's name, and proclaims, "Come, whosoever will;" or whether, "having fought the good fight and finished his course," he has entered his everlasting rest; but I am sure that, when the trumpet shall sound, and sea and land give up their dead, one who might have risen to shame and contempt shall awake to glory and everlasting life. I know not what became of little Mary, whether she is struggling in poverty and loneliness, or is surrounded by riches and honours, or whether she has already fallen asleep; but I am sure that in the last day, when the crown of life is placed upon her brow, one gem, surpassing all earth's brightest jewels, shall shine in it for ever and ever.

Would not you like to win such a gem for the crown which the Judge shall give you?

THE THREE HANDFULS OF GRAIN.

It was one day in the early spring of the year that Gerard Steiner called his three sons, Adolphus, Henry, and the little Bernard to his side. In his hand he held an open letter. The tears stood in his eyes, and his voice was very sad, as he addressed them—

"You have often heard me speak, my children, of my brother Bernard, who left home many years ago to go into business in a distant country?"

"Yes," they replied, and they gazed wonderingly at their parent.

"Well, my sons," he continued, "your uncle Bernard, having at last amassed a considerable fortune, had determined to return to his native village, and take up his abode with me; for we are the only two that remain of a happy family of seven brothers and five sisters," he added, as he drew his hand hastily across his eyes.

"And is uncle coming soon?" inquired Henry, in an animated tone.

"He should have been here by this time, my son," replied his father, "but an all-wise Providence has ordered it otherwise; and now," he added, "I fear that you will never see him, for this letter informs me that he is lying very ill in a distant city, and he desires me to come to him, that he may see me once more, and that I may assist him in arranging his affairs."

"And will you go, father?" said Bernard, anxiously.

"Certainly, my child. And during my absence cousin Jacob Reimner and his wife will come and take care of the house, for I shall probably not return until the autumn, as I shall have to travel some dis-

tance; and in case of your uncle's death, there may be a great deal for me to attend to."

"Perhaps he will get well, and then you will bring him home with you."

"I fear, Bernard, that that may not be, for he writes me word that the doctors say his case is hopeless. Listen now, attentively, my children, to what I am going to tell you, for it is a message to each of you from your dying uncle. He says—'Give a handful of grain to each of your three children when you leave them to come to me, and tell them to do with it what they think best during your absence, and when you return you will decide who has made the best use of it, and will reward that one according as I shall tell you.'

It is autumn. The little Bernard stood watching at the open window, when a carriage drove hastily up to the door, and the aged Gerard stepped from it, holding in his hand a small tin box.

"Oh, there is papa! there is papa!" he exclaimed. Then the three children rushed from the room and threw their arms around him, saying,

"Oh, we are so glad to see you, papa! you have been so long away!"

"And I am glad to see you, too, my children, and all looking so well," replied the aged man, as he bent forward and gave them each a kiss.

Cousin Jacob Reimann and his wife now approached to welcome him, and he inquired of each of them how the children behaved during his absence.

"Oh, they have been very good boys," he replied.

They all now entered the house. Gerard Steiner then placed the tin box that he held in his hand upon the table, and taking a small key from his pocket opened it, and drew from thence the last will and testament of his brother Bernard Steiner.

All gazed sadly upon the old man, as with trembling hands he unrolled it, and said—

"I had the sad pleasure, my children, of closing my brother's eyes in peace, and laying his remains in their last resting-place. In this will he bequeaths the whole of his property to the one that I shall decide has made the best use of the handful of grain that I gave each of you before I left home. Let me now hear, my children," he added, "what you have done with it."

"I," said Adolphus, "have saved mine. I put it in small wooden box, in a dry place, and it is just as fresh as the day you gave it to me."

"My son," said his father, in a stern voice, "you have laid by the grain, and what hath it profited you? Nothing! So it is with wealth. Hoard it, and it yieldeth neither profit nor comfort. And you, Henry," he continued, "what have you done with your handful?"

"I ground it to flour, papa, and had a nice sweet cake made of it, which I have eaten."

"Foolish boy!" he replied, "and it is gone, having given you but a moment's comfort and support. So it is with money. Spend it upon your pleasures, they also are but for a moment." The aged Gerard now turned towards his youngest son, and drawing him toward him, said—

"What use has my little Bernard made of the handful of grain that I gave him?"

The child smiled, and, clasping his father's hand between his own, said—

"Come with me, papa, and I will show you."

They all followed the boy as he led the way toward a field that belonged to his father, but which was situated at some distance from the house.

"See, papa!" exclaimed the happy child; "see what has become of my handful of grain!" and he pointed in delight toward a corner of the field where grew the tall, slender corn, which, laden with its golden ears, waved and rustled beneath the gentle breezes.

The aged Gerard smiled, and resting his hand upon Bernard's head, said, "You have done well, my son. You sowed the grain in the earth, and it has brought forth a bountiful harvest: to you must I award my brother's fortune. Use it as wisely as you have the handful of grain. Neither hoard it up nor spend it merely upon your own pleasure, but bestow it upon the poor, upon the fatherless and widow, upon the little ones of Christ, and he shall remember it with a plenteous reward."

Short Arrows.

LOVE OF PLEASURE.—When we give the flesh the liberty that it craves, and pamper and please it, and do not deny and restrain it; when our great delight is in gratifying our appetites and pleasing our senses, whatever appearances we may have of religion, all is unsound. A flesh-pleasing life cannot be pleasing to God; "they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh," and are careful to keep it under, as their enemy.

PRAYER.—The great day will alone declare what benefits have been bestowed on mankind in answer to intercessory supplication. How calamities have been averted, counsels of ungodliness turned into foolishness, nations ripe for destruction preserved, pestilence stayed or arrested in its course, seed-time and harvest vouchsafed, when famine and sterility threatened; victory given not to the strong, or to the many, but to those for whom supplication was presented.

CHRIST DIED FOR ALL MEN.—His blood was poured out for all nations, for all kindred and tongues. There was no man so poor, and so apparently despised in the world, if he looked upon the cross believing, whose sins were not washed out by the blood of Jesus. Precious, indeed, was that blood, and large in its effects was its effusion. By it men were redeemed from sin. All from Adam were restored to the favour of their Creator; and all present and future generations will derive a blessing by the intercession of the Son of God.

I HAVE LOST A DAY.—The waste of time is a sin; and Christians can profit by the self-examination of the Emperor Vespasian of Rome, who was most anxious to employ every moment of his time in something useful. It was a memorable practice with him throughout the course of his whole life to call himself to account every night for the actions of the past day; and as often as he found he had passed any one day without doing some good, he entered in his diary this memorandum, "I have lost a day."

CONSISTENCY.—While the usefulness of God's people is injured by inconsistency, steady progress in holiness is attended with very different results. A life of high-toned consistency is, in this fallen world, a spectacle morally sublime; and, as the moon "walking in brightness," gives an impressive idea of the glory of the luminary from which its light is derived, so the believer, letting his light shine before men, proclaims the power and purity of that religion, the splendour of that Sun of Righteousness, from which his moral excellence is an emanation.

THE SEASONS OF LIFE.—The days of our life are threescore years and ten; but as, by reason of strength,

they be sometimes fourscore years, if we divide them, like the year, into four parts, from our birth to twenty years it is *spring* with us; from twenty to forty it is *summer*; from forty to sixty it is *autumn*; and from sixty to eighty it is *winter* indeed. When we see the young die, let us not despond, for the fruit of *autumn* often hangs upon the tree till the approach of *winter*. When we see the aged survive to extreme old age, let us not presume, for the earliest bud is often nipped in the *spring*.

CHRISTIAN FORBEARANCE.—Let us imitate God's patience in our own to others. He is unlike God that is hurried with an unruly impetus to punish others for wronging him. The consideration of Divine patience should make us regulate our actions according to that pattern. God hath exercised a long-suffering from the fall of Adam to this minute on innumerable subjects; and shall we be transported with the desire of revenge for a single injury? If God were not slow to wrath, a sinful world had been long ago torn up from the foundation. And if revenge should be exercised by all men against their enemies, what man would be alive, since there is not a man without an enemy? If every man were like Saul, breathing out threatenings, the world would not only be an Acedama, but a desert. How distant are they from the nature of God who are in a flame upon every slight provocation from a sense of some feeble and imaginable honour, that must stain their swords with blood for a trifle, and write their revenge in wounds and death! When God hath his glory every day assailed, yet he keeps his sword in his sheath; what a woe would it be to the world if he drew it upon every affront! This is to be like brute beasts, that snarl, bite, and devour upon every slight occasion; but to be patient is to be divine, and to show ourselves acquainted with the disposition of God. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

INSTRUCT YOUR CHILDREN FOR ETERNITY.—Act as Christians towards your children. Set before them—set before yourselves, at the one master aim, "that they may live" for eternity. What would it profit them—how laden they should be with wealth, how fair in form, how robust in health, how rich in science, how surrounded with splendour, how charroited in prosperity, how admired and applauded by their fellow-worms, if at last "they lift up their eyes" where hope never comes? Oh, let me die with the beggar on the dunghill, in pain, disease, want—fed only by the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table, rather than be compassed with the rich man's luxuries, and gain the rich man's estate, and then come to perish everlasting. Let your children have their lot rather with Lazarus than Dives. Let them have poverty, and woe, and wretchedness, and dissolution, and want, rather than riches, and state, and sumptuous fare, and after it not a drop of water to cool the tongue parched in the eternal flame. In choosing connections in life for your children, in placing them in the academy of learning, in placing them out in business, do not let it be your first inquiry, where can their literary advancement be promoted, where can their secular gain be secured, where can they make the most favourable connections for after life! perhaps rich in time, bankrupt for eternity; perhaps enriching the understanding to strangle the spirit; perhaps just gaining as much of that yellow clay as cloys the immortal mind, and keeps it grovelling upon the earth. Ask what bearings will these connections have on the spiritual well-being of the children! Take that for your pole-star, steer by it, and God will bless you: "Them that honour me, I will honour." Your children shall prosper best for time; more than all—they shall prosper for eternity.

A AXIOM.—The cause of destruction is absolutely in the creature; the cause of salvation is absolutely in God. That principle will help to solve a thousand mysteries.

MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A PRESENT OF TEA-LEAVES.

How went on Honey Fair? Better and worse, better and worse, according to custom; the worse prevailing over the better.

Of all its inhabitants, none had advanced so well as Robert East. Honestly to confess it, that is not saying much; since the greater portion, instead of advancing in the world's social scale, had retrograded. Robert had quitted the manufactory he had worked for, and was now second foreman at Mr. Ashley's. He was becoming, through self-perseverance, an excellent scholar in a plain way. He had had one friend to help him; and that was William Halliburton.

The Easts had removed to a better house; one of those which had a garden in front of it. No garden was more fragrant than theirs; and it was entirely kept in order by Robert and Thomas East. The house was larger than they required, and part of it was occupied by Stephen Crouch and his daughter. It was known that the Easts were putting by money; and Honey Fair wondered: for none lived more comfortably, more respectably. Honey Fair—taking it as a whole—lived neither comfortably nor respectably. The Fishers had never come out of the workhouse, and Joe was dead. The Crosses, turned from their home, their furniture sold, had found lodgings; two rooms. Improvident as ever, were they. They strove not to rise, even to their former condition; but grovelled on, living from hand to mouth. The Masons, man and wife, passed their time agreeably in quarrels. At least, that it was agreeable, may be assumed, for the quarrels were going on perpetually. Now and then they were diversified by a fight. The children were growing up without training; and Caroline—ah! I don't know that it's of much good asking after her. Caroline, years ago, had taken a step sideways; and, try as she would, she could not regain her footing. She lived in a garret alone. She had so lived a long while; and she worked her fingers to the bone, to keep body and soul together, and went about with her head down. Honey Fair looked askance at her, and gathered up its petticoats when they saw her coming, like you saw Eliza Tyrett snatch up hers, lest they should be contaminated with those scanty ones. The Carters thrived; the Brumms also, better than they used to do; and the Buffles so excellently that a joke went about that they would be retiring on their fortune: but the greater portion of Honey Fair was full of scuffle, trouble, and improvidence.

William Halliburton frequently found himself in Honey Fair. It was the most direct road from his house to that of Monsieur Colin, the French master. William, scantly inclined by nature, had sometimes dropped in at one or other of the houses. He would find Robert East labouring at his books much more than he need have laboured, had some little assistance been afforded him in his progress. William good-naturedly undertook to supply it. It became quite a common thing for him to go round, and pass an hour with the Easts and Stephen Crouch.

The unpleasant social features of Honey Fair thus obtruded themselves on William Halliburton's notice; it was impossible that anybody, passing much through Honey Fair, should not be struck with them. Could nothing be done to rescue the people from this debased condition?—and a debased one it was, compared with what it might have been. Young and inexperienced as he was, it was a question that sometimes rose to William's mind. Dirty homes, scolding mothers, ragged and pinching children, rough and swearing husbands! Waste,

discomfort, evil. The women laid the blame on the men: they reproached them with "sotting" away their evenings and their money at the public-house. The men retorted upon the women, and said they had not a home fit for "a pig to come into." Meanwhile the money, whether earned by husband or wife, went. It went somehow, bringing apparently nothing to show for it, and the least possible return of equivalent good. Thus they struggled and squabbled on, their lives little better than one continuous scene of scramble, discomfort, and toil. At a year's end they were not in the least bettered, not in the least raised, whether socially, morally, or physically, from what their condition had been at the year's beginning. Nothing had been achieved; save that they were one year nearer to the great barrier which separates time from eternity.

Ask them what they were toiling and struggling for. They did not know. What was their end, their aim? They had none. If they could only rub on, and keep body and soul together (like poor Caroline Mason was trying to do in her garret), it appeared to be all they cared for. They did not endeavour to lift up their hopes or their aspirations above that; they were willing so to go on until death should come. What a life! what an end!

A feeling would now and then come over William, that he might in some way help them to attempt better things. To do so was a duty which seemed to be lying across his path, that he might pick it up and make it his. How to set about it, he knew no more than the man in the moon. Now and then disheartening moments would come upon him. To attempt to put the renovating broom to the evils of Honey Fair, appeared a far more formidable task than the cleansing of the stables of Augæus could ever have appeared to Hercules. That any endeavour, whether on his part or on that of others, who might be far more experienced and capable than he, would be utterly fruitless, he knew, unless the spring to exertion, to strive to do better, should be first born within themselves. Ah, my friends! the exerting aid of others may be looked upon as a great thing; but without self-struggle and self-help little good will be effected.

One evening, in passing the house partially occupied by the Crosses, the door was flung violently open, a girl of fifteen flew shrieking out, and a saucer of wet tea-leaves came flying after her. The tea-leaves alighted on the girl's neck, just escaping the arm of William. It was the youngest girl of the family, Patty. The tea-leaves had come from Mrs. Cross. Her face was red with passion, her tongue loud with it; the girl, on her part, was insultingly insolent and abusive. Mrs. Cross had her hands stretched out, to scratch, or tear, or pull hair, as might be convenient, and a personal skirmish would inevitably have ensued, but for the accident of William's being there. He received the hands upon his arm, and contrived to detain them there.

"What's the matter, Mrs. Cross?"

"Matter!" raved Mrs. Cross. "She's a idle, impudent, wicked hussy—that's what's the matter. She knows I've got my gloving to get in for Saturday, and not a stroke'll she help. There be the tater dishes a lying dirty from dinner, there be the tea-cups a lying from tea, and touch 'em she won't. She expects me to do it, she do, and me with my gloving to find 'em in food! I took hold of her arm to make her do it, and she turned and struck at me, she did, the good-for-nothing faggot! I hope none on it didn't go on you, sir," added Mrs. Cross, somewhat modifying her voice, and stopping to recover breath.

"Better that it had gone on my coat than on Patty's neck," replied he, in a good-natured, half-joking tone; though, indeed, the girl, with her evil look at her mother, her insolent air, stood there scarcely worth his defence. "If my mother asked me to wash tea-things or anything

else, Patty, I should do it, and think it a pleasure to help her," he added, to the girl.

Patty pushed her hanging hair behind her ears, and turned a defying look upon her mother. Hidden, as she had thought it was, from William, he saw it.

"You just wait," nodded Mrs. Cross, in answer as defiant. "I'll make your back smart by-and-by."

Which of the two was the more in fault? It was hard to say. The girl had never been brought up to know her duty, or to do it; the mother, from her earliest childhood, had given abuse and blows; no persuasive, kind words; no training. Little wonder, now Patty was growing up, that she turned again. It was the usual mode of maternal government throughout Honey Fair. In these and such like cases where could interference or counsel avail, unless the spirit of the mothers and the daughters could be changed?

William walked on, after the little episode of the tea-leaves. He could not help contrasting these homes with his home; their life with his life. He was addicted to reflection beyond his years, and he wished these people could be aroused to somewhat of improvement both in mind and body. They were so living for no end; they were toiling only to satisfy the wants of the day—nay, to stop the wants, more than to satisfy them. How many of them were so much as thinking of another world? Their turmoil in this was too great for them to cast a thought to the next.

"I wonder," mused William, as he stepped towards M. Colin's, "whether some of the better conducted of the men might not be induced to come round to East's in an evening? It might be a beginning, at any rate. Once wean the men from the public-houses, and there's no knowing what reform might be effected. I would willingly give two hours of my evenings up to them!"

His visit to M. Colin over, he retraced his steps to Honey Fair, and turned into Robert East's. It was past eight then. Robert and Stephen Crouch were home from work, and were getting out their books. Charlotte sat by, at work as usual, and Tom East was pulling Charlotte's head towards him, to whisper something to her.

"Robert," said William, speaking impulsively, the moment he entered. "I wonder whether you could induce a few of your neighbours to come here of an evening?"

"What for, sir?" asked Robert, turning round from the book-shelves where he stood searching for some book.

"It might be so much better for them. It might end in being so. I wish," he added, with sudden warmth, "we could get all Honey Fair here!"

"All Honey Fair!" echoed Stephen Crouch, in astonishment.

"I mean what I say, Crouch."

"Why, sir, the room wouldn't hold 'em! Nor a quarter of 'em; nor a tenth!"

William laughed. "No, that it would not, speaking practically. There is so much discomfort around us, and—ill-doing—I must call it so, for want of a better name—that I sometimes wish we could mend it a little."

"Who mend it, sir?"

"Anybody that would try. You two"—addressing both the men collectively—"might help towards it. If you could seduce a few round here, and get them to be interested in what lies your evening interest—books, and rational conversation—so as to wean them from the public-houses, it would be a great thing."

"There'd never be any good done with the men, take 'em as a whole, sir. They are an ignorant, easy-going lot, not caring to be better."

"That's just it, Crouch. They don't care to be better. Though they might be taught to care. It would be a most desirable thing if Honey Fair could be brought to spend its evenings as you spend yours. If the men gave up

[August 23, 1862]

spending their money, and reeling home after it; and the women kept tidy hearths and civil tongues. As Charlotte does," he added, looking round at her.

"There's no denying that, sir."

"I think something might be done. By degrees, you understand; not in a hurry. Were you to take the men by storm—to say, 'we want you to lead changed lives, and are going to show you how to do it,' you would make your movement for nothing, and get laughed at into the bargain. Say to the men, 'you shan't go to the public-house, because you waste your time, your money, and your temper,' said, rely upon it, it would have the same effect as if you spoke to the wind. But get them to come here as a sort of agreeable change, an invitation out, if you can understand that, and you may secure them for good, if you make the evenings pleasant to them. In short, give them some employment or attraction that will outweigh the attractions of the public-house."

"It would be a good thing," said Stephen Crouch, musingly. "They might be for trying to rise up of themselves then."

"Ay," spoke William, with enthusiasm. "Once let them find the day-spring within themselves, the wish to do right, to be elevated above what they now are, and the rest will be easy. When once that day-spring can be found, a man is made. God never sent a man here, but he implanted that within him. The difficulty is, to awaken it."

"And it is not always done, sir," said Charlotte, lifting her face from her work with a kindling eye, a heightened colour. She had found it.

"Charlotte, I fear it is rarely done, instead of always. It lies pretty dormant, to judge by appearances, in Honey Fair."

William was right. It is an epoch in a man's life, the finding what he had not inaptly called the day-spring. Self-esteem, self-reliance, the courage of long-continued patience, the striving to make the best of the mind's good gifts—all are born of it. He who possesses it may soar to a bright and a happy lot, bearing in mind—may he always bear it!—the rest and reward promised hereafter.

"At any rate, it would be giving them a chance, as it seems to me," observed William. "I think I know one who would come. Andrew Brumma."

"Ay, he would, and glad," replied Robert East. "He is different from many of them. I know another that would, sir; and that's Adam Thornycroft."

Charlotte buried her head over her work.

"Since that cousin of his died of *delirium tremens*, Thornycroft has said good-by to the public-houses. He spends his evenings at home with his mother: but I know he would like to spend them here. Tim Carter would come, sir."

"If Mrs. Tim will let him," put in Tom East, sainly. And there was a laugh round.

"Ever so few, to begin with, will set the example to others," remarked William. "There's no knowing what it may grow to. Small beginnings make great endings. I have talked with my mother about Honey Fair. She has always said: 'Before Honey Fair's conduct will be better, its minds must be better!'"

"There will be the women yet, sir," spoke Charlotte. "If they are to stop as they are, it will be of little use the men's doing anything for themselves."

"Charlotte, I say there's no knowing where the work may end, once begun," he gravely answered.

The rain, which had been threatening all the evening, was coming down pretty smartly as William walked through Honey Fair on his return. Standing against a shutter near his own door, was Jacob Cross. "Good night, Jacob," said William.

"Good night, sir," answered Jacob, his air a sullen one.

"Are you standing in the rain to make you grow, as

the children say?" asked William, in his ever-pleasant tone.

"I'm a-standing here 'cause I have got nowhere else to stand," said the man, his voice full of resentment. "I be turned out of our room; and I have got no money for the 'Horned Ram.'"

"A good thing you have not," thought William. "What has turned you from your room?" he asked.

"I be turned out, sir, by the row there is in it. Our Mary Ann's come home."

"Mary Ann?" repeated William, not quite understanding.

"Our Mary Ann, what took and married Ben Tyrrett. A fine market she have brought her pigs to!"

"What has she done?" questioned William.

"She have done enough," wrathfully answered Cross. "We told her when she married Tyrrett that he was nothing but a jobber; at fifteen shilling a-week—which it's all he was, sir, as you know. 'Wait,' I says to her, 'somebody better nor him'll turn up.' Her mother says 'wait.' Others says 'wait.' No, not she; the girls be all marrying mad. Well, she took her own way; she would take it; and they got married, and set up upon nothing. Neither of 'em had saved a two-penny piece; and Ben, him fond of the public; and our Mary Ann, her fond of laziness and finery, and not knowing how to keep house no more nor her young sister Patty did."

William remembered the little interlude of that evening in which Miss Patty had played her part. Jacob continued—

"It was all fine and sunshiny with 'em for a few days or a few weeks, till the novelty goes off; and then they finds things going cranky. The money, that begins to run short; and Mary Ann, she finds that Ben likes his glass; and Ben, he finds that she's just a doll, with no gumption nor management inside of her. They quarrel—naturally; and they comes to us to settle it. 'You was both red-hot for the bargain,' says I, 'and you must just make the best of it, and of one another.' And so they went back; and it have gone on till this, quarrelling continual. And now he have took to beat her, and home she have come to-night, not half an hour ago, with her three children and a black eye, a-vowing as she'll stop at home, and won't go back to him again. And she and her mother's having words over it, and the babbles is a squalling—enough, the noise is, to raise the ceiling off, and I come away out of it. I wish I was dead, I do!"

Jacob's account of the noise was scarcely exaggerated. It penetrated to where they stood, two or three houses off. William moved closer, that the umbrella might give Cross part of its shelter. "Not a very sensible wish that of yours, is it, Cross?" remarked he.

"I have wished it long, sir, sensible or not sensible. I slaves away my days, and have got nothing but a pigsty to step into at home, and angry words in it. A nice place that is for a tired man! I can't afford the public-mote nor three or four nights in a week; not that, always. They be getting corky at the beer-shops, now-a-days, and won't give no trust. Wednesday this is; Thursday, to-morrow; Friday, next night; three nights, and me without a shelter to put my head in!"

"I should like to take you to one to-morrow night," said William. "Will you go with me?"

"Where's it to?" ungraciously asked Cross.

"To Robert East's. You know how he and Crouch spend their evenings. There's always something going on there interesting and pleasant."

"Crouch and East don't want me," said Crouch.

"Yes, they do. They will be only too glad if you, and a few more intelligent men, will join them. Try it, Cross. There's a warm room to sit in, at all events, and nothing to pay."

"Ah, it's all very fine for them Easts! We don't have their luck. Look at me! down in the world."

William put his hand on the man's shoulder. "Why should you be down in the world?"

"Why should I!" repeated Cross, in surprise. "Because I be," he logically answered.

"That is not the reason. The reason is, because you do not try to rise."

"It's no use trying."

"Have you ever tried?"

"Why, no! How can I try?"

"You wished just now that you were dead. Would it not be better to wish to live?"

"Not to such a life as mine."

"But to wish to live would seem to imply that it must be a better life. And why need your life be so miserable? You gain fair wages; your wife earns money. Altogether I suppose you must have twenty-six or twenty-eight shillings per week——"

"But there's no thirst with it," burst forth Cross. "It melts away, somehow. Afore the middle of the week comes, it's all gone."

"You spend some at the 'Horned Ram,' you know," said William, not in a reproving tone, but a joking one.

"She squanders away in rubbish more than that," was Jacob's answer—with a turn of the thumb towards his house, and not at all an honourable stress upon the "she."

"And get nothing satisfactory to show for it in return, either of you. Try another plan, Jacob."

"I'd not be back'ard—if I could see one to try," said he, after a pause.

"You be here at half-past eight to-morrow evening, and I will go in with you to East's. If you cannot see any better way, you can spend a pleasant evening. But now, Jacob, let me say a word to you, and do you note it. If you do find the evening pass agreeably, go the next evening and the next; go always. You can't tell all that may arise from it, in time. I know of one thing that will."

"What's that, sir?"

"Why, that instead of wishing yourself dead, you will get to think life short, for the good you find in it."

He went on his way. Jacob Cross, deprived of the umbrella's shelter, stood in the rain as before, and looked after him, indulging his reflections.

"He is a young man, and things wears their bright side to him. But he have got a cordial way with him, and don't look at folks as if they was dirt."

And that was the origin of the holding *sorées* at Robert East's. By degrees ten or a dozen men took to go, and—what was more—to like to go, and to find an interest in it. It was a vast improvement upon the "Horned Ram."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HENRY ASHLEY'S OBJECT IN LIFE.

On one of the warm bright days that we sometimes get in the month of February, all the more bright from their contrast to the passing winter, William Halliburton was walking home to tea from the manufactory, and overtook Henry Ashley, limping along. Henry was below the middle height, and slight in form, with the same beautiful face that had marked his boyhood, delicately refined in feature, bright in colour; the same two upright lines of pain, knit in the smooth white brow.

"Just the man I wanted," said he, linking his arm within William's. "You are a good help up a hill, and I am tired and hot."

"Wrapped up in that coat, with its fur lining, I should think you are! I have doffed my elegant cloak, you see to-day."

"Is it off to the British Museum?"

William laughed. "I have not had time to pack it."

"I am glad I met with you. You must come home to tea with me. Well? why are you hesitating? You have no engagement?"

"Nothing more than usual. My studies——"

"You are study mad!" interrupted Henry Ashley. "What do you want to be? A Socrates? An admirable Crichton?"

"Nothing so formidable. I want to be a useful man."

"And you make yourself an accomplished one, as a preliminary step. Mary took up the fencing-sticks for you yesterday. Herbert Dare was at our house—some freak is taking him to be a pretty constant visitor just now—and the talk turned upon Frank. You know," broke off Henry, in his quaint way, "I never use long words when short ones will serve: you learned ones would say 'conversation.' Mr. Keating had said to my father that Frank Halliburton was a brilliant scholar, and I retailed it over to Herbert. I knew it would put him up, and there's nothing I like half so much as to *rise* the Dares. Herbert sneered. 'And he owes it partly to William,' I went on, 'for if Frank's a brilliant scholar, William's a brillianter!' 'William Halliburton a brilliant scholar!' stormed scornful Herbert. 'Has he learnt to be one in the egg-tub? So long as he knows how gloves are made, that's enough for him. What does he want with the acquirements of gentlemen?' Up looked Miss Mary; her colour rising, her eyes flashing. She was at her drawing: at which, by the way, she makes a poor hand; nothing to be compared to Anna Lynn. 'William Halliburton has forgotten more than you ever learnt, Herbert Dare,' cried she. 'And there's more of the true gentleman in his little finger than there is in your whole body.' 'There's for you, Herbert Dare,' whistled I; 'but it's true, lad, like it or not as you may!' Herbert was riled."

Henry turned his head as he concluded, and looked up at William. A gleam of light, like a sun-beam, had flashed into William's eyes; tingling red to his cheeks. "Well?" cried Henry, sharply, for William did not speak. "Have you nothing to say?"

"It was generous of Miss Ashley."

"I don't mean to that. Oh dear!" sighed Henry, who appeared to be in one of his fitful moods; "who is to know whether things will turn out crooked or straight in this world of ours? What objection have you to coming home with me for the evening? That's what I mean."

"None. I can give up my books for a night, bookworm as you think me. But they will expect me at East's."

"Happy the man that expecteth nothing!" responded Henry. "Disappoint them."

"As for disappointing them, I shouldn't so much mind, but I can't abide to disappoint myself," returned William, quoting from Goldsmith's good old play, of which both he and Henry were fond.

"You don't mean to say it would be a disappointment to *you*, the not giving the lesson, or whatever it is, to those working chaps!" uttered Henry Ashley.

"Not as you would count disappointment. When I do not get round for an hour, it seems like a night lost. I know the men like to see me; and I am always fearing that we are not sure of them."

"You speak as though your whole soul were in the business," returned Henry Ashley.

"I think my heart is in it."

Henry looked at him wistfully, and his tone grew serious. "William, I would give all I am worth, present, and to come, to change places with you."

"To change places with me!" echoed William, in very surprise.

"Yes: for you have an object in life. You may have many. To be useful in your generation is one."

"And so may you have objects in life."

"With this encumbrance!" He stamped his lame leg, and a look of keen vexation settled itself in his face. "You can go forth into the world with your strong limbs, your unbroken health; you can work, or you can play; you can be active, or you can be still, at will. But what am I? A poor weak creature; infirm of temper, tortured by pain, condemned half my days to the monotony of a sick room. Compare my lot with yours!"

"There are those who would choose your lot, in preference to mine, were the option given them," returned William. "I must work. It is a duty laid upon me. You can play."

"Thank you! How?"

"I am not speaking literally. Every good and pleasing thing that money can purchase is at your command. You have but to enjoy them, so far as you may. One, suffering as you do, bears not upon him the responsibility to use his time, that a healthy man does. Lots, in this world, Henry, are, as I believe, pretty equally balanced. Many would envy you your calm life of repose."

"It is not calm," was the abrupt rejoinder. "It is disturbed by pain, and aggravated by temper; and—and tormented by uncertainty."

"At any rate, you can subdue the one."

"Which, pray?"

"The temper. Henry"—dropping his voice—"a victory over your own temper may be one of the few obligations laid upon you."

"I wish I could live for an object," grumbled Henry.

"Come round with me to East's sometimes."

"I—daresay!" retorted Henry, when he could find his amazed tongue. "Thank you again, Mr. Halliburton."

William laughed. But he soon resumed his seriousness. "I can understand that, for you, the favoured son of Mr. Ashley, reared in your refinement and exclusiveness——"

"Enshrinéd in pride—the failing that Helstoneleigh is pleased to call my besetting sin; sheltered under care and coddling so great, that the very winds of heaven are not suffered to visit my face too roughly!" was the impetuous interruption of Henry Ashley. "Come! bring it all out. Don't, from motives of delicacy, keep in any of my faults, or virtues, or advantages!"

"I can understand, I say, why you are unwilling to break through the reserve of your home habits," William calmly continued. "But, if you did so, you might no longer have to complain of the want of an object to live for."

At this moment they came in view of William's home. Mrs. Halliburton happened to be at one of the windows. William nodded his greeting, and Henry raised his hat. Presently Henry began again.

"Pray, do you join the town in its gratuitous opinion, that Henry Ashley, of all in it, is the proudest amid the proud?"

"I do not find you proud," said William.

"You! As far as you and I are concerned, comparatively, I think the boot might be upon the other leg. You might set up for proud over me."

William could not help laughing. "Putting joking aside, my opinion is, Henry, that your shyness and sensitiveness are in fault; not your pride. It is your reserve of manner alone, which has caused Helstoneleigh to take up the impression that you are unduly proud."

"Right, old fellow!" returned Henry in an emphatic tone. "If you knew how far I and pride stand apart—but let it pass."

Arrived at the entrance to Mr. Ashley's, William threw open the gate for Henry, retreating himself. "I

must go home first, Henry. I won't be a quarter of an hour."

Henry looked cross. "Why on earth, then, did you not go in as we passed? What was the use of your coming up here, to go back again?"

"I thought my arm was helping you."

"So it was. But—there! don't be an hour."

As William walked rapidly back, he met the carriage of Mrs. Ashley. She and Mary were inside. Mrs. Ashley nodded as he raised his hat, and Mary glanced at him with a smile and a heightened colour. She had grown up to excessive beauty.

A few moments, and William met beauty of another style, Anna Lynn. Her cheeks were the same flushed, dimpled cheeks of her childhood; the same shy, blue eyes gleaming from between their long dark lashes, the same profusion of silky brown hair, the same gentle, sweetly modest manners. William stopped to shake hands with her.

"Out alone, Anna?"

"I am on my way to take tea with Mary Ashley."

"Are you? We shall meet there, then."

"That will be pleasant. Fare thee well, for the present, William."

She continued her way. William ran in home, and up to his chamber. Dressing himself hastily, he went to the room where his mother sat, and stood before her.

"Does my coat fit, mother?"

"Why, where are you going?" she asked.

"To Mrs. Ashley's. I have put on my new coat. Does it fit? It seems easy"—throwing up his arms.

"Yes, it fits. I think you are getting a dandy. Go along. I must not look at you too long."

"Why not?" he asked, in surprise.

"Lest I grow proud of my eldest son. And I would rather be proud of his goodness than his looks."

William, laughing, gave his mother her farewell kiss. "Tell Gar I am sorry he will not have me at his elbow this evening, to find fault with his Greek. Good-by, mother dear."

In truth there was something remarkably noble in the appearance of William Halliburton. As he entered Mrs. Ashley's drawing-room, the fact seemed to strike even Henry with unusual force, who greeted him from his distant sofa.

"So! that's what you went back for!—to make yourself look like a buck!" he called out, as William approached him. "As if you were not well enough before! Did you dress for me, pray?"

"For you!" laughed William. "That's good!"

"In saying 'me,' I include the family lot," returned Henry, quaintly. "There's nobody else to dress for."

"Yes, there is. There's Anna Lynn."

Now, in good truth, William had no covert meaning in giving this answer. The words rose to his lips, and he spoke them lightly. Perhaps he could have given a very different one, had he been compelled to speak out the innocent feeling of his heart. Strange, however, was the effect on Henry Ashley. He grasped William's arm with emotion, and pulled his face over him as he lay.

"What do you say? What do you mean?"

"I mean nothing particular. Anna is here."

"You shall not evade me," gasped Henry. "I must have it out, now or later. WHAT is it that you mean?"

William stood, almost confounded. Henry was evidently in painful excitement; every vestige of colour had forsaken his sensitive countenance, and his white hands shook, as they held William.

"What do you mean?" he whispered. "I have said nothing to agitate you thus, that I am aware of. Are we at cross purposes?"

A bright spot, bright as any carmine, began to flush into the invalid's pale cheeks, and he moved his face so that the light did not fall upon it.

"I'll have it out, I say. What is Anna Lynn to you?"

"Nothing," answered William, a smile parting his lips.

"What is she to you?" reiterated Henry, his tone painfully earnest.

William edged himself on to the sofa, so as to cover Henry from the gaze of any eyes that might be directed to him from the other part of the room. "I like Anna very much," he said in a clear, low tone: "almost as I might like a sister; but I have no love for her, in the sense you would imply—if I am not mistaking your meaning. And I never shall have."

Henry looked at him wistfully. "On your honour?"

"Henry! was there need to ask it? On my honour, if you will."

"No; there was no need: you are always truthful. Bear with me, William! bear with my infirmities."

"My sister, Anna Lynn might be, and welcome. My wife, never."

Henry did not answer. His face was growing damp with physical pain.

"You have one of your spasms of suffering coming on!" breathed William. "Shall I get you anything?"

"Hush! Only sit there, to hide me from them: and be still."

William did as he was requested, sitting so as to screen him from Mrs. Ashley and the rest. He held his hands, and the paroxysm, sharp while it lasted, passed away. His very lips had grown white with pain.

"You see what a poor wretch I am!"

"I see that you suffer," was William's compassionate answer.

"From henceforth there is a fresh bond of union between us, for you possess my secret. It is what no one else in the world does. William, that's my object in life."

William did not reply. Perplexity was crowding on his mind, shading his countenance.

"Well?" cried Henry, beginning to recover his equanimity, and with it his sharp retorts. "What are you looking blue at?"

"Will it be smooth sailing for you, Henry, with Mr. Ashley?"

"Yes, I think it will," was the hasty rejoinder: its very haste, its fractious tone, proving that Henry was by no means so sure as he would imply. "I am not as others are: therefore he will let minor considerations yield to my happiness."

William looked uncommonly grave. "Mr. Ashley is not all," he said, arousing from a reverie. "There may be difficulties elsewhere. She must not marry out of their own society. Samuel Lynn is one of the strictest members of it."

"Rubbish! Samuel Lynn is my father's servant, and I am my father's son. If Samuel should take a straight-laced fit, and hold out, why, I'll turn broadbrim."

"Samuel Lynn is my father's servant!" In that very fact, William saw cause to fear that it might not be such plain sailing with Mr. Ashley, as Henry wished to anticipate. He could not help looking the doubts he felt. Henry observed it.

"What's the matter again?" he peevishly asked. "I do think you were born to be the plague of my life! My belief is, you want her for yourself."

"I am only anxious for you, Henry. I wish you could have assured yourself that it would go well, before—allowing your feelings to be irrevocably bound up in it. A blow, for you, might be hard to bear."

"How could I help my feelings?" retorted Henry. "I did not fix them purposely on Anna Lynn. Before

I knew anything about it, they had fixed themselves. Almost before I knew that I cared for her, she was more to me than the sun in the heavens. There has been no help for it at all, I tell you. So don't preach."

"Have you spoken to her?"

Henry shook his head. "The time has not come. I must make it right with the master before I can stir a step: and I fear it is not quite ripe for that. Mind you don't talk."

William smiled. "I will mind."

"You'd better. If that Quaker society got a hint, there's no knowing what hullabaloo they'd make. They might be for reading Anna a public lecture at meeting: or get Samuel Lynn to vow he'd not give his consent."

"I should argue in this way, were I you, Henry. With my love so firmly fixed on Anna Lynn—I beg your pardon, Miss Ashley."

William started up. Mary Ashley was standing close by the sofa. Had she caught the purport of the last words?

"Mamma spoke twice, but you were too busily engaged to hear," said Mary. "Henry, James is waiting to wheel your sofa to the tea-table."

Henry rose. Passing his arm through William's, he approached the group. The servant pushed the sofa after them. Standing together were Mary Ashley and Anna. They presented a great contrast. Mary wore an evening dress of glittering silk, its low body trimmed with rich white lace; white lace hanging from its drooping sleeves: and she had on ornaments of gold. Anna was in grey merino, high in the neck, closed at the wrists; not a bit of lace about her, not an ornament; nothing but a plain collar of white linen. "Catch me letting her wear those Methodistical things when she shall be mine!" thought Henry. "I'll make a bonfire of the lot."

But the Quaker cap? Ah! it was not there. Anna had continued her habit at home of throwing it off, as formerly. Patience reprimanded in vain. She was not seconded by Samuel Lynn. "We are by ourselves, Patience; it does not much matter," he would say. "The child says she is cooler without it." But had Samuel Lynn surmised that Anna was in the habit of discarding it on every possible occasion when she was out, he had been as severe as Patience. At Mr. Ashley's, especially, she would sit, as now, without it, her lovely face made more lovely by the aid of its falling curls. Anna did wrong, and she knew that she did it; but she was a wilful girl, and a vain one. That pretty, timid, retiring manner concealed much self-will, much vanity; though in some things she was as easily swayed as a child.

She disobeyed Patience in another matter. Patience would say to her, "Should Mary Ashley be opening her instrument of music, thee will mind not to listen to her songs: thee can go into another room."

"Oh, yes, Patience," she would answer; "I will mind."

But, instead of not listening, Miss Anna would place herself close to the piano, and drink in the songs as if her whole heart were in the music. Music had a great effect upon her: and there she would sit, entranced, as though she were in some bright Elysium. She said nothing of this at home; and the deceit was wrong.

They were sitting down to tea, when Herbert Dare came in. The hours for meals were early at Mr. Ashley's: the medical men deemed it best for Henry. Herbert could be gentlemanly when he chose; good-looking also; quite an addition to a drawing-room. He took his seat between Mary and Anna.

"I say, how is it you are not dining at home this evening?" asked Henry, who somehow did not regard the Dares with any great favour.

"I dined in the middle of the day," was Herbert's reply.

"The condescension! I thought only plebeians did

that. James, is there a piece of chalk in the house? I must chalk that up."

"Henry! Henry!" reproved Mrs. Ashley.

"Oh, let him talk, Mrs. Ashley," said Herbert, with supreme good humour. "There's nothing he likes so well as a wordy war."

"Nothing in the world," acquiesced Henry. "Especially with Herbert Dare."

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

The Hand of God: a Poem. In two parts. By J. CHURTON. Dublin: Herbert.

As poetry, without rising to sublime heights, this little book is superior to much that bears the name. Its chief value lies in the excellent lessons which it conveys, illustrating the providence and grace of God, by many interesting and striking examples.

Who is on the Lord's Side? A Question for the Times.

By OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D.

Jesus died for You; or, Christ's Atoning Work. By OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D. London: Shaw and Co. Two earnest books from an able pen, and both designed and adapted for usefulness. Though very small, they are full of good things.

The Sunday-school Treat to Richmond. By a FRIEND TO SUNDAY-SCHOOLS. London: Mair and Son.

When properly conducted, Sunday-school treats are excellent things. The little book before us shows us how they may be turned to good account. Schools which visit Richmond should be supplied with this instructive tract, which is very well fitted for a reward book, and a memento of a pleasant journey.

Elementary Trigonometry; with a Collection of Examples. By T. PERCY HUDSON, M.A. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, and Co.

This useful manual is one of the "Cambridge School and College Text Books," a series of elementary treatises for the use of students. It of course implies an acquaintance with the ordinary rules of Algebra and Geometry, and therefore does not descend to explanations which it is supposed are not required. The student who has worked his way up to the point at which trigonometry is usually entered upon, will find this a valuable aid to him. The examples are numerous and interesting, the rules are generally clearly stated, and the book appears to contain all that is requisite.

Prophecy the Key of Providence. By ROBERT BAXTER, Esq. London: Seeleys.

We have here a substantial volume, containing altogether about 500 pages. Its subject is confessedly important, and yet obscure and mysterious, for it is really a commentary upon the Book of Revelation. Mr. Baxter is well known as an earnest and devoted Christian gentleman, who consecrates his time and talents to the Lord's work. In that sphere we have reason to believe he has been eminently useful; and we hope he will be long spared to exert himself for the good of souls. But, with all our admiration of him, we own that our fears were excited by the title of this book— "Prophecy the Key of Providence!" If there be one thing which we had hitherto thought unquestioned, it was that Providence is the key of prophecy. Those dark sayings of old, which the inspired prophets uttered, were surely not intended to explain Providence, but to be explained by it. Yet there may be a sense in which both are true. The fulfilled prophecy illustrates and

explains the providences in which it is fulfilled; the providences in this case also explain and illustrate the prophecies they fulfil. With regard to prophecies yet unaccomplished, we decidedly object to consider present providential dispensations as a key to them. This is an error of ancient date, and of universal prevalence. Men want to see signs and tokens, omens and such like; and they do see them. But how uniformly have their readings of these been erroneous! Neither do we imagine that Mr. Baxter will prove to have been more successful than his predecessors. Time will tell.

Even as it regards many fulfilled predictions, the events in which they were fulfilled are uncertain. There are some about which no doubt can exist, because we have the inspired application of the event to the prophecy. There are others equally certain up to a particular point, where they at once become vague and ambiguous, doubtless for the best of reasons. And yet there are prophecies, no doubt, unfulfilled, and yet plainly indicating the general character of the events which they foretell. But not satisfied with this general knowledge, some excellent men are always to be found who imagine they can descend to details, and who make a special application of the inspired oracles to men, and countries, and occurrences. Mr. Baxter is not free from this mistake, for although he does not go so far as some, he falls into the track of the Millenarian school, and reads the Apocalypse through the medium of the *Times* newspaper or the records of the day. We do not call this presumption and arrogance, but we call it dangerous and inconsiderate. The uniform failure of such proceedings brings them into contempt, and when the proceedings of good men are counted foolish, the men themselves are likely to lose respect, and the holy prophecies even may be slighted because the interpreters have failed.

It is not our intention to expound the new theory of the Apocalypse which is here offered for our acceptance, because we are quite sure it will go the way of the great mass of the new theories which are constantly propounded. We will only say that our author divides his work into chapters, and that these chapters mainly treat of the visions which John saw. Thus we have the "Vision of Ministration" the "Vision of Glory," the "Vision of Revelation," the "Vision of Election," the "Vision of Judgment," the "Vision of Testimony," the "Vision of the Apostasy," &c.

The work contains a multitude of recorded facts, which are brought in, in order to be applied to successive prophecies. We confess there is often a remarkable agreement between the facts and the prophecies; and yet we not seldom doubt whether they have any real connection. "Historical Parallels" is the title of a book, and every careful student of history must have noticed the truth of the saying, that "history repeats itself." Hence we are willing to leave many of the details of the Apocalypse among those "secret things which belong to the Lord our God." The moral lessons, the spiritual teachings, and the general sense of the book we humbly receive and rejoice in, but its profound mysteries we do not venture to attempt to fathom. The Revelation is a precious portion of Holy Writ, and the spiritual-minded man, who confesses his short-sightedness in regard to much of it, will read it with reverence and edification, believing that what he knows not now he shall know hereafter.

By way of conclusion, we may observe that the volume before us is written with ability, and shows that its author has been diligent in the collection and compilation of his materials. He writes with ease and propriety, and his spirit is admirable. We often agree with him in his application of fulfilled prophecies, but there are many in regard to which we do not see our way to the same conclusions.

Weekly Calendar
OF REMARKABLE EVENTS CHIEFLY ASSOCIATED
WITH THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

AUGUST 17.

WILLIAM CAREY, THE INDIAN MISSIONARY, BORN.—This zealous and persevering minister was born on this day, in the year 1761. His parents were very poor, and they desired to bring up their son a shoemaker, at which business he remained until his eighteenth year, when he suddenly turned his thoughts to religion; previous to this he had shown no piety, but rather scoffed at religion. The conversation of a fellow-apprentice, an occasional attendance at chapel, the reading of several works given to him by the minister—amongst the rest the "Help to Zion's Travellers," by Robert Hall—are said to have been the means of his conversion. The change in young Carey's sentiments and feelings soon became visible to his family in his altered conduct and conversation, and was the subject of wonder. At first he stood alone in his father's house. At length he asked and obtained leave to introduce family prayer. "When in his nineteenth year," says his sister, "my dear brother used to speak (on religious topics) at a friend's house, in the village of Huckleton, in Essex, where we were all brought up. I recollect a neighbour of ours, a good woman, the first Monday after he had spoken before a few friends, came in to congratulate my mother on the occasion, when, with surprise, my mother said, 'What! do you think he will be a preacher?' 'Yes,' our friend replied, 'and a great one too, if he lives.' My father felt a great desire to hear him, if he could go undiscovered. In this he was afterwards gratified, though unknown to my brother or any one at the time. We could tell he was gratified, though he never disclosed anything to us like praise. In a few days God gave him the desire of his heart, in bringing his two sisters to see a beauty in religion. Then we were indeed dear to each other." He now united himself to the Baptist church at Olney; and from thence, in the following year, he went to Moulton, a village four miles from Northampton, and he was ordained pastor over the infant Baptist society in that village in the year 1787. At this period his whole income amounted to less than £20 a year; he taught in the village school for his support. In 1791 he removed to Leicester, and took the pastoral charge of the Baptist church in Harvey Lane. Here his ministry was so successful, that the number of members in the church was doubled during the short time he was their pastor. He introduced among them the practice of spending an hour, on the evening of the first Monday in the month, in social prayer for the revival of religion and the success of the Gospel; and these meetings powerfully contributed to cherish the fine spirit which they discovered when he announced his resolution to dedicate himself to the work of evangelising the heathen. "No," said they, "you shall not go—we will send you; we have long been calling upon God, and he now calls upon us to make the first sacrifice." A short time after this a gentleman arrived from India, and described the wretched superstitions of the Hindoos in Bengal. He communicated to Dr. Carey the vast importance of introducing the religion of the Gospel into the extensive and populous regions subjugated by the British, and ruled by their representatives. In consequence of this, Dr. Carey and Mr. Thomas communicated with Andrew Fuller, Dr. Ryland, and other leading members of the Baptist denomination, on the subject; and, after much discussion, a society was established for that purpose. They commenced their labours with between £13 and £14, as the whole amount of their disposable funds. With no better pecuniary prospects than these, but with a firm and un-

bending faith, and a determination not to be deterred by difficulties, Dr. Carey agreed to go out to India, and there to support himself as far as possible by his own exertions, while he qualified himself for his missionary duties. The circumstances under which he left England are somewhat singular. From the first his wife had refused to embark in what appeared so hopeless an undertaking; and, after every entreaty had failed to change her determination, Dr. Carey and Mr. Thomas (who went out with him) were compelled to sail without her. After they had proceeded a short distance on their voyage, the captain of the East Indiaman came to Mr. Thomas, and told him that he had received an anonymous letter, informing him that there was a person on board who was proceeding to India without a license from the Company. The directors at this time were particularly strict in this respect, and were peculiarly averse to any attempts of a missionary character. The captain told him he was sure the letter referred to him; he further said that the consequences to himself would be ruinous if he were to take them out, knowing them to be missionaries; and yielding to the entreaties of the captain, Dr. Carey and Mr. Thomas allowed themselves to be put ashore, and the vessel proceeded on her voyage. The event was at the moment a severe disappointment; but having learned that a Danish vessel was to leave Deal for Calcutta, they took courage, engaged their passage, and again made an urgent appeal to Mrs. Carey to go with her husband; but she was unmoved by the tears and entreaties of her husband, or the persuasions of Mr. Thomas. A few hours only now remained, and they determined to make one last appeal to Mrs. Carey. At length she said she would go if her sister accompanied her, and this was ultimately arranged, their wardrobes were hastily packed, and they found the vessel, with all sail set, going down the Channel. There was scarcely a possibility of overtaking her; but they would make the attempt. The captain happened to catch the signal, backed his sails, and took them all on board, and deposited them safely at their destination. On their arrival in India, Dr. Carey and Mr. Thomas both determined to carry out their intention of not calling upon the society for more pecuniary aid than necessary. Consequently, they each engaged in secular employment, which enabled them, by constant intercourse with the natives, to become familiar with their vernacular language. Dr. Carey obtained the superintendence of an indigo factory, at a considerable distance in the interior of the country; but his frequent conversations with the natives on the subject of religion were soon reported there. He was immediately called to account, and, on his admitting that his design was to evangelise the heathen, he was told that the residence of missionaries in India, of any denomination, would not be tolerated, and that he must forthwith re-embark for England. This cruel proceeding drove Dr. Carey to seek refuge in the Danish settlement of Serampore, about thirteen miles from Calcutta, where he was joined by two other missionaries. Upon his arrival in India, the first language to which Dr. Carey turned his attention was the vernacular tongue of the people around him; but he soon found that the Sanscrit was the great root of Oriental literature, and the key to all the rest; he accordingly studied hard to acquire it, and eventually accomplished it. In 1800 he was appointed Professor in the new Government College of Port William, and the following year the Bengalee New Testament was finished at the mission press. This translation of the Scriptures into the vernacular tongue of at least twenty-five millions had been commenced by Dr. Carey as early as the spring of 1794, Mr. Thomas having, however, previously accomplished a translation of part of the New Testament. After being nine months in the press, the first edition of the Bengalee New Testament (8vo, 900 pages), consisting of 2000 copies, was issued on the 7th of February, 1802.

This was followed by the Pentateuch, the Psalms, and other portions of the Old Testament. This good work having been so well commenced, the missionaries increased their exertions, and portions, if not the whole, of the New Testament were translated into the vernacular language of the various tribes. The "Tenth Memoir of the Serampore Brethren," printed in 1815, says that "the entire Scriptures have been printed in the languages of India, besides that stupendous work of Carey's beloved and inseparable companion in labour, Dr. Marshman, the Chinese Bible; the New Testament has been printed in twenty-three languages, and portions of the Scriptures in ten others. In few words, God most graciously prolonged the years of his servant, until he lived to see more than two hundred and thirteen thousand volumes of the Divine words, in forty different languages, issue from the Serampore press." For forty years did Dr. Carey labour in India in the cause of the Gospel, and peacefully and happily he died there. His last thoughts were of the mission; and they were thoughts of gratitude, thanksgiving, and praise—happy in the knowledge that he had been the instrument of doing so much good.

AUGUST 18.

BENJAMIN KENNICOTT DIED.—This English divine distinguished himself as a Hebrew scholar, and, in conjunction with Bishop Horne, brought out an elaborate edition of the Hebrew Bible. His "Notes, Critical and Explanatory, on the Book of Psalms," and several works on "The Integrity of the Hebrew Text," have made him well known to the learned world. He died on this day in the year 1783.

AUGUST 19.

ARCHBISHOP WHITGIFT ORDERS THE PURITAN BOOKS TO BE DESTROYED.—The Reformation established in England by Queen Elizabeth came far short of what was designed by those who had the chief hand in promoting it; liberty of conscience was not permitted to any extent. The Puritans in this reign were much persecuted; but the harder they were pressed, the more were they disaffected to the national Establishment, and the more resolute in their attempts for a reformation of discipline. There was a book in high esteem among them, entitled, "*Disciplina Ecclesiae Sacra ex Dei Verbo Descripta;*" i. e., "The Holy Discipline of the Church Described in the Word of God." It was drawn up in Latin by Mr. Travers, a learned Puritan, and printed at Geneva about the year 1574. Afterwards, being revised and corrected, it was translated into English. A preface was added by Mr. Cartwright, for general use; but while it was printing at Cambridge, on the 19th of August, 1584, all the books were seized by order of Archbishop Whitgift, and afterwards burnt as factious and seditious. After Mr. Cartwright's death, a copy was found in his study, and the book was reprinted in 1644, under this new title, "A Directory of Government Anciently Contended for, and, as far as the times would suffer, Practised by the First Nonconformists in the Days of Queen Elizabeth."

AUGUST 20.

JOHN COLLET ELECTED DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.—This worthy divine was on this day, in 1498, elected Dean of St. Paul's; he became very zealous for the truth, and established a school, where he gave lectures three times a week. His exposition of the Epistles of St. Paul, and his general views of religion, are believed to have prepared the way for the Reformation. He may be termed a Papi-t, it is true, because he submitted to the authority of the Pope; yet he condemned many of the reigning corruptions in the Church, and his views were so at variance with the other priests, that he was accused of being a heretic; but, by royal favour, he was

protected, and died in peace in the year 1519, in the fifty-third year of his age.

AUGUST 21.

CHARLES THE FIRST'S CHARTER TO THE COLONY OF MASSACHUSETTS.—It will be remembered that among the first emigrants to America many left their country for the sake of religion, desiring to exercise a liberty of conscience in the wilds of America that was not permitted them by the House of Stuart. These people, therefore, could not view with indifference the aborigines of their country, who were living without God and without hope in the world. They reported this to their friends in England, and considerable interest was felt for their conversion. Among others, Dr. Lake, the then Bishop of Bath and Wells, had the object so much at heart as to declare that nothing but his old age hindered him from going to America and devoting himself to the work. Even the Government professed to be zealous for the conversion of the Indians. James I., in a proclamation which he issued in 1622, declared that the special motive which led him to encourage the plantations in the New World was his zeal for the extension of the Gospel; and his son Charles I., on this day, in the year 1628, granted a charter to the colony of Massachusetts, which gave directions "that the people of England may be so religiously, peaceably, and civilly governed, as their good life and orderly conversation may win and incite the natives of the country to knowledge and obedience of the only true God and Saviour of mankind, and the Christian faith, which, in our royal intention and the adventurers' free profession, is the principal end of the plantation." It may not be unworthy of mention, that the device on the seal of the Massachusetts colony was an Indian, with a label in his mouth, containing the words, "Come over and help us!" The cause was taken up, and many Christians went over to this strange land. Chapels were built and schools erected, and they were allowed to teach and preach the Gospel of Christ with truth and sincerity, though not without some opposition from the English Church.

AUGUST 22.

CHRISTOPHER LOVE BEHEADED.—In the troublesome times of the Commonwealth there were many disputes between the Presbyterians and the Puritans. The former had a desire to restore the monarchy; and for advocating this, Christopher Love, a Presbyterian divine, was on this day, in the year 1651, beheaded on Tower Hill.

AUGUST 23.

INCREASE MATHER DIED.—This American divine was a learned expounder of the Scriptures, and for fifty years he faithfully taught and preached in New England. An extraordinary mania for witchcraft and sorcery existed in this country at that period, and Mr. Mather laboured hard to convince the people of their error; and he had the satisfaction, if not of completely conquering, at least of mitigating it. His biographers say that he spent sixteen hours of the day in study. He published a number of works on theology, which are written in a most Christian-like spirit, and to this day his name is mentioned with reverence. He wrote upwards of eighty published works, and lived to the good old age of eighty-five. He died on the 23rd of August, 1723.

Also on this day, in the year 1532, died William Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury. There is nothing remarkable in his life, except that he was for some time Chancellor of England, which office he vacated to make room for Wolsey, whose bigotry has been previously recorded. After he had resigned his office of Chancellor, however, he still retained his see, though his name is not associated with any of the persecutions that were common at this period.

ALEXANDER THE FIRST OF RUSSIA.

II.

SINCE "the tree is known by its fruit," whether it be planted in a kingly court or in some humbler spot, we trust it will be found of interest to our readers to dilate at some length upon the results of that Imperial conversion, recorded in a former impression. The day following the interview between the emperor and Madame de Krudener, his Majesty repaired to head-quarters at Heidelberg. No sooner had he arrived than he addressed a letter to Madame de K., in which he informed her that he greatly needed to converse at large upon the subject which for so long a time had engrossed his attention, and invited her to take up her abode at Heidelberg, that he might have opportunities of doing so. "You will find me," said the emperor, "in a small house in the suburbs of the city. I have chosen this habitation in preference to every other, because I there found my banner, a cross, set up in the garden." Madame de K. (accompanied by her chaplain) immediately responded to her sovereign's invitation. She engaged for her abode, during her stay at Heidelberg, a peasant's cottage, on the left bank of the Neckar, ten minutes' walk from the residence of the emperor; and to this humble abode did Alexander repair, every other day, during his residence at Heidelberg, in order to spend the evening, with this lady and her chaplain, in reading the Word of God and prayer. It is not surprising that, under such circumstances, that "world of iniquity," comprised in "a little member" called the tongue, should be set in motion, and that these meetings were said to have political ends for their object. Interpreting the good designs of others by the evil of their own, there were persons who represented the various political parties of the time "incessantly surrounding them" (to quote the chaplain's words), with the view to induce Madame de K. and himself to use their influence with the emperor for personal motives. From the nature of the conversation of this assembled group, the reader will infer with how much success their efforts were attended. The first time the chaplain was introduced to the emperor, his Majesty expressed the great grief he experienced in reflecting on the sins of his past life. In reply to the inquiry as to whether he were conscious of those sins being put away, he is said to have been for a moment silent, as if interrogating himself; then, as if a veil had been lifted from before his face, he looked up toward heaven, with an animated and peaceful expression, and exclaimed, with a voice both firm and full of feeling, "I am happy—yes, I am happy! I have peace—the peace of God. . . . I am a great sinner, but since madame (pointing to Madame de K.) has shown me that Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost, I know—I believe that my sins are forgiven. The Word of God says, '*He that believeth on the Son of God*'—on God the Saviour—'*is passed from death unto life, and shall never come into condem-*

nation.' I believe . . . yes, I have faith. . . . John the Baptist says, '*He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.*' But I stand in need of religious associates. I want to speak of what is passing within me, and to obtain counsel. I ought to be surrounded with those who may help me to walk in the path of the Christian—to raise me above that which is earthly, and to fill my heart with the things of heaven."

That sadly rare and proportionately precious grace—humility—appears to have characterised this potentate in a remarkable degree. He often recurred, in conversation, to the benefits which accrue from the reading of the Scriptures in a spirit of humility. Faithfulness, also, in acting according to the measure of light which he possessed (a peculiarity not too common in our own day), was characteristic of this Imperial convert to no ordinary extent. One evening the emperor told his companions that God had for a long time given him the desire to read his Word, and every day, whatever might be the nature of his occupations, he had accustomed himself to read three chapters—one in the prophets, one in the gospels, and one in the epistles. Neither did he suffer himself to be deprived of his accustomed seasons of devotion, for even in the midst of war, and while the cannon were thundering round his tent, he, by means of prayer, persevered in moving the Hand that controls even the weapons of war. Conversing one day with the chaplain on the efficacy of believing prayer, the emperor remarked, "I can assure you that having often been in very awkward situations ('scabreuses' was his expression), I have always been delivered out of them by prayer. I will tell you a circumstance which would exceedingly astonish the world if it were known. It is this: in my conferences with my ministers, who are very far from possessing my principles, when they are of a contrary opinion from myself, instead of arguing with them, I am accustomed to pray mentally, and, by degrees, I find them inclining to the principles of charity and justice."

The emperor's remarks on the exercise of faith, which formed the subject of another conversation, indicate with sufficient clearness that his Majesty was no stranger to the sceptre of the King of kings. In reply to a remark upon the nature of Abraham's faith, the emperor said, "Oh, yes! we must have that simple and lively faith which looks only to the Lord—which hopes even against all hope; but it needs courage to sacrifice the Isaac—that is what I require. Pray to God that he may give me strength to sacrifice everything, in order to follow Jesus Christ, and to confess him openly before men."—"At his request," says the chaplain, "we prayed together, and asked God for his blessing." The emperor rose from his knees with his eyes bathed in tears, and his countenance beaming with that subdued joy which the possession of the peace of God, and the consequent sense of his love, is at all times wont to

impart. That this faith on the part of the monarch, and this sense of the love of God towards himself, was manifested in educing the like grace from his own heart, there is not lacking evidence to show. Upon rising from prayer, on the occasion to which we have just adverted, he took the chaplain's hand, and said, "Oh, how I feel the force of that brotherly love which unites the disciples of Christ to each other! Yes; your prayer will be heard; it will be given to me from above publicly to confess my God and Saviour." During the emperor's stay at Heidelberg, the portion of Scripture with which he was specially occupied was the Psalms. On the occasion of one of the evening meetings of which we have spoken, he requested the chaplain to read the 35th to him, and during the reading of it his Majesty pointed out the various circumstances of his life to which it bore relation.

When the chaplain arrived at these words of the Messiah, "They rewarded me evil for good," the emperor remarked, "I do not cease to pray for my enemies, and I feel that I can love them, as I am commanded to do." When the reader came to the words, "Stir up thyself, and awake to my judgment," the emperor (of course assuming that the Lord approved of his wielding the sword of steel) exclaimed, "God will do it. I am fully convinced; this cause is his, since it has respect to the welfare of the nations. Oh, that God would grant me the favour of procuring peace for Europe! I am ready to sacrifice my life for this object."

As a believer may, only with too much ease, persuade himself that the desire of his own heart is according to the will of God, when in fact it is not so, the writer takes the liberty to interrupt the narrative, in order to introduce this word of caution.

"When I entered the room where we used ordinarily to meet together," says the chaplain, "on the day in which the emperor heard of the success of the allied armies, he came up to me with an expression of lively joy, took me by the hand, and said, 'Ah! my dear friend, to-day we ought to return thanks to the Lord, for the blessings and for the protection he has vouchsafed us.' Alexander himself first fell on his knees, and shed many tears of gratitude, as at the feet of his Deliverer. When risen from prayer, he exclaimed, 'Oh, how happy I am! My Saviour is with me. I am a great sinner, and yet he will make use of me, as his instrument, to procure peace for the nations. Oh, that all these people would understand the ways of Providence! If they would obey the Gospel, how happy would they be!' Shortly after, he said, 'Oh, how I should rejoice to see my brother Constantine converted! I love him much, and feel great grief while thinking of him, as yet in the darkness of sin. I bear him upon my heart, and shall not cease to pray to the Almighty until he be pleased to open his eyes.'

We will terminate this sketch of the emperor's private life by subjoining a copy of a decree, which he caused to be published on his return to his empire, in 1817:

"During my journey through the provinces, I have been constrained, to my great regret, to listen to discourses, preached by different members of the clergy, containing praise very little suitable to myself—praise which belongs only to God.

"To attribute to me the glory of events, in which the hand of God shows itself, is to give to man the

glory which belongs to the Almighty. I regard it, therefore, as a duty, to forbid praises so unsuitable; and I recommend to the Synod to give the necessary instructions, so that all may abstain from pronouncing praises so disagreeable to my ear.

(Signed) "ALEXANDER,
Emperor of all the Russias."

A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN THE OLDEN TIME.—PART II.

GRACE next placed in the pilgrim's hands a staff, which caused him joy, for he now thought himself ready for his journey. But she now proceeds to explain to him the girdle of Righteousness, without which he cannot pursue his path with vigour; it depends upon himself, however, whether he will wear it.

The pilgrim says he shall willingly comply with her injunctions. She then tells him he must wear armour and weapons, whereat he is angry; but she reminds him of the perils by the way, and so he asks to see the armour and the weapons.

Grace shows him first a doublet of strange fashion; but of wondrous use, called Patience, which Christ wore upon the cross.

The pilgrim tried on the doublet, and found it heavy and narrow; but Grace assured him it was properly made, and urged him to wear it till he found it easy; so he promised to try it a little longer.

Then she produced a coat of mail, to be worn over the doublet; this also was worn by Jesus, and gives victory over death. As for the rest, he must wear the helmet of Temperance, to defend the eyes, ears, and heart; the gorget of Sobriety to protect his mouth, and gauntlets for his hands; and, above all, he must take the sword of Righteousness, to be borne in the scabbard of humility. The sword is to be bound by the band of Perseverance, and secured with the buckle of Constancy. The shield of Wisdom was also to be carried.

The pilgrim expressed his surprise that no armour had been provided for his legs; so Grace told him this was because he was to flee from the evil huntress, who was only to be overcome by flight.

The pilgrim felt discouraged, and would have put off his doublet; but, in compliance with the bidding of Grace, he arrayed himself in the armour provided. It was new and strange to him, and he wanted to lay it aside, and carry only the staff. The reply of Grace was that if he could not carry the armour himself, he must provide himself with an armour-bearer. To this proposal he readily assented, and stripped himself of his armour, willing to go to the new Jerusalem, but wishing to travel with ease.

Hereupon Grace withdrew from him, and left him to his meditations, which soon brought him sorrow.

Grace returns to him, and chides him for his love of ease, telling him that he will have to fight with the giant Temptation, at the same time supplying him with stones for his sling.

Half-ashamed, the pilgrim renews his request for the armour-bearer. Grace points him to Memory, a feeble and deformed creature, whose eyes are at the back of her head. At the same time, Grace says that Memory will prove a most useful attendant. The good soldier does not want his armour carried, but wears it.

The pilgrim wishes to know why, when he has taken off his armour, he should be required to put it on again. Grace replies that he is fat and stubborn.

She then tells him that he carries about with him aid nourishes his chief enemy, who will not let him carry his armour; that enemy is the flesh.

He cannot understand this; his very being seems to him a riddle, and he wishes to know what he really is.

Grace replies: "It is far better to know thyself than to be either an emperor or a king, to know all the sciences, or to possess all the wealth of the world. Thou art the image of God, and, were it not for sin, no other creature could for nobleness be compared with thy angelic nature. God is thy Father, thou his son. Thy body is thine enemy, thou wilt have to battle constantly against it. Thou art Samson, it is Delilah. But if thou didst not carry the body, it would be as a heap of hay, and could never move."

The pilgrim asks how the soul which is within carries the body which is without.

She replies: "Thy clothing covers thee, but it would be foolish to say it carries thee. The soul and body carry each other; and thy care should be that they both reach a sure haven."

The pilgrim asks to have his body taken from him; and to this Grace consents. He felt light as a bird in the air; nothing seemed hidden from him, and his only care was that he must inhabit the body again. On resuming his body, all his vigour and joy departed; but his love of the body returned. "Alas! what shall I do?" he exclaimed. Grace shows him how he is to discipline the body, and to become its conqueror. She pointed him to an ant, which wanted to reach the top of a sandhill, and often fell back; but always renewed the attempt, and at last reached the summit. She told him that his body was like that sandhill; but that his soul, like the ant, must not be discouraged, but persevere till it conquered.

"Lady," he said; "if thou leave me, thou knowest I shall be lost!"

"I know it well," she replied; "but in order that thou mayest not presume upon me to do ill, I depart out of thy sight; therefore, go wisely, and attend to good advice."

Her disappearance caused the pilgrim sorrow; but he bade Memory follow him, and bear all his armour. It was well she did, for but for his armour he would have been killed, and, as it was, his neglect brought him many wounds.

As he hurried on his way he met with a strange young person, with feathers on her feet, and playing with a ball. He inquired her name; and she answered that it was Youth. She went on to tell him of her pleasures, and the sports she loved. The pilgrim said he wished she would go with him to the city. When she heard where it was, she told him she would go with him soon; she knew the way, and they would be there soon enough.

While he talked with her, the pilgrim observed a path which branched out to the right and left. At the right-hand sat Industry, and at the left Idleness. So the pilgrim asked of them the way to the city of Jerusalem.

Industry informs him that the opposite path led into great peril, but that the one where he was was safe; only pilgrims must not go through the hedge, which would bring them back into the other path.

Now Industry was making mats; so the pilgrim

inquired of him why he followed so humble an employment, and often undid the work which he had done.

Industry tells him that not every one could make golden crowns, that no work was to be despised; that if he made and unmade mats, to prevent him from being idle, he deserved no rebuke, and that if he had anything else to do he would do that. He also asked the pilgrim why furbished steel became rusty; to which the pilgrim made no reply. So Industry went on: "As steel is in peril of becoming rusty, if nothing be done to it, so the man who is idle is in peril of becoming caulked by the rust of sin and vice; but when he exerts himself to labour, it is to him as a good furbisher or filer."

The pilgrim expressed surprise, as he had thought Industry a silly old man.

Industry replied that it was common for him who did not wear fine clothing to be little esteemed; and for a well-dressed fool to be more prized than a poor man with wisdom. "No matter," said he; "I give bread to all. Without me, Adam would have died of hunger, and without me, Noah could not have built his ark."

The pilgrim now asked the young person who sat on the other side, which was the best path for pilgrims.

Idleness answered, "This is the royal road for horse and foot, and is the most frequented. I lead people into the woods to gather nuts and flowers; I cause them to hear songs and sweet music, and to see a thousand amusements!" She further said her name was Idleness, and she was the daughter of Laziness; she liked playing with her gloves better than any other occupation, but looked well after the body. Finally, she advised the pilgrim not to follow the other path, which was long and narrow, but hers, which was wide and straight.

"And who," said the pilgrim, "has planted that hedge between the two paths?"

Idleness answered that it was put there by one Repentance, a great persecutor of pilgrims, who came there to make brooms, rods, and hammers. This reminded the pilgrim of the one he had seen, and he began to think he had better turn into the mat-maker's road at once; but Youth came up and advised him to follow the other as more frequented, and a better road. He prayed to God for direction, and decided for the narrow way. Before long he came to three arches across the road; in the centre one was a comely dame, who said to him, "If thou wilt follow the strait path, pass by me." Here the path was rough and difficult; so the pilgrim said he knew not how he could proceed straight on. She told him she was Moral Virtue, appointed to warn pilgrims of cowardice and rash enterprise.

The pilgrim remarked that he had thought himself right and in no danger of straying; but that here he found two wrong paths, instead of one.

"Wonder not," said she, "there is no path to a good end which does not often branch out in the wrong direction." Sincere prayer often offered would greatly help him.

The pilgrim is tempted by Youth, Gluttony, and Luxury, and he turned to the hedge to find a gap. However, he prayed to God for guidance. Suddenly he found himself laid hold of by a hideous old woman, armed with an axe. She declared herself to be Sloth or Discontent; and hell's chief executioner; her axe she called Weariness of Life. The snare and cords with

[AUGUST 30, 1862.]

which she held him were Negligence, Remissness, and Cowardice; and these were connected with Vain Hope, Weak Fear, Shame, Hypocrisy, and Despair. Then she felled him with her axe, and was dragging him away, but a white dove flew quickly and released him. This dove was sent by Grace. He now thought he would return, but was stopped by two hideous creatures, one of whom is Pride, wearing the horn of Haughtiness and Cruelty, and the spurs of Obedience and Rebellion. She carried in her hand a club, called Obstinacy, and wore the mantle of Hypocrisy, which was lined with the skin of the fox, and covered with lamb's wool.

The second of this pair was Flattery, the cousin of Treason, eldest sister of Falsehood, and nurse of Iniquity. Moreover, she carried Pride upon her shoulders.

Such are some of the dangers and enemies which the pilgrim encounters, and from which he is delivered. But there are still fresh perils and foes in store for him, and to these we shall call attention in a subsequent article. The principal resemblances thus far between this work and that of Bunyan are rather general and casual than minute. They do not in the least suggest that he was acquainted with the book of De Guileville, and, of course, do not suggest that he imitated it. Still, the elder work is calculated to teach us something, and with all its defects must be considered as a valuable production. It is gratifying to find in that dark age any indication of an acquaintance, however imperfect, with real, personal religion.

The Editor and his Friends.

OUR Biblical Annotations, in reply to correspondents, have happily been found beneficial to many of our readers. We are encouraged, therefore, to persevere in our efforts to solve the questions which our friends submit to us; and as this portion of THE QUIVER may prove the honoured means of expelling error and of leading men to the reception of the truth, and also aid those who are engaged in the instruction of the young, we invite our readers who meet with difficulties in their perusal of the Scriptures to lay these difficulties before us, and the subjects submitted shall receive our careful consideration. We cannot, from want of space, respond to the questions immediately; but our replies shall be as speedily, as clearly, and as correctly offered as our ability permits; and we ask our correspondents to bear in mind the former answers, in order that needless repetitions of the same answer may be avoided. We need only say the more important the questions, the greater the benefit to our readers and pleasure to ourselves.

The portion of our columns set apart for our Scriptural annotations, in reply to correspondents, we wish to bear the title of

The Editor and his Friends.

We have received numerous letters, many of them requesting solutions of difficult passages in Scripture which have already appeared in our pages; therefore, to the friends who have asked these questions, and to spare others the trouble of asking them, we beg to point out the places where the answers may be found.

We beg to direct the attention of our friends J. S., G. C., Whitstable, T. H., H. C., W. A., G. E. C., J. S., Joseph D., A. O., W. J. B. H., M. S., W. W., Stockton, J. W. D., W. A., J. W. H., J. B., M. R. A., E. B., Holmes, &c., Saml. G., J. B. (Clitheroe), T. W. P., Wm. B., Mark J. T., C. T. Rolfe, A Sabbath-school Teacher, to the solution of their questions in this list:-

	No.	Date.
"My Father is greater than I"	23	May 3
Christ in the Heart of the Earth	Three	
Days	30	" 10
"It repented God"	34	" 17
Body, Soul, and Spirit	211	Aug. 2
Cain	194, 01, 87	July 26
Faith and Works	32	May 19
The Day of Judgment	42, 100	" 17
The Good Shepherd	218	Aug. 9
The Fire of Hell	208	" 2
Parable of the Hidden Treasure	58	May 24
The Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart	83	June 14
The Doctrine of the Trinity known to the Jews	207	July 26
To deliver to Satan	69	May 31
The Shadow on the Sun Dial of Ahaz	55	" 24
History of Balaam	80	June 7
The Study of the Scriptures	210	Aug. 2
Use of Forms of Prayer	204	July 26
Deluge Universal	56	May 24
Sin against the Holy Ghost	92	July 26
Geologists and the Book of Genesis	81	June 7
Innovations of the Church of Rome	70	May 31
Parable of the Unjust Steward	87	June 7
The Sure Mercies of David	107	" 21
Christ Preaching to the Spirits in Prison	12	April 26
Christ's Descent into Hell	16	"
Buried with Christ by Baptism	38	May 17
The Least in the Kingdom of Heaven	28	" 8
Witch of Endor	145	July 5
Antinomianism	126	June 28
Mary Magdalene	115	" 21
Parable of the Sower	26	May 3
Distinction between Types and Re- semblances	41	" 17
Jephthah's Vow	227	Aug. 16
The Serpent erected in the Wilderness	188	July 19
Eating of Blood	111	June 21
Growth in Grace	173	July 12
Blessed among Women	231	Aug. 16
The Three Creeds	36	May 17
The Millennium	233	Aug. 16
Light before the Existence of the Sun	116	June 21
This Generation shall not pass away	121	" 28
Is Conscience a safe Guide?	9	April 26
The Two Witnesses	19	May 3
Sinless Perfection	63	" 31

We have to thank our friends, whose initials are hereafter enumerated, for their letters. Our friends will bear in mind that it is not practicable in all cases to offer an early reply. We can only hope, when the replies are offered, that they may tend to the spiritual welfare of those who write to us, and extend the usefulness of THE QUIVER as a religious publication.

W. A.	73	Raunds
Brixton	I. H.	Bible Class
C. L.	E. G.	J. D.
W. P.	J. B.	E. G.—I
G. S. C.	W. W.	J. S.
I. N. H.	E. B.	J. P.
E. A. C.	Henry M.	E. G.
John C.	C. H.	W. F.
Sunday Scholar	Maria C.	Edstone
Eliza	Or—	B. J. T.
R. S.	John B.	Thomas H.
G. P. W.	C. C. E.	N. P.
F. B.	A. Z.	W. H. B. G.
I. B. H.	G. N.	T. S. H.
J. L. G.	J. W. C.	Lizzie
T. W. D.	W. J. H.	S. E. J.
A. I. R.	J. D., of S.	W. J. —k

A. D.	J. A.	S. A.
C. H.	W. P. A.	Eliza
W. J.	G. M. A.	S. E.
F. D. B.	A. A.	Marcia
R. B.	Mary	W. E. W.
W. P. P.	A Subcriber	W. A. Carins
A. Reader	E. C.	A. W. F.
Juvenis	H. S.	Edward
M. P.	Rufus	J. W.
P. M. S.	C. D.	E. B.
J. T.	J. F. S.	E. N. Frankling
E. B.	K. S. P.	J. H.
J. C.	A Student	T. B. Hanley
C. G.	C. W.	Mark
R. P.	A Reader	Discipulus
Enquirer	A. R.	S. T. B.
Nomen	S. C.	G. S.
W. R.	Petitor	J. T.
J. P. W.	H. J. P.	A. M.
John E.	M. J.	G. H.
W. F.	J. M.	A. D.
B. M.	K. J.	Veritas
J. N. C.	J. H.	Clericus
Simon G.	R. G.	Josias
C. C.	J. R. D.	Junius
Wednesbury	W. H. B.	Alpha
B. M. S.	J. R. S. C.	S. S.
H. W. D.	W. L.	Jno. Bennetts
Kilmarnock	N. H. B.	Constant Sub-
J. B.	J. M.	scriber
J. G. H.	A. S. and E. H.	Enquirer
M. T.	C. B. W.	J. R. D.
C. R.	J. A.	Cyrus B.
T. P.	J. C. W.	J. W.
E. T. B.	Guardo	Wm. Fox (Dud-
J. P.	E. B.	ley)
W. J. H.	Joseph	

We have also been favoured with communications from W. B., S. W., J. T. D., J. W., X. Y. Z., G. D., J. N., W. A., S. J., Haverhill, Kate H., J. S., T. B. S., S. C., W. C., P. W., R. E. M., C. H. W., J. L. G., Reader, Bolton, H. J., E. B., A. J., Thomas A., Charlotte B., J. B., J. R. D., J. J. C., R. J. E., J. S., E. B.—d, May, J. L., R. P. H., E. W., Salford, S. A. R., J. C., J. R., W. T. Drayton, I. J., J. S. R., Granite City, Swansea Vale, E. G., S. A. Fleetham, An Admirer of "The Quiver," W. B. (Horsehay), Wm. Thompson, Christian Inquirer, A. J., Jas. Greenwood. Some of these communications would require a much larger amount of space to answer than we can spare. Some tend to controversy, which we desire to avoid; and others are useless, or not of sufficient importance; and a few of them only require a little more reading of the Bible to answer themselves; therefore, we are constrained respectfully to omit them from our answers.

No. 254.—R. E.—"The creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God."—Romans viii. 21.

In Scripture a period is spoken of when "the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea," at which blissful period peace shall prevail, the life of man shall be lengthened, and the Divine blessing shall rest in rich abundance on the earth, and we are led to believe that the entire animal kingdom shall participate in the universal joy.

No. 255.—E. C.—"Then said Jesus unto him, Put up again thy sword into his place, for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."—Matt. xxvi. 52.

The words most naturally refer to Peter, who was reproved for using force, by the general principle laid down that all who took the sword, meaning as he took

it, should perish by it. Our Lord manifestly designed to teach that injuries for the sake of religion are not to be repelled by retaliative violence, but submitted to with patience; and that his cause was not to be maintained or promoted by the strifes of an earthly warfare, or by civil coercion.

No. 256.—E. C.—"He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one."—Luke xxii. 36.

Dr. Owen says this direction seems to have been a proverbial form of expression, by which the hearers were admonished to provide against impending danger.

No. 257.—H. M. (Anglesey).—"To deliver such an one unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus."—1 Cor. v. 5.

The power of delivering unto Satan seems to have been peculiar to the Apostles, and therefore St. Paul here enjoins it. It denotes to deliver the offender up to be afflicted with bodily pains and diseases by the devil, so that his spirit (or soul) may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus Christ's coming to judgment.

No. 258.—A. A.—"The Lord hath made all things for himself: yes, even the wicked for the day of evil."—Prov. xi. 4.

The wisdom of God has made things to correspond with one another: punishment corresponds with the sin committed, and the evil day to the evil doer.

No. 259.—M. E. C.—"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth."—Job xix. 25. DOES THIS REFER TO OUR SAVIOUR'S SECOND COMING?

Job here speaks of the Redeemer's incarnation, and also of the resurrection of the dead at the final advent.

NO. 260.—WHAT DATE DO YOU ASSIGN FOR OUR ENGLISH VERSION OF THE SCRIPTURES?

Portions of the Sacred Writings were rendered into English at a very early period; but we believe that the entire Scriptures were not translated into the English tongue until the time of Wycliffe, in or about the year 1380, and in the reign of Richard II.

Miles Coverdale's version is said to have been completed in 1535, and in the reign of Henry VIII.; but the authorised version was made by the order of King James I., in 1607, and published in 1613. This translation is so dignified and correct in its style, that it has tended to settle the English language, which, prior to this translation was in a very vague and uncertain state. Two hundred and fifty years has produced a change in the meaning of some of the words, and during that period others have become obsolete; but, as a whole, the authorised version stands unrivalled for its accuracy, purity, and dignity; and English readers who take offence at particular expressions, would do well to bear in mind that the gold coin of the realm, notwithstanding its unavoidable alloy, is still gold, and the best currency man can possess throughout the kingdom. To the merits of our English version of the Scriptures we have the testimony of men who esteem not our creed and accept not our copy of the Scriptures, and, therefore, are exempt from all supposed partiality.

The *Dublin Roman Catholic Review* bears this testimony:

"Who will not say that the uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in England? It lives on the ear like music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of a church bell which a convert hardly

knows how he can forego. Its felicities seem to be almost things, rather than words. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness; the memory of the dead passes into it; the potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses; the dower of all the gifts and trials of man's life is hidden beneath its words. It is the representation of the best moments, and all that there has been about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him for ever out of the English Bible. It is his sacred theory, which doubt has never dimmed, controversy has never soiled. In the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of righteousness about him whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible."

"RETIRING HOUR."

WHEN I was a child, I had the blessed privileges of a boarding-school where every influence was exerted to save the souls of the pupils. There was nothing austere about the establishment. A limited number of young girls formed the family, and it was in all respects a *Christian home*. The wives of missionaries and ministers scattered over this and other lands look back to that spot as the birthplace of their souls, and bless the memory of our dear preceptors, now in heaven.

One custom which was then observed I recall with deep interest, as a powerful means of grace to my soul. The time preceding school, which was observed as a study hour, was divided into four parts by the ringing of bells. This was called *retiring hour*, and was so arranged to give each pupil, where four occupied one sleeping apartment, an opportunity to retire and spend fifteen minutes in private devotions.

I well remember its effect upon me. Being religiously trained, I had always said my prayers, but did it in a hurried way by my bedside on arising in the morning. I hardly knew how to while away the fifteen minutes of retirement. My active temperament made it almost insupportable, and I longed to divert myself from the crowd of serious thoughts that pressed upon me.

At last I whispered my troubles to a schoolmate, who had been brought up in a godless manner, and had no conscientious scruples on the subject. She advised for my relief a *novel*, kept in some convenient hiding-place, and perused each morning, and lent me "Thaddens of Warsaw," as she said, "to begin with." It was smuggled into my trunk under cover of darkness, and I hastened eagerly to my room at the first sound of the bell the next morning to feast upon its contents. I opened it, and to my dismay could not read a line. The solemn stillness overpowered me, and I trembled with fear. I tried again the next day, with the door carefully locked, and an apron hung over the keyhole; and though I loved novels dearly, an unseen power held possession of me, and I could not read a page. That book remained concealed in my room for many weeks, but to this day I am ignorant of its contents. The eye of God seemed on me, and I could not employ those sacred moments in novel-reading. Those fifteen minutes in which I had to sit and think proved a blessing to me, and before long I began, though in a formal manner, to read my Bible and pray.

I know not the effect of the "retiring hour" upon my companions, but I have every reason to think it

exerted a powerful influence. For many years, each winter was marked by the special influences of the Holy Spirit in the school, and a large majority of the pupils are wives of ministers and missionaries, or influential private members of churches, while some have joined our dear teacher in the mansions above.

I often hear young girls say that they have no opportunity to pray at boarding-school. I know of more than one diffident but conscientious child, who has been gradually led to give up her morning prayer for want of a chance to kneel down quietly alone. In some cases, bold, irreligious companions will thoughtlessly persecute the praying school-girl, until it requires the moral courage of a mature saint to kneel down to pray. Where one Arthur will kneel amid the scoffs of companions, in the manner so graphically pictured in "School-days at Rugby," a large number of boys will, like Tom, fear and quake before the ridicule of companions.

We must not trust too much to the influence of pious training, unless sealed by the converting power of God, but provide the youth under our care with a place and time for prayer. "*Retiring hour*" should never go out of fashion until something better is substituted in its place. The good effect upon an active, thoughtless child of that fifteen minutes of solitude may be felt throughout eternity. In that brief interval of thought, the recollections of a Christian home, praying parents, or dear ones in heaven, may shed a softening influence upon the whole day. Then the advice of a pious teacher or Christian companion, scarce needed at the moment, will be remembered, and have its desired effect. Better let study hour, practising hour, or hour for gymnastics, suffer, than neglect the "*retiring hour*."

PAST EXPERIENCE.

WHEN one uses his old experience as an opiate to lull his conscience to sleep, many will suspect the genuineness of his piety. He is abusing the doctrines of grace. He has背离了 God, and his "feet will slide in due time," unless he quickly turn from the error of his way.

But very sweet and profitable to the true Christian is the recollection of past experience, when the remembrance is rightly used. David loved to remember the hours he once spent at the hill of Mizar. When your soul has been shrouded in Egyptian darkness, how comforting to remember that Jesus has often shot beams of joy and gladness athwart the gloom, compelling you to exclaim,

"Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?"

How often has the Spirit helped your infirmities when you could do nothing but groan over your weakness! What precious promises have been borne into your heart in affliction, in temptation, in harassing labours, in fiery trials! It is not only our privilege, but our duty to recall these past deliverances. They strengthen present faith and hope, they nerve us to greater zeal and perseverance for the future.

Every child of God, perhaps, experiences, at times, manifestations of Divine grace hardly less worthy of remembrance than were the exhibitions of the Divine majesty at Sinai by the children of Israel. Solemn and glorious foreshadowings of the eternal world are

they, glimpses of unutterably grand and awful truths breaking over the spirit in waves of holy awe, leaving their impress upon the soul for years. Would that the full orb'd view never faded from our hearts, that it would abide with us through the busy scenes of life! Then should we always dwell where the good Brainard on his death-bed said he had been dwelling, "on the sides of eternity." How surprising that we ever come to forget these memorable hours in our earthly pilgrimage, these impressive lessons learned in the full light of God's countenance, amid the blaze of the cross, and under the special illumination of the Holy Spirit!

HOME INTERCOURSE.

The difficulties in our home intercourse spring very much from our ignorance of each other. The members of a household should, therefore, become acquainted with each other. This is not the unmeaning phrase it may at first seem. It is not an uncommon thing to find those living together intensely ignorant of each other. Whole families grow up in daily intercourse with each other, yet each as ignorant of each as if a hemisphere divided them. Have you never had a young person come to you and say: "I love to talk with you; somehow or other I cannot say these things to father or mother, but you understand me?" Is there not a deal of this alienation between the members of a household—this lack of home sympathy, which sends the craving spirit abroad to utter confidences which ought to be home confidences? It seems to be taken for granted by parents, and brothers and sisters, that from the fact of sharing the same blood and dwelling under the same roof, they must be acquainted with each other. They think it necessary to study the character of other men, in order to get along with them; but they suppose the home requires nothing of this. Now, the home is a miniature world. Within its four walls are brought together the widest contrasts in endowment and attainment. There is every possible diversity in a family in the degrees of affection. The love of a brother for a sister is very unlike that of the sister for the brother; that of the child for the mother is very unlike his love for the father. Then there are diversities in character. The mature wisdom of the father differs from the tender affection of the mother. And among the children one is brave, another timid; one is enthusiastic, another doubting; one is thoughtful, another reckless; one overflows with humour, another is sedate. These and a thousand other differences appearing in one family are not incidents, but essential to the idea of a family. In a family you meet every variety of human character—the highest possible range of virtue, the strongest possible incentive to excellence brought into contrast and contact with almost all modes and causes of human disagreement, and these not by any perversion, but by a necessity, of which we need to be at all times aware. The family of but one sex or one pursuit, with no diversity of temper and disposition, is not a family.

In the home intercourse, it should be remembered that each one has his place and his part. A happy and a pleasant home is an impossibility where any one slight his duty. Home is not a place where you are to indulge your own fancies, or to be entertained by the rest. You have no right to sit down, listless

and dull, and say, "Come, amuse me, and see how pleasant you can make home." You have no right to complain that home is ungenial, till you are sure you have tried your best to make it genial. The men who complain of homes are mostly those men whose dignity is offended at the bare suggestion that they have something to do towards making it pleasant. Home is not a mere place of entertainment, a sort of tavern, and he who turns to it for entertainment merely deserves to be disappointed. Hast thou nothing to do, oh, man! but to throw thyself upon a sofa, or monopolise the easiest chair, and, holding back all thine own information, demand that wife and children amuse thee? Or wilt thou go moodily out to club or to business, declaring that thou wilt not stay where so little is done for thee? And shall the young man say, "My sisters do nothing to make home pleasant to me," when he has done nothing to make home pleasant to them? I do not think the different members of a home realise how much the pleasant, profitable intercourse of home depends on each; or how hard it is, when one and another hang back, for the rest to supply the deficiency.

HARVEST HYMN.

YON nation heaves with throes of strife,
And men look on with wond'ring eyes,
Mourn the dread waste of human life,
Yet raise their angry battle cries.
While poets cheer the valiant throng
With chants of hope, or victory,
Be mine a pure thanksgiving song—
Lord of the harvest, praise to Thee!
Thy waving fields—the nation's stay;
How lovely, soothng, and serene,
Where the ripe sheaves, in long array,
Smile in the soft autumnal sheen;
And where no rader sounds are heard
Than the cheery reaper's voice of glee,
Or fragrant breeze, or gladsome bird;
Lord of the harvest, praise to Thee!

Whoever fails, thou dost not fail;
Whoever sleeps, thou dost not sleep;
With fattening shower, and fostering gale,
Thy goodness brings the hour to reap.
Man marks each season, and its sign,
And sows the seed, and plants the tree;
But form, growth, fulness, all are thine—
Lord of the harvest, praise to Thee!
My soul, it is a joyful thing
To see the fruitful grain expand,
And the broad hands of Plenty fling
Her golden largess o'er the land;
To see the fruitage swell and glow,
And bend with wealth the parent tree;
To see the purple vintage flow
Lord of abundance, praise to Thee!

Praise for the glorious harvest days;
Praise for the blessings that we share;
For the unbounded sunlight praise,
And for the free and vital air;
Praise for the faith that looks above—
The hope of immortality;
For life, health, virtue, truth, and love,
Maker and Giver, praise to Thee!

CONTRIBUTIONS received for the Nestorians in London since our last (see THE QUIVER, NOS. 33, 35, and 49).—A Cabman, 5s.; Subscribed by the Teachers and Scholars of St. Andrew Presbyterian Sabbath School, Sydney Street, Bolton, 10s.; A Soldier's Wife, 1s.; Mrs. Crawford, 5s.; P. S., 2s. 6d.; W. I., 2s.; Bourne and Taylor, 5s.

Youths' Department.

THE COUNTRY PASTOR.—PART VI.

"**THERE IS,**" said the worthy pastor, "a sentence in our Lord's life which I delight to see fulfilled in the present day, 'To the poor the Gospel is preached,' and thanks to a controlling power, by the poor the Gospel is often accepted, and thus they become rich in reversion, though poor in actual possession. I am, my dear Herbert, a firm believer in one of the old aphorisms, 'A house-going parson is a church-filling man,' and I regard the Gospel as aggressive; it sends its ministers forth to meet error and to overcome indifference. I am going, therefore, to pay my pastoral visits, and regret that I am not to have you this morning as my companion and fellow-labourer."

"The loss, sir," I answered, "is mine. Because I was so indiscreet as to overwalk myself yesterday, and afterwards to sit in the draught of an open window, I must, like all imprudent people, endure the penalty of imprudence. I am forbidden to go out to-day. Seeing that I cannot, therefore, be your ally on this occasion, will you indulge me when you return by telling me what has passed?"

"Certainly;" so saying, the doctor set forth on his mission of mercy; and if tact, good-humour, and sterling piety are qualifications for the task, the doctor was happily fitted for his work. In his intercourse with his fellow-men he had learnt the force that gentleness possesses, and that soft words strike hard.

Several hours intervened before the good man returned, and when he entered the house he forcibly reminded me of the testimony borne by an old servant to his master's amiability and love of home. "My master, sir, always had a happy face, but it never looked so happy as when he was coming in at his own door."

"Well, friend Herbert," cried the pedestrian, in happy voice, "here I am to fulfil my promise, and, like an old soldier, am delighted to fight my battles o'er again. That you may follow me the better in my sketch of the morning's proceedings, let me present it to you geographically."

"I went by the hill side, and through the wood, and then I scrambled across the heath, shortening the distance at the peril of my garments, but was richly repaid by the undulations of hill and dale, and pleasing scenery. I visited the cottage at the end of the heath, and there a spoilt child taught me that it is possible for a child to have too much of a mother's blessing. As I entered this domicile of discord, a fat pig—also of the noisy order—rushed forth from the cottage, as if offended at my intrusion. The cottage, I found, was the pig's settled home; and upon my pointing out the injury likely to accrue to herself and child from the abode of this unclean animal, the poor woman seemed astonished. 'What!' cried she. 'Find fault with my pig! He is my best friend!'

"How so, pray?"

"Cause he does for me what nobody else does—he pays my rent!"

"Finding that her contest with her boy had excited her too much to render my visit agreeable, I merely expressed a hope that her rent might always be paid, and the health of herself and child also preserved; adding, as a caution, that parents might often write upon the tombs of their children, 'Killed by the exclusion of fresh air, and the absence of cleanliness.'

"I came forth from this biped and quadruped dwelling, repeating to myself—

'Angry looks can do no good,

And blows are dealt in blindness;

Words are better understood,

If spoken but in kindness.'

"At this moment a stranger accosted me, in a very provincial tone.

"What might your name be, master?"

"It might be Beelzebub, my man; but I am thankful it is not. Why do you ask?"

"A poor feller as works with us has hurt himself in the quarry, and I wants the doctor to go and see him."

"Well, my friend, I'll send for the doctor, and I'll come and see your comrade; and do you go back and do what you can for him, and always do as you are now doing."

"And what be that, sur?"

"Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you." Here's a trifle for you. Now run."

"Pulling his head down in front, and jerking up his heel behind, my rustic acquaintance started again for the quarries, and I soon procured a messenger to go in search of the village doctor, and another to call here for such aid as the cook and the housekeeper could render; for it certainly spoils the parable of the good Samaritan when we leave out the oil and the wine, the inn and the twopence."

"My next visit may come under the head of duty, but it cannot be enumerated among one's pleasures. The untidy look of the cottage—with a pool of slimy water at the door, a heap of cinders, some rebellious chickens running in and out, and several dirty children, who appeared to dispute with me the right of entry—did not give me a very favourable opinion of the inmates, and led me to imagine that a pastoral visit would not be a subject of thanks."

"I was asked to take a chair—or, rather, the fragment of a chair—and the dame's apron was employed to render it usable. I availed myself of the offer; and after a few inquiries about her family—for she had only recently come into the village—I endeavoured to turn the conversation to religious subjects. How well I succeeded, you may judge."

"The squire has made a good path across his fields; this makes the walk to church from your cottage even more pleasant than it was before."

"Well, mayhap it does."

"This good path must be a convenience to you in bad weather."

"Yes; pretty well for that."

"I am afraid you do not often manage to attend."

"No; not very often."

"Pray, what do you call very often?"

"Why, I aint bin sin' I war married."

"Judging by your family, that must have been some years ago."

"By som'e're about twenty."

"Perhaps you were far away from a place of public worship."

"No, I warn't. I war quite near."

"Do I understand you? Have you lived for twenty years within sight of a church, and yet never attend the service?"

"Well, I aint bin, sin'."

"I suppose, then, you go to chapel?"

"No, it's pretty well much of a muchness, chapel or church, to me."

"Then you do not go anywhere?"

"I aint bin, as I told you, sin' I war married."

"If you constantly neglect the public worship of Almighty God, and pay no regard to his Sabbath, and go nowhere for instruction, what can you expect? Can you expect to go to God hereafter if you never go to him now? What do you think is to become of a woman who spends her life without any religious duties?"

"Well!" she exclaimed, with a screaming voice;

"well! you're a pretty comforter, to suppose a poor woman who has had a ruck of children shan't go to glory."

"In vain did I strive to impress upon her mind her duty to God and to herself; but the one idea prevailed that the care of her family was sufficient excuse for the neglect of all other duties. Her little cottage formerly stood almost beneath the shadow of the church, and yet a large portion of her life had passed in the neglect of every Christian duty. Alas! with truth it may often be said, 'The nearer to church, the farther from God.'

"As a pastor, my experience leads me to the conviction that, however sinful and defenceless may be the conduct, the adversary of souls will suggest some supposed merit, or supply some plea by way of extenuation. 'I know,' said one of the cottagers, 'I have been a great sinner; I want no man to tell me that; but, then, we are all sinners.' And with this confession the man's piety appeared to begin and to end."

"I remember, sir, a gentleman was conversing with my father upon the prevalence of self-deception, and said, 'Protestants and Romanists alike err,' and quoted an example:

"I own," exclaimed a wretched woman, "that I do drink unconscionable hard, and that I have robbed many a man, and stolen many things; but I can say this, that I never picked any man's pocket on Sunday."

"Well," said my father, "this recalls to my mind a case that I am told occurred in Italy:—

"One of those Russians was taken who live by plunder, and to plunder often added murder; and when he was condemned, by way of atonement for his numerous crimes, he made this declaration—'I confess I have committed many a robbery, and often murder; but I never in my life eat an egg on a Friday.'

"Men love extenuation better than contrition. 'I suppose we are none of us over-good,' said one; 'that's what I think.' 'I am not worse than my neighbours,' was the defence of another. 'I do nobody any harm; and if it goes wrong with me, I wonder what'll become of other folks. I own I aint the thing, and I won't tell a fib about it; but you shall see I intend to do all right by-and-by. Much obliged to you, sir, for calling; alwy's glad to see you, sir. Be all right by-and-by.'

"This poor man first starts with a false standard of right and wrong, mistakes his own powers of amendment, and ends by substituting future plans of reformation in place of present actions: not knowing that the devil will consent to any amount of goodness for the future, if his victims will be only vicious or irreligious for the time present.

"Another man, of a higher grade, with whom I had been secretly reasoning upon the scandal of his domestic life, consoled himself by admitting the fact, but hoping that after all his good deeds would outweigh his bad ones. This tendency to self-defence began with Adam in the garden, and prevails to the present day. However, I was not to be driven from my purpose. I pleaded vigorously with him for amendment of life.

"Throwing his back against the wall of his room and folding his arms, he fixed his eyes intently upon me, and cried out, 'I protest, sir, no man in the world has ever spoken to me as you have done.'

"Possibly no other man has had the official relationship that I hold, as your pastor. In kindness to you, I am bound to be faithful, and as for earnestness, we do not whisper through a keyhole when we know a neighbour's house is on fire. Far be it from me to forget the laws of courtesy and good breeding. I long to do you good."

"I have never, in the whole course of my existence, been so called to account. I am respected by many."

"Granted, and I am one of the number who estimate aright your integrity and your amiability, and it is as far from my duty as it is from my inclination to withhold from you praise in matters deserving praise. My object is not to withdraw the commendation which, in other matters, you justly receive, but to efface that blot

from your fair fame which good morals must blush to endure. You know all that I have said to you are the words of fidelity and of truth; and I know they are the words of real kindness. Think well of what has passed between us, and happy shall I be if I hear that you have arrived at a wise conclusion, and, from high and noble motives, set your house in order."

"I rejoice to add that the conversation led to the desired reformation and the happiest result."

"At the corner of the lane, leading to the beer-shop, I saw Holsby, the carpenter, intoxicated, as usual, and with just sense enough to know how small a stock of sense was left—he was ashamed of himself. That man did all the wood-work in my school-room; he is a hard-working, civil, clever workman; good-natured, too good-natured; and yet he is the pest of the parish, and the affliction—I had almost said the curse—of his family. Few can tell what the mother and the children endure through his besetting vice."

"It almost seems as if some evil genii bore these poor fellows away—no one knows why. A tradesman complained to me lately that he had offended one of his best customers through a drunken workman. 'I have known a man, sir,' he said, 'at work, and steadily at work, and all in a moment I have seen him put down his plane, or his saw, and go out of the workshop without his coat, and without his tools, and without his hat, and not be seen again for the next three days, and then he stands before me self-condemned, and weeping like a stricken child. To dismiss him is to chastise a man who is already chastised, for I suppose we can say nothing to a drunken man so severe as that which a drunken man says to himself in his sober moments; and how often we pity the wife and children whom the husband does not pity.'

"They say, sir," continued the tradesman, "that good men often enjoy heaven upon earth; and I suppose, sir, evil-doing men often endure something of the horrors of the bottomless pit while living upon the earth. I should like to present to all the drunken man in my neighbourhood a set of pictures exhibiting the visions of demoniacal horrors that present themselves to the soul when quailing under the *delirium tremens*. *Imagines*

"May we not, my friend, say with Bather—What is become of the manhood of a drunken man? What evil thing is there which such a man can truly hate? What good thing which he can love? What honourable thing which he can admire? And who hath woe? who hath sorrow, like unto that which the man prone to drink endures? What a fearful thing it is for a man to rush upon his ruin! Some sins are overtaken by destruction; but the sin of drunkenness plunges forward to meet it. He who gives himself up to drink, cries aloud, as it were, and bids defiance to desolation temporal, and to condemnation eternal. What can be done to save these men?"

"As Plato advised such as were given to drink to view themselves in a mirror, that they might behold their changed condition, I wish our village carpenter would borrow the mirror; for Holsby, when sober, is civil; but beginning to drink he begins to fawn and flatter; half-tipsy, he is insolent; a little more advanced, he is noisy and foolish; and when quite drunk, he is ready to contend for a straw, and to fight any one for a shadow; and he confirms the truth of the assertion that 'of all vicious people, a drunken man is the most vicious.' Alas! how true it is, 'drunkenness opens the door to every crime, and closes the door to every duty.' Well may the Indians express a drunken person by the same word that they express a madman."

"The Lacedemonians trained up their children to hate drunkenness, by bringing a drunken man into their company. I wish a sot could see himself as other eyes behold him; then shame would aid to save him."

"Happy would it be for England's prosperity if drunkenness were not to be found within her dominions; it would be more for her good than if another kingdom were added to her territories."

(To be continued.)

Short Arrows.

PARENTAL INFLUENCE.—Every parent should remember that his children are affected by his constantly moulding influence. Beware of the copy you set before them to imitate. Be sure they will mark line for line, shade for shade, blot for blot. Your conduct is their rule of life. Expect no more from your children than you are yourself.

CROSSES.—If God has sent thee a cross, take it up, and follow him; use it wisely, lest it be unprofitable; bear it patiently, lest it be intolerable; behold in it God's anger against sin, and his love towards thee in punishing the one and chastening the other. If it be light, slight it not; if heavy, murmur not. Not to be sensible of a judgment, is the symptom of a hardened heart; and to be displeased at his pleasure, is a sign of a rebellious will.

GOD IS EVERYWHERE.—God is a Spirit: he is an all-pervading Spirit. Omnipresence, or the faculty of being everywhere, belongs to him essentially as Jehovah, so that there is no place in the whole universe but God is there. There is no step that we ever take in our daily walk through the world, but we are surrounded with the evidences of God; there is no object that we ever look upon on the right hand or the left, but it might tell us concerning God; there is nothing but is his workmanship; there is no place where he does not manifest his presence.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.—"Behold," said Jesus, "I stand at the door and knock." This he does as asking a friendly entrance. Who will refuse it? He comes, he is at the door, he knocks at every moment. He could force the door, and the lukewarm is never safe against this for a single week. But he knocks, and if any man hear his voice and open the door, he enters as a friend and a Saviour. All the startling providences whereby men are, or should be, brought to reflection, may be considered the knock of Jesus at the door to see who will open. Every death we witness is a knock at our doors to see if we will open the door to Him who will enable us to overcome death; and so every sickness is not only an admonition, but an inquiry, whether or not we will open the door to Jesus.

SALVATION.—If you ask, "What is salvation?" you must ask of fallen man. Man in a state of innocence knew what was life, but he had no knowledge of salvation; he knew what it was to be happy, but not what it was to be miserable. St. Paul says, "I had not known sin but by the law;" we may say, "We had not known salvation but by sin." Neither ask of the law what salvation is, for the law did not suppose man to be lost, but upon this supposition only, there is salvation. It is, properly, the Gospel which we must consult, to know what salvation is. This tells us that salvation is the restoration of fallen man, who now re-enters into a state of holiness, righteousness, and glory infinitely more perfect, more exalted, and more unchangeable than his first state of innocence. Would it not have been much in our favour, if we had regained by grace merely the same prerogative which Adam enjoyed before his fall? But, blessed be God, we recover more by the second Adam than we lost by the first.

BAKED BIBLE.—There is a Bible in Lucas county, Ohio, which was once baked in a loaf of bread. It now belongs to Mr. Schebolt, a worthy member of the United Brethren Church, who resides near Maumee City. Mr.

Schebolt is a native of Bohemia, and the baked Bible was originally the property of his grandfather, who was a faithful Protestant Christian in the times which tried men's souls. During one of the cruel persecutions which have been so common in Bohemia, an edict was passed that every Bible in the hands of the peasants should be delivered up to the authorities and destroyed. Various expedients were resorted to by the Bible-loving Protestants to preserve the precious Word of Life. Mrs. Schebolt, grandmother of the present owner, placed hers in the centre of a batch of dough, which was ready for the oven, and baked it. The house was carefully searched, but no Bible was found; and when the tools of priestly tyranny had departed, and the danger was passed, the Bible was taken uninjured from the loaf. It was printed one hundred and fifty years ago.

GOD BRINGETH GOOD FROM EVIL.—How many facts have, since the apostacy of our parents in Paradise, happened in the course of sacred and profane history, of which it would have been impossible at the time to point out the beneficial effects, and which proved, in the end, productive of abundant benefits. Take, for instance, Jacob's partiality for his favourite son. The envy of Joseph's brethren, the circumstance of the Ishmaelites passing by at the critical moment, the false imprisonment of Joseph, and the false accusations against him, the offences committed by the royal officers, the years of abundance, and the years of famine, all working together for the exaltation of Joseph, and thus for the preservation of that family by whose seed the redemption of the world was accomplished. Well, then, might Joseph say on the steps of the throne, "Be not grieved or angry with yourselves that ye sold me hither, for God did send me before you to preserve life. It was not you that sent me hither, but God." The treachery of Judas, the malice of the chief priests and of King Herod, the falsehood of the witnesses, the ingenuity of the Roman governor, the malignity and evil spirit of his soldiers—all these crimes and evils worked together and brought about the crucifixion of our Lord and man's redemption.

THE TELESCOPE AND MICROSCOPE.—The telescope enables us to see a system in every star—the microscope unfolds to us a world in every atom. The one instructs us that this mighty globe, with the whole burthen of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand in the vast field of immensity—the other, that every atom may harbour the tribes and families of a busy population. The one shows us the insignificance of the world we inhabit—the other redeems it from all its insignificance; for it tells us that in the leaves of every forest, in the flowers of every garden, in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the stars of the firmament. The one suggests to us that above and beyond all that is visible to man there may be regions of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe—the other, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man is able to explore, there may be a world of invisible beings; and that could we draw aside the mysterious veil which shrouds it from our senses, we might behold a series of as many wonders as astronomy can unfold—a universe within the compass of a point so small, as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the Almighty Ruler of all things finds room for the exercise of his attributes; where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill them all, and animate them with evidences of his glory.

CHECKERED PROVIDENCE.—God doth checker his providences white and black, as the pillar of cloud has its light side and dark. Look on the light side of thy estate. Suppose thou art cast in a lawsuit—there is the dark side; yet thou hast some land left—there is

the light side. Thou hast sickness in thy body—there is the dark side; but grace in thy soul—there is the light side. Thou hast a child taken away—there is the dark side; thy husband lives—there is the light side. God's providences in this life are various, represented by those speckled horses among the myrtle trees, which were red and white (*Zech. i. 8*). Mercies and afflictions are interwoven; God doth speckle his work. "Oh!" saith one, "I want such a comfort;" but weigh all thy mercies in the balance, and that will make thee content. If a man wanted a finger, would he be so disconsolate for the loss of that, as not to be thankful for all the other parts of the body? Look on the light side of your condition, and then all your discontent will be easily dispersed. Do not pore upon your losses, but ponder upon your mercies. What! wouldst thou have no cross at all? Why should one man think to have all good things, when he himself is good but in part? Wouldst thou have no evil about thee, who hast so much evil in thee? Thou art not fully sanctified in this life; how then thinkest thou to be fully satisfied?

MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ATTERLY'S FIELD.

LAUGHING, talking, playing at proverbs, earning and paying forfeits, it was a merry group in Mrs. Ashley's drawing-room. That lady herself was not joining in the merriment. She sat apart at a small table, some work in her hand, speaking a word now and then, and smiling to herself in echo to some unusual bursts of laughter. It was surprising that only five voices could make such a noise. They were sitting in a circle; Mary Ashley between William Halliburton and Herbert Dare, Anna Lynn between Herbert Dare and Henry Ashley, Henry and William side by side.

Time, in these happy moments, passes rapidly. In due course the hands of the French clock on the mantelpiece pointed to half-past eight, and its silver tones rang out the chimes. They were at the end of the game—Herbert Dare standing in a corner, sent there to pay the penalty of the last forfeit—and just settling themselves to commence another. The striking of the half-hour aroused William, and he glanced towards the clock.

"Half-past eight! who would have thought it? I had no idea it was so late. I must leave you just for half an hour," he added, rising.

"Leave for what?" cried Henry Ashley.

"To go as far as East's. I will not stop."

Henry broke into a "wordy war," as Herbert Dare had phrased it earlier in the evening. William smiled, and overruled him in his quiet way.

"They hold my promise to go round this evening," he said. "I gave it them unconditionally. I must just step there to tell them I cannot come—if that's not a contradiction. Don't look so cross, Henry."

"Of course, you don't mean coming back," resentfully spoke Henry. "When you get there, there you'll stop."

"No; I have told you I will not. But if I let them expect me all the evening, they will be looking and waiting, and do no good."

He went out as he spoke, and quitted the house. At the front gate, as he reached it, Mr. Ashley was coming in. Mr. Ashley had been to the manufactory; he did not often go after tea. "Going already, William?" Mr. Ashley exclaimed, in an accent of surprise.

"Not for long, sir. I must just look in at East's."

"Is that scheme likely to prosper? Can you keep the men?"

"Yes, indeed, I think so. My hopes are strong."

"Well, there's nothing like hope," answered Mr. Ashley, with a laugh. "But I shall wonder if you do keep them. William," he added, after a slight pause, his tone changing to a business one, "I have a few words to say to you. I was about speaking to you in the counting-house this afternoon, but something put it aside. I have changed my plans with respect to this Lyons journey. Instead of despatching you, as I had thought of, I believe I shall send Samuel Lynn."

Mr. Ashley paused. William did not immediately reply.

"Samuel Lynn's experience is greater than yours. It is a new thing, and he will see, better than you could do, what can and what cannot be done."

"Very well, sir," at length answered William.

"You speak as though you felt disappointed," remarked Mr. Ashley.

William did feel disappointed. But his incentive to the feeling lay far deeper than Mr. Ashley supposed. "I should like to have gone, sir, very much. But—of course my liking or not liking has nothing to do with it. Perhaps it is as well that I should not go," he resumed, more in self soliloquy, as if he were trying to reconcile himself to the disappointment by argument, than in observation to Mr. Ashley. "I do not see how the men would have got along without me at East's."

"Ay, that's a grave consideration," replied Mr. Ashley, in a joking tone, as he turned to walk to his own door.

William stood still, nailed as it were to the spot, looking after his master. A most unwelcome idea had flashed over him; and in the impulse of the moment he followed Mr. Ashley, speaking it out. Even in the night's obscurity, Mr. Ashley detected his emotion.

"Mr. Ashley, the suspicion cast on me at the time that cheque was lost has not been the cause—the cause of your declining to entrust me with this commission?"

Mr. Ashley looked at him with surprise. But that William's agitation was all too real, causing even his breath to be impeded, his words uneven, he would have laughed at him.

"William, I think you are turning silly. There was no suspicion cast to you."

"You have never stirred in the matter, sir; you have never spoken to me to tell me you were satisfied that I was not inculpated," was William's impulsive answer.

"Spoken to you! where was the need? Why, William, my whole life, my daily intercourse with you, is only so much proof that you have my full confidence. Should I admit you to my home, to the companionship of my children, if I had no better faith in you than that?"

"True," said William, beginning to recover himself. "It was a thought that flashed over me, sir, when you said I was not to be sent on the journey. I should not like you to doubt me; I could scarcely live under it."

"William, you reproached me with not having stirred in—"

"I beg your pardon, sir. I never thought of such a thing as reproach. I would not presume to do it."

"I have not stirred in the matter," resumed Mr. Ashley. "A very disagreeable suspicion arises in my mind at times, as to how the cheque went, and I do not choose to stir in it. Have you any suspicion on the point?"

The question took William by surprise. He stammered in his answer; an unusual thing for him to do. "N—o."

"I ask if you have a suspicion," quietly repeated Mr. Ashley, in a tone of meaning, as if he took William's answer for nothing, or had not heard it.

William spoke out then readily. "A suspicion has crossed my mind, sir. But it is one I should not like to impart to you."

"That's enough. I see. White voluntarily took the loss of the money on himself. He came to me to say so; therefore I infer it has in some private manner been refunded to him. Mr. Dare veered round and advised me not to investigate the affair, as I was no loser; Delves hinted the same; altogether, I can see through the thing pretty clearly, and I am content to leave it alone. Not that I am certain. If I were—"

Mr. Ashley broke off abruptly. William waited.

"So don't turn foolish again. You and I now understand each other. William!" he emphatically added, "I am getting to like you almost as I do my own children. I am proud of you; and I shall be prouder yet. God bless you, my boy!"

It was so very rare that the calm, dignified Thomas Ashley was betrayed into anything like demonstrativeness, that William could only stand and look. And while he looked, the door closed on his master.

He went away with all his speed, calling in at his home. Were the truth to be told, perhaps William was quite as anxious to be back at Mr. Ashley's, as Henry was that he should be. Scarcely stopping to say a word of greeting, he opened a drawer, took from it a small case of fossils, and then searched for something else; something which apparently he could not find.

"Have any of you seen my microscope?" he asked, turning to the group at the table hounding over their books.

Jane looked round. "My dear, I lent it to Patience to-day. I suppose she forgot to bring it back. Gar, will you go and ask her for it?"

"Don't disturb yourself, Gar," said William. "I am going out. I'll ask Patience myself."

Patience was alone in her parlour. She returned him the microscope, saying the reason she had not sent it in was, that she had not had time to use it. "Thee art in evening dress!" she remarked to William.

"I am at Mrs. Ashley's. I have only come out for a few minutes. Thank you. Good night, Patience."

"Wait thee a moment, William. Is Anna ready to come home?"

"No, that she is not. Why?"

"I want to send for her. Samuel Lynn is spending the evening in the town, so I must send Grace. And I don't care to send her late. She will only get talking to John Pembridge, if she goes out after he is home from work."

William smiled. "It is natural that she should, I suppose. When are they going to be married?"

"Shortly," answered Patience, in a tone not quite so equable as usual. Patience saw no good in people getting married in general; and she was vexed at the prospect of losing Grace in particular. "She leaves us in a fortnight from this," she continued, alluding to Grace; "and all her thoughts seem to be bent now upon meeting John Pembridge. Could thee bring Anna home for me?"

"With pleasure," replied William.

"That is well, then. Grace does not deserve to go out to-night; for she wilfully crossed me to-day. Good evening, William."

The fossil case in his hand, and the microscope in his pocket, William made the best of his way to Honey Fair. Robert East, Stephan Crouch, Brumm, Thorneycroft, Carter, Cross, and some half dozen others, were crowded round Robert's table. William handed them the fossils and the microscope; told the men to amuse themselves with them for that night, and he would explain more about them on the morrow. He was ever anxious that the men should have some object of amusement as a chief point on these evenings; anything to keep their interest awake.

Before the half hour had expired, he was back at Mr. Ashley's. The proverbs had been given up, and Mary was at the piano. When William entered, she was sing-

ing a duet with Herbert Dare. Anna—obedient Anna—was seated close, listening with all her ears and heart to the music, her up-turned countenance quite a sight to look upon, in its rapt pleasure.

"I think you could sing," spoke Henry Ashley to her, in an under tone, after watching her while the song lasted.

Anna shook her head. "I may not try," she said, raising her blue eyes to him for one moment, and then closing them.

"The time may come when you may," returned Henry, in a deeper whisper.

She made no answer; she did not lift her eyes, but the faintest possible smile parted her rosy lips—a smile which seemed to express a self-consciousness that perhaps that time might come. And Henry, shy and sensitive, stood apart and gazed upon her, his heart beating.

"Young lady," said William, advancing, "do you know that a special honour has been assigned me to-night? One that concerns you."

Anna raised her eyes fully now. She felt as much at her ease with William as she did with her father or Patience. "What dost thee say, William? An honour?"

"That of seeing you safely home. I—"

"What's that for?" interrupted Anna. "Where's my father?"

"He is not at home this evening. And Patience did not care to send out Grace. I'll take care of you."

In spite of William's observation not being specially called forth, he could not but observe the sudden flush, the glow of pleasure, or what looked like pleasure, that overspread Anna's countenance at the information. "What's that for?" he thought, borrowing her recent words. But Mary began to sing again, and his attention was diverted.

Ten o'clock was the signal for their departure. As they were going out—William, Anna, and Herbert Dare, who took the opportunity to leave with them—Henry Ashley limped after them, and drew William aside in the hall.

"Honour bright, mind, my friend!"

William did not understand. "Honour bright always," said he. "But what do you mean?"

"You'll not get making love to her as you go home!"

William could not help laughing. He turned his amused face full on Henry. "Be at rest. I would not care to make love to her had I full leave and license from the Quaker society granted me in public concourse."

"Did you think I did not see her brightened countenance when you told her she was to go home with you?" retorted Henry.

"I saw it too. I conclude she was pleased that her father was not coming for her, little undutiful thing! However it may have been, rely upon it the brightening was not for me."

Pressing his hand warmly, with a pressure that no false friend ever gave, William hastened away. It was time. Herbert Dare and Anna had not waited for him, but were ever so far a-head.

"Very polite of you!" cried William, when he caught them up. "Anna, had you gone pitching off that part of the path that they are mending, and broken your head in the road, I should have been responsible, you know. You might have waited for me."

He spoke in good humour, making a joke of it. Herbert Dare did not appear to receive it as one. He retorted harshly:

"Do you suppose I am not capable of taking care of Miss Lynn? As much so as you, at any rate."

"Possibly," coolly returned William, not losing his good-humoured tone. Herbert Dare had given Anna his arm. William walked near her on the other side. Thus they reached Mr. Lynn's.

"Good night," said Herbert, shaking hands with her.
"Good night to you, Halliburton."

"Good night," replied William.

Herbert Dare set off running. William knocked at the door, and waited until it was opened. Then he likewise shook hands with Anna, and saw her in.

Frank and Gar were putting up their books for the night, when William entered. The boarders had gone to bed. Jane, a very unusual thing for her, was sitting by the fire, doing nothing.

"Am I not idle, William?" she said.

William bent to kiss her. "There's no need for you to be anything but idle now, mother."

"No need! William, you know better. There's great need that none should be idle; none in all the world. But I have a bad headache to-night."

"William," called out Gar, "they brought this round for you from East's. Young Tom came with it."

It was the case of fossils and the microscope. William observed that they need not have sent them, as he should want them there on the next evening. "Patience said she had not had time to use the microscope," he continued. "I think I will take it in to her. I suppose she has been buying linen, and wants to see if the threads are even."

"The Lynns will be gone to bed at this time," said June.

"Not to-night. I have but just seen Anna home from Mrs. Ashley's; and Mr. Lynn is gone out to supper."

He turned to leave the room with the microscope, but Gar was looking at the fossils, and asked the loan of it. A few minutes, and William finally went out.

Patience came to the door, in answer to his knock. She thanked him for the microscope, and stood a minute or two, chatting. Patience was fond of a gossip; there was no denying it.

"Will thee not walk in?"

"Not now," he said, turning away. "Good-night, Patience."

"Good-night to thee. Thee send in Anna, please. She is having a pretty long talk with thy mother."

William was at a loss. "I saw Anna in from Mr. Ashley's."

"She did but ask whether her father was home, and run through the house," replied Patience. "She had a message for thy mother, she said, from Margaret Ashley."

"Mrs. Ashley does not send messages to my mother," returned William, in some wonder. "They have no acquaintance with each other—beyond a bow, in passing."

"She must have sent her one to-night—why, else, should the child go in to deliver it?" persisted Patience. "Not but what Anna is always running in to thy house at nights. I fear she must trouble thy mother at her class."

"She never stays long enough for that," replied William. "When she does come in—and it is not often—she just opens the door; 'How dost thee, friend Jane Halliburton?' and out again."

"Then thee can know nothing about it, William. I tell thee she never stays less than an hour, and she is always there. I say to her that one of these evenings thy mother may likely be hinting to her that her room will be more acceptable than her company. Thee send her home now, please."

William turned away. Curious thoughts were passing through his mind. That Anna did not go in, in the frequent way Patience intimated; that she rarely stayed above a minute or two, he knew. He knew—at least, he felt perfectly sure—that Anna was not at his house now; had not been at it. And yet Patience said "Send her home."

"Has Anna been here?" he asked, when he went in.
"Anna? No."

Not just that moment, to draw observation, but presently, William quitted the room, and went into the garden at the back. A very unpleasant suspicion had arisen in his mind. It might not have occurred to him but for certain glances which he had observed pass that evening between Herbert Dare and Anna—glances of confidence—as if they had a private mutual understanding on some point or other. He had not understood them then: he very much feared he was about to understand them now.

Opening the gate leading to the field at the back, commonly called Atterly's Field, he looked cautiously out. For a moment or two he could see nothing. The hedge was thick on either side, and no living being appeared to be underneath its shade. But he saw further when his eyes became accustomed to the obscurity.

Pacing slowly, arm-in-arm, were Herbert Dare and Anna. Now moving on, a few steps; now stopping to converse more at ease. William drew a deep breath. He saw quite enough to be sure this was not the first time they had so paced together. Thought after thought crowded on his mind; one idea, one remembrance chasing another.

Was this the explanation of the plaid cloak, which had paraded stealthily on that very field path during the past winter? There could not be a doubt of it. And was it in this manner that Anna's flying absences from home were spent—absences which she, in her unpardonable deceit, had accounted for to Patience by saying that she was with Mrs. Halliburton? Alas for Anna! alas! for all who deviate by an untruth from the straight path of rectitude! If the misguided child—she was little better than a child—could but have seen the future that was before her! It may have been very pleasant, very romantic to steal a march on Patience, and pace out there, all independent in the cold, chattering to Herbert Dare; listening to his protestations that he cared for nobody in the world but himself; never had cared, never should care: but it was laying up for Anna a day of reckoning, the like of which had rarely fallen on a young head. William seemed to take it all in at a glance; and rising tumultuously over other unpleasant thoughts, came the remembrance of Henry Ashley's misplaced and unhappy love.

With another deep breath, that was more like a groan—for Herbert Dare never brought good to anybody in his life, and William knew it—William set off towards them. Whether they heard the footsteps, or whether they deemed the time for parting had come, certain it was that Herbert was gone before William could reach them, and Anna was speeding towards her home with a light and fleet step. William placed himself in her way, and she started aside, with a scream that went echoing through the field. Then they had not heard him!

"William, is it thee? Thee hast frightened me nearly out of my senses."

"Anna," he gravely said, "Patience is waiting for you."

Anna Lynn's imagination led her to all sorts of fantastic fears. "Oh, William, thee hast not been in to Patience!" she cried, in a fit of trembling. "Thee hast not been to our house to seek me!"

They had reached his gate now. He halted, and took her hand in his, his manner impressive, his voice firm. "Anna, I must speak to you as I would to my own sister; as I might to Janey, had she lived, and been drawn into this undesirable imprudence. Though, indeed, I should not then speak, but act. What tales are they that Herbert Dare is deceiving you with?"

"Hast thee been in to Patience? Hast thee been in to Patience?" reiterated Anna.

"Patience knows nothing of this. She thinks you are at our house. I ask you, Anna, what foolish tales Herbert Dare is deceiving you with?"

Anna—relieved on the score of her fright—shook her head petulantly. "He is not deceiving me with any. He would not deceive."

"Anna, hear me. His very nature, as I believe, is deceit. I fear he has no truth, no honour within him. Is he professing to—*to love you?*"

"I will not answer thee aught. I will not hear thee speak against Herbert Dare."

"Anna," he continued, in a lower tone, "you ought to be *afraid* of Herbert Dare. He is not a good man."

"How wilful she was! "It is of no use thy talking," she reiterated, putting her fingers to her ears. "Herbert Dare is good. I will not hear thee speak against him."

"Then, Anna, as you meet it in this way, I must inform your father or Patience of what I have seen. If you will not keep yourself out of harm's way, they must do it for you."

It terrified her beyond everything. Anna could have died, rather than suffer her escapade to get to the ears of home. "How can thee talk of harm, William? What harm is likely to come to me? I did no more harm, talking to Herbert Dare here, than I did talking to him in Mr. Ashley's drawing-room."

"My dear child, you do not understand things," he answered. "The very fact of your stealing from your home to walk about in this manner, however innocent it may be in itself, would do you incalculable harm in the eyes of the world. And I am quite sure that in no shape can Herbert Dare bring you good, or conduce to your good. Tell me one thing, Anna—Have you learnt to care much for him?"

"I don't care for him at all," responded Anna.

"No! Then why walk about with him?" "Because it is fun to cheat Patience."

"Oh, Anna, this is very wrong, very foolish. Do you mean what you say—that you do not care for him?"

"Of course I mean it," she answered. "I think he is very kind and pleasant, and he gave me a pretty locket. But that's all. William, thee will not tell upon me?" she continued, clinging to his arm, her tone changing to one of imploring entreaty, as the terror, which she had been endeavouring to hide with light words, returned upon her. "William! thee art kind and obliging—thee will not tell upon me! I will promise thee never, never to meet Herbert Dare again, if thee will not."

"It would be for your own sake, Anna, that I should speak. How do I know that you would *keep* your word?"

"I give thee my promise that I will! I will not meet Herbert Dare in this way again. I tell thee I do not care to meet him. Can thee not believe me?"

He did believe her, implicitly. Her eyes were streaming down with tears; her pretty hands clung about him. He did like Anna very much, and he would not draw down vexation upon her, if it could be avoided with expediency.

"I will rely upon you then, Anna. Believe me, you could not pick out a worse friend in all Helstoneleigh than Herbert Dare. I have your word?"

"Yes. And I have thine." He placed her arm within his own, and led her to the back door of her house. Patience was standing at it. "I have brought you the little truant," he said.

"It is well thee hast," replied Patience. "I had just opened the door to come after her. Anna, thee art worse than a wild thing! Running off in this manner!"

It had not been in William's way to see much of Anna's inward qualities. He had not detected her

deceit; he did not know that she could be untruthful when it suited her so to be. He had firm faith in her word, never questioning but it might be depended upon. Nevertheless, when he came afterwards to reflect upon the matter, he deemed it might be his duty to give Patience a little word of caution. And this he could do without compromising Anna.

He contrived to see Patience alone the very next day. She began talking of their previous evening at the Ashleys.

"Yes," observed William, "it was a pleasant evening. It would have been all the plesanter, though, but for one who was there—Herbert Dare."

"I do not admire the Dares," responded Patience, in a frigid tone.

"Nor I. But I observed one thing, Patience—that he admires Anna. Were Anna my sister, I should not like her to be too much admired by Herbert Dare. So take care of her."

Patience looked steadily at him. William continued, his tone dropped to a confidential one.

"You know what Herbert Dare is, Patience—fonder of leading people to ill than to good. Anna is giddy—as you tell yourself twenty times in a day. I would keep her carefully under my own eye. I would not even allow her to run into our house at night, as she is fond of doing," he added, with marked emphasis. "She is as safe there as she is here; but it is giving her a taste of liberty that she may not be the better for in the end. When she comes in, send Grace with her, or bring her yourself: I will see her home again. Tell her she is a grown-up young lady now, and it is not proper that she should go out unattended," he concluded, laughing.

"William, I do not quite understand thee. Hast thou cause to say this?"

"All I say, Patience, is—keep her out of the way of possible harm, of undesirable friendships. Were Anna to be drawn into a liking for Herbert Dare, I am sure it would not be agreeable to Mr. Lynn. He would never consider the Dares a desirable family for her to marry into—"

"Marry into the family of the Dares!" interrupted Patience, hotly. "Are thee losing thy senses, William?"

"These likings sometimes lead to marriage," quietly continued William. "Therefore, I say, keep her away from all chance of forming such. Believe me, my advice is good."

"I think I understand," concluded Patience. "I thank thee kindly, William."

CHAPTER XL.

LOOKING INTO THE SHOP WINDOWS.

A VERY unpleasant part of the story has now to be touched upon. Unpleasant things occur in real life, and if true pictures have to be given of the world as it exists, as it goes on its round day by day, the mention of them cannot be wholly avoided.

Certain words of William Halliburton to Patience had run in this fashion. "Were Anna to be drawn into a liking for Herbert Dare, I am sure it would not be agreeable to Mr. Lynn. He would never consider the Dares a desirable family for her to marry into." In thus speaking, William had striven to put the case in a polite sort of form for the ears of Patience. As to any probability of marriage between one of the Dares and Anna Lynn, he would scarcely have believed it within the range of possibility. The Dares, one and all, would have considered Anna far beneath them in position, while the difference of religion would on Anna's side be a bar. The worst that William had contemplated was the "liking" he had hinted at. He cared for Anna's well-

sare and comfort as he would have cared for a sister's, and he believed it would not contribute to her comfort, that she should become attached to Herbert Dare. But for compromising Anna—and he had given his word not to do it—he would have spoken out fully, that there was a danger of this liking supervening, if she met him as he feared she had been in the habit of doing. Certainly, he would not have alluded to the remote possibility of marriage, the mention of which had so scared Patience.

What had William thought, what had Patience said, could they have known that this liking was already implanted in Anna's heart beyond recall? Alas! that it should have been so! Quiet, childish, timid as Anna outwardly appeared, the strongest affection had been aroused in her heart for Herbert Dare—was filling it to its every crevice. These apparently shy, sensitive natures are sometimes only the more passionate and wayward within. One evening, a few months previously, Anna was walking in Atterly's field, behind their house. Anna had been in the habit of walking there—nay, of playing there—since she was a child, and she would as soon have associated harm with their garden, as with that field. Farmer Atterly kept his sheep in it, and Anna had run about as long as she could remember with the little lambs. Herbert Dare came up accidentally—the path through it, leading along the back of the houses, was public, though not much frequented—and he spoke to Anna. Anna knew him to say "Good day" when she passed him in the street; and she now and then saw him at Mrs. Ashley's. Herbert stayed talking with her a few minutes, and then went on his way. Somehow, from that time, he and Anna encountered each other there pretty frequently; and that was how the liking grew. If a qualm of conscience crossed Miss Anna at times, that it was not quite the thing for a young lady to do, thus to meet a gentleman in secret, she conveniently sent the qualm away. That harm should arise from it in any way, never so much as crossed her mind for a moment; and to do Herbert Dare justice, real harm was probably as far from his mind as from hers. He grew to like her, almost as she liked him. Herbert Dare did not, in the sight of Hestleynigh, stand out a model of all the cardinal virtues; but he was not all bad. Anna believed him all good—all honour, truth, excellence; and her heart had flashed out a rebuke to William when he hinted that Herbert might not be a paragon. She only knew that the very sound of his footstep made her heart leap with happiness; she only knew that to her he appeared everything that was bright and fascinating. Her great dread was, lest their intimacy should become known, and separation ensue. That separation would be inevitable, were her father or Patience to become cognisant of it. Anna rightly believed.

Cunning little sophist that she was! She would fain persuade herself that an innocent meeting out-of-doors was justifiable, where a meeting in-doors was not practicable. They had no acquaintance with the Dares; consequently, Herbert could plead no excuse for calling in upon them—none at least that would be likely to stand patent with Patience. And so the young lady reconciled her conscience in the best way she could, stole out as often as she was able to meet him, and left discovery to take care of itself.

Discovery came in the shape of William Halliburton. It was bad enough; but far less alarming to Anna than it might have been. Had her father dropped upon her, she would have run away and fallen into the nearest ditch, in her terror and consternation.

Though guilty of certain painful inaccuracies—such as protesting she "did not care" for Herbert Dare—Anna, in that interview with William, fully meant to keep the promise she made, not to meet him. Promises, however,

given under the influence of terror, or other sudden emotion, are not always kept. It would probably prove so with Anna's. One thing was indisputable: that where a mind could so far forget its moral rectitude as to practice deceit in one particular, like Anna was doing, it would not be over scrupulous to keep its better promises.

Anna's thoughts for many a morning latterly, when she arose, had been "This evening I shall see him," and the prospect seemed to quicken her fingers, like it quickened her heart. But on the morning after the discovery, her first thought was, "I must never see him again as I have done. How shall I warn him not to come?" That he would be in the field again that evening, unless warned, she knew: if William Halliburton saw him there, a quarrel might ensue between them; at any rate, an unpleasant scene. Anna descended, feeling cross and petulant; and I very much fear that she wished William had been at the bottom of the sea, before he had found out what he did find out the previous evening.

"Where there's a will, there's a way," it is said. Anna Lynn contrived that day to exemplify it. Her will was set upon seeing Herbert Dare, and she did see him: it can scarcely be said by accident. Anna contrived to be sent into the town by Patience on an errand; and she contrived to linger so long in the neighbourhood of Mr. Dare's office, gazing in at the shops in West Street (if Patience had but seen her!), that Herbert Dare passed.

"Anna!"

"Herbert, I have been waiting in the hope of seeing thee," she whispered, her manner timid as a fawn, her pretty cheeks blushing. "Thee must not come again in the evening, for I cannot meet thee."

"Why so?" asked Herbert.

"William Halliburton saw me talking to thee last night, and he says it is not right. I had to give him my promise not to meet thee again, or else he would have told my father."

Herbert cast a word to William: not a complimentary one. "What business is it of his?" he asked.

"I dare not stay talking to thee, Herbert. Patience, she'll be likely sending Grace after me, finding me so long away. But I was obliged to tell thee this, lest thee should be coming again. Fare thee well!"

Passing swiftly from him, Anna went on her way. Herbert did not choose to follow her in the public street. She went along, poor child, with her head down and her eyelashes glistening. It was little else than bitter sorrow thus to part with Herbert Dare.

Patience was standing at the door, looking out for her when she came in sight of home. Patience had given little heed to what William Halliburton said the previous night, or she might not have sent Anna into Hestleynigh alone. In point of fact, Patience had thought William a little over-fanciful. But when, instead of being home at four o'clock, as she ought to have been, the clock struck five, and she had not made her appearance, Patience began to think she did let her have her liberty too much.

"Now where has thee been?" was the salutation of Patience, delivered in a tone of acrimony.

"I met so many people, Patience. They stayed to talk with me."

Brushing past Patience, conveniently deaf to her subsequent reproofs, Anna flew up to her own room. When she came down, her father had entered, and Patience was pouring out the tea.

"Will thee tell thy father where thee has been?"

The command was delivered in Patience's dryest tone. Anna, inwardly tormented, outwardly vexed, burst into tears. The Quaker looked up in surprise.

Patience explained. Anna had left home at three

o'clock to execute a little commission : she might well have been home in three-quarters of an hour ; and she had only made her appearance now.

"What kept thee, child ?" asked her father.

"I only looked in at a shop or two," pleaded Anna, through her tears. "There were the prettiest new engravings in at Thomas Woskam's ! If Patience had wanted me to run both ways, she should have said so."

Notwithstanding the little spice of impertinence peeping out in the last sentence, Samuel Lynn saw no reason to correct Anna. That she could be ever wrong, he scarcely admitted to his own heart. "Dry thy tears, child, and take thy tea," said he. "Patience wanted thee, maybe, for some household matter ; it can wait to another opportunity. Patience," he added, as if to drown the sound of his words and their remembrance, "are my shirts in order ?"

"Thy shirts in order ?" repeated Patience. "Why does thee ask that ?"

"I should not have asked it without reason," returned he. "Will thee please give me an answer ?"

"The old shirts are as much in order as things beginning to wear can be," replied Patience. "Thy new shirts I cannot say much about. They will not be finished on this side Midsummer, unless Anna sits to them a little closer than she is doing now."

"Thy shirts will be ready quite in time, father ; before the old ones are gone beyond wearing," spoke up Anna.

"I don't know that," said Mr. Lynn. "Had they been ready, child, I might have wanted them now. I am going a journey."

"Is it the French journey thee has talked of once or twice lately ?" interposed Patience.

"Yes," said Samuel Lynn. "The master was speaking to me about it this afternoon. We were interrupted, and I did not altogether gather when he wishes me to start ; but I fancy it will be immediately—"

"Oh, father ! could thee not take me ?"

The interruption came from Anna. Her blue eyes were glistening, her cheeks were crimson ; a journey in the interior of France wore charms for her as great as it did for Cyril Dare. All the way home from West Street she had been thinking how she should spend her miserable home days, debarred of the evening snatches of Mr. Herbert's charming society. Going to France would be something.

"I wish I could take thee, child ! But thee art aware thee might as well ask me to take the Malvern Hills."

In her inward conviction, Anna believed she might. Before she could oppose any answering, but most futile argument, Samuel Lynn's attention was directed to the road. Parting, opposite to his house, as if they had just walked together from the manufactory, were Mr. Ashley and William Halliburton. The master walked on. William, catching Samuel Lynn's eye, came across and entered.

Mr. Ashley had been telling William some news. Though no vacillating man in a general way, it appeared that he had again re-considered his determination with regard to despatching William to France. He had come to the resolve to send him as well as Samuel Lynn. William could not help surmising that his betrayed emotion the previous night, his fears touching Mr. Ashley's reason for not sending him, may have had something to do with that gentleman's change of mind.

"Will you be troubled with me ?" asked he of Mr. Lynn, when he had imparted this.

"If such be the master's fiat, I cannot help being troubled with thee," was the answer of Samuel Lynn ; but the tone of his voice spoke of anything rather than

dissatisfaction. "Why is he sending thee as well as myself ?"

"He told me he thought it might be best that you should show me the markets, and introduce me to the skin merchants, as I should probably have to make the journey alone in future," replied William. "I had no idea, until the master mentioned it now, that you had ever made the journey yourself, Mr. Lynn ; you never told me."

"There was nothing, that I am aware of, to call for the information," observed the Quaker, in his usual dry manner. "I went there two or three times on my own account when I was in business for myself. Did the master tell thee when he should expect us to start ?"

"Not precisely. The beginning of the week, I think."

"I have been asking my father if he cannot take me," put in Anna, in a plaintive tone, looking at William.

"And I have answered her that she may as well ask me to take the Malvern Hills," was the rejoinder of Samuel Lynn. "I could as likely take the one as the other."

Likely or unlikely, Samuel Lynn would have taken her beyond all doubt, taken her with a greedy, sheltering grasp, had he foreseen the result of his leaving her—the grievous trouble that was to fall upon her head.

"Thee will take a dish of tea with us this evening, William ?"

It was Patience who spoke. William hesitated ; but he saw they would be pleased at his doing so, and he sat down. The conversation turned upon France—upon Samuel Lynn's experience of it, and William's anticipations. Anna lapsed into silence and abstraction.

In the bustle of moving, when Samuel Lynn was departing for the manufactory, William, before going home to his books, contrived to obtain a word alone with Anna.

"Have you thought of our compact ?"

"Yes," she said, freely meeting his eyes, in honest truth. "I saw him this afternoon in the street ; I went on purpose to try and meet him. He will not come again."

"That is well. Mind and take care of yourself, Anna," he added, with a smile. "I shall be away, and not able to give an eye to you, as I freely confess it had been my resolve to do."

Anna shook her head. "He does not come again," she repeated. "Thee may go away believing me, William."

And William did go away believing her—went away to France believing her ; believing that the undesirable intimacy was at an end.

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

Story of Ada. By her MOTHER. London : Hatchard and Co.

A brief memorial of the short and beautiful life of a child, one who was equally remarkable for her intellectual precocity, and her spiritual discernments and predilections. We do not wonder that parental affection has dictated this interesting narrative.

The Two-foldness of Divine Truth. London : Nisbet and Co.

In this pamphlet the author shows that the Bible exhibits great truths in two lights, or rather exhibits both sides of divine truth. Thus conversion is set forth

as the work of God, and yet as the duty of man. Redemption is shown as effected for the saints, and yet for the world. Justification is declared to be by faith, and yet works are commanded. These and sundry other points are treated with propriety, and a due regard to scriptural teachings.

Alice Lowther; or, Grandmamma's Story about her Little Red Bible. By J. W. C. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

The author tells us that this tale appeared in a Christian contemporary, and, in consequence of a desire for its separate publication, it has been revised and enlarged, and printed in its present form. It is altogether a book for the young, who we feel sure will read it with pleasure and profit. The incidents are described in a natural and life-like manner, and are interwoven with moral and religious lessons of great importance. We can sincerely recommend it as a suitable gift from pious persons to their juvenile friends.

Life Story: a Prize Autobiography. By JAMES J. HILLOCKS. London: Tweedie.

We owe the production of this interesting narrative to the offer of prizes for the best lives of working men, written by themselves. The author has written a very instructive book, and one which cannot be read without admiration for the man whose earnest perseverance enabled him to contend successfully with his adverse circumstances. Mr. Hillocks obtained the distinction of Her Majesty's acceptance of the book, and a present of five pounds. At the present time he is engaged as a missionary or Scripture-reader in this metropolis, and is devoting his sanctified energies to the good of his fellow-men. Talent is not hereditary, neither is it confined to certain chosen circles; and this book is proof of what we say. It is adapted to animate and encourage young men whose aims are high, but whose position is low. We would say to young working men, "Read this book, and if your hearts are right with God—if your desires are to advance in wisdom and goodness, if you seek to be useful—this book will do you good."

The Men at the Helm: Biographical Sketches of Great English Statesmen. By W. H. D. ADAMS. With Illustrations. London: Hogg and Sons.

This is one of the series of "books with a meaning" now in course of publication, and is, therefore, an attempt to condense and popularise important knowledge. Most young people who like reading are fond of biography, especially when it is well written, and a record of great men's lives. This volume has an advantage which deserves attention. The characters selected are all leading names in our national history, and much of the history of the nation at particular periods is in a manner interwoven with these biographies. The work opens with a catalogue of the administrations since 1702; a list which may be useful for occasional reference. Then follow the great men, headed by the proud and noble Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, and the patriotic man of the people, John Hampden. These are names inseparably connected with the time of Charles I., and more famous and popular than Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, the royalist historian, who comes next. Belonging to a later date, Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, has in our day notoriety rather than fame with the public. A strange man he was, not untruly described by Mr. Adams when he says, "Bolingbroke, as a philosopher, a statesman, and a writer, exhibits precisely the same distinctive qualifications, brilliancy without depth, courage without discretion, fancy without judgment, and vehemence without passion." He made a pleasant companion for men of the world, but he

was actuated by no high principles, and was a hollow-hearted sceptic. His contemporary, the Earl of Orford, Robert Walpole, is principally known as a leading and powerful statesman. So is Pitt, the Earl of Chatham; but he occupies a far more prominent place in the English mind for his great eloquence and energy of character. William Pitt, his second son, will always be remembered as one of the greatest men we have ever had at the helm of our national affairs, but one whose errors tarnish the reputation he acquired. The remaining names on the list are Lord Castlereagh, the brilliant and talented George Canning, Sir Robert Peel, and the Earl of Aberdeen. To these we have not space to refer. Of the book generally we may remark, however, that it is written in an attractive and instructive style, and will, therefore, both interest and inform the reader.

Musical Notices.

The Bridal March, written by Stephen Glover in honour of the nuptials of the Princess Alice, is a vigorous and effective composition; the arrangement easy. R. Cocks & Co., New Burlington Street.

O Sweet-flowing Stream!—*Like a Spring in the Desert;* *O, Ray Mora!*—The above are three simple, but exquisitely beautiful songs. Words by Linley, music by Franz Abt. They deserve the popularity which has been accorded to former productions of this well-known composer.

Britannia is the Freeman's Home.—A national song, full of expression and patriotic fire. Words by Lambie, music by Kicken. The chorus, in unison, is very effective.

The Roadside.—A song by R. L. Cocks; words by Burns. Very lively and appropriate. The above are published by R. Cocks & Co., New Burlington Street.

In Thee, O Lord, we put our Trust; *The Hope beyond the Grave;* *The Bow in the Cloud.*—The above are sacred songs, written by J. D. Carpenter, and composed by Stephen Glover. They are well adapted for the family circle. S. Clarke, Holborn Bars.

Emeline.—This "Romanza," by G. F. West, is one of those pianoforte arrangements which always find favour. It is very expressive and effective. Cocks & Co., New Burlington Street.

Progress of the Truth.

FRANCE.

PARIS.—The truth is making progress in Paris. The agents of the Evangelical Society of France report favourably of their stations in the city. The schools are well attended, and more might be opened in various directions if the requisite funds could be obtained. Any room which may be opened, with the permission of the authorities, is almost sure to be a source of attraction to many in the neighbourhood. Thus, three months ago, two rooms, situated in the Rue du Grand Chantier, near the Square du Temple, were made into one, and opened for service on the evenings of the Lord's day and Thursday. Thus far the result of the experiment has been most encouraging. Strange to say, the attendance is larger on Thursdays than on Lord's days. A few Thursdays ago we counted more than fifty people there, and were assured that the congregation was smaller than usual. The hearers, nearly all of them Roman Catholics, were very orderly and attentive, and most of them stayed to the short prayer-meeting that is held immediately after the service. The services are conducted by the various Independent ministers of Paris. The Rev. M. Fisch is at present delivering a course of simple lectures on Old Testament history on Thursday evenings.

The seven colporteurs employed by the French and Foreign Bible Society report satisfactorily of their work, especially the one who labours among the carters of Paris.

ITALY.—The friends of Italian evangelisation will do well to ponder the following paragraphs:—The Vaudois, the Fratelli, and Gavazzi with his friends, however much they may differ in other respects, are unanimous in their judgment against the attempt to establish any foreign mission in Italy, and are most careful to keep clear from any imputation of being the agents of or connected with any extraneous organisation. They even refuse to be called Protestants, saying that Protestantism dates from Luther, and that they go back to the Apostle Paul, when there was no Papacy to be protested against. At a recent meeting in St. James's Hall, Gavazzi said, “The moment I began to preach Jesus Christ and him crucified, they said I was a Protestant, and I had no more friends in Naples. That showed the prejudices against Protestantism in the Neapolitan provinces, and justified my course in not joining any Protestant denomination. When asked what I was, I could say that I was not a Protestant, still less was I a Roman Catholic, but an Evangelical Christian of the Church of the Apostle Paul.” On several other occasions he has spoken more fully, on behalf of himself and his brethren in the work, to the same effect, adopting the words of Mazzarella, “We are neither Roman Catholics, nor Protestants, nor Vaudois, nor anything denominational. Our desire is to go back to the time, net of Luther the Reformer, but of Paul the Apostle.” Those who are desirous to establish a mission in Italy would do well to ponder the following strong expression of opinion from the same good and great man:—“As an Italian, however, there are still further and grave reasons for declining to embrace any Protestant denomination. It would entirely destroy my hopes for the future evangelisation of Italy. It may be wrong, but so strong are the prejudices of Italians against Protestantism, that to go to them in a Protestant name would be to drive from my platform the very people I look for. This is a fact, and so deeply is the prejudice rooted, that even the Waldenses and the independent Italian ministers publicly declare that they could not tolerate a Protestantised Italy. It follows, then, that not only am I not a Protestant nominally, but that for the sake of the future of Italy I am also ready to resist any and all attempts to Protestantise my fatherland. I take this opportunity, therefore, to exclaim against those societies that spend their money in sending and maintaining missionaries in Italy. I say publicly that this is the very way to strengthen Romanism, and to bind the Italians closer both to the system and to its priesthood, and thus endanger, if not ruin, the possibility of a sincere regeneration of the Italians by the Christianity of the Gospel. Let the work be left to the Italians themselves, aided only by Protestant sympathy and prayers.” These are the words of a man who has sacrificed everything for the great work of evangelising Italy, and who again and again has shown that he is ready to lay down his life for the cause to which he has devoted it.

RUSSIA.—At the Huntly Conference, the Rev. Dr. J. C. Brown gave some interesting details of the progress of the truth in Russia. He said:—“This revival of religion is not a local, but a world-wide movement. It did not assume the same form in every locality. He premised his remarks by an illustration borrowed from natural phenomena connected with Aberdeen. On the sea-shore they could see the tide rising distinctly, but go half a mile or more up the river Dee, and the rising would be less perceptible, but yet decided enough to show that the tide was at the flow. So with regard to Russia, where, though not attended by the same demonstration as in this country, the revival movement was nevertheless being distinctly felt. A vast number of Bibles, some 30,000, had lately (in July) been thrown off the press in the

English language for Russian readers, and such had been the demand that they had already been nearly all bought up. That was one indication of the rising of the tide in Russia. Another was the organising of Sabbath-schools. At St. Petersburg there were now 140 schools, attended by about 30,000 youths—most of them of recent establishment. Another was the temperance movement, which had no equal in America or in this country. Some two and a-half years ago, in one government, no fewer than 76,000 individuals joined the temperance society, and of these 65,000 remained steadfast in their principles. All this in one government, and there were twelve or twenty governments in which the same things were to be seen. Preaching had also made rapid strides; in some places in the interior a thorough ecclesiastical reform had commenced. So with matters educational; and a new system of theological education had been organised under the auspices of the Emperor. The revival of religion there was not in consequence of any communication either with this country or with America, but had sprung up spontaneously within the last two and a-half years. Some twenty-five years ago there was formed a little mission church at Hamburg; and this church has sent out its missionaries to Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, and elsewhere, generating new formations of the same kind, which were now to be found in active operation, and throughout Russia as well.”

ALGIERS.

The Rev. B. Weisz gives an account of the openings for preaching the Gospel in six villages in the vicinity of Algiers. The following is the first of the places referred to:

CRESIA.—In my last I mentioned the village Cresia, as an organised preaching station; allow me now to give you some details. When several of its Protestant inhabitants invited me to preach the Gospel there, I was reluctant to accept that invitation, because that village is only about four miles distant from Donera, where there is a pastor of the French Establishment, and with whose spheres of labour I do not intend to interfere. But they assured me of the following facts: 1st. Though in the proximity of Donera, its pastor never visited them. 2nd. That even in Donera, that pastor only preached twice a month, as he goes every second Sabbath to preach in the Orphan-house at Dely Ibrahim (the latter place lies midway between Algiers and Donera); and at Algiers there are three pastors, who hold one French service every Sabbath, and one German once a fortnight. 3rd. That there were at Cresia and its neighbourhood upwards of sixty Protestants, very few of whom went to Donera from time to time, while the rest were more and more sinking into indifference. Lastly, that there were among these Protestants descendants of the real French Huguenots, who feel great repugnance to go to the Donera chapel, because of its “Lutheran-pastor and Popish cross.” These facts, accompanied by repeated entreaties, decided me to go and visit the place. The few still serious persons were filled with joy; and the grown cold and lukewarm were moved to tears, and expressed great gratitude to the Father of mercies for the restored privilege of having again the Gospel preached among them. A regular service was immediately organised there; and for four months the Gospel has been preached every second Sabbath, at ten o'clock a.m., in a room given for the purpose. But this room is small, and not proper for worship; and owing to the systematic opposition of the village priest (as also a silent hostility from another quarter), we could get no other place for worship. A chapel will be opened for public worship next month; and I trust that ere long, the rent of the chapel and schoolmaster's lodgings will be covered by contributions of the members.

**Weekly Calendar
OF REMARKABLE EVENTS, CHIEFLY ASSOCIATED
WITH THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.**

AUGUST 24.

THE ACT OF UNIFORMITY CARRIED INTO EFFECT.—In the reign of Charles II. it was deemed desirable by Baxter and others to have an alteration in the liturgy, and they petitioned the king to this effect, which roused the ire of the episcopal authorities, whereupon, at the opening of Parliament, the Lord Chancellor Hyde harangued with great vehemence against the dissenting preachers. He told the Lords and Commons that they were “the great physicians of the kingdom,” and applying this character, he said, “There is a sort of your patients that I should recommend to your utmost vigilance, utmost severity, and to no part of your lenity and indulgence; those who are so far from valuing your prescriptions, that they look not upon you as their physicians, but their patients; those who, instead of repenting of anything they have done amiss, repeat every day the same crimes, for the oblivion whereof the Act of Indemnity was provided. These are the seditious preachers, who cannot be contented to be excused from their full obedience to some laws established, without reproaching and inveighing against those laws now established; who tell their auditories that the Apostle meant, when he bade them ‘stand to their liberties,’ that they should stand to their arms; and who, by repeating the very expressions, and teaching the very doctrine they set on foot in the year 1640, sufficiently declare that they have no mind that twenty years shall put an end to the miseries we have undergone.” And after going on for some time, with great force and severity of language, he concludes thus:—“If you do not provide for the thorough quenching of these firebrands, kings, lords, and commons shall be their meanest subjects, and the whole kingdom kindled into one flame.” Now, although this was all asserted without any corroborating proofs, it appears to have made an impression upon both Houses of Parliament, and occasioned the passing of the Act of Uniformity, which was introduced the same session, and received the royal assent, after being carried through both Houses of Parliament, on the 19th of May, 1662. This act was then prefixed to the Common Prayer-book. It enacts that “all and singular ministers are bound to use the morning prayer, evening prayer, and all other common prayer, in such order and form as is mentioned in the book; and that every parson, vicar, or minister, shall, before the feast of St. Bartholomew, 1662, after the reading of the said book, declare his unfeigned assent, and consent to the use of all things in the said book, in these words:—‘I, A. B., do here declare my unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained and prescribed in and by the book entitled the Book of the Common Prayer, and Administration of the Sacraments, and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England; together with the Psalter or Psalms of David, pointed as they are to be said or sung in churches; and the form and manner of making, ordaining, and consecrating of bishops, priests, and deacons.’” The penalty for refusing was deprivation. Farther, all ministers and schoolmasters were bound, at their admission to their promotion or employment, before the feast of St. Bartholomew above mentioned, to subscribe the declaration following:—“I, A. B., do declare that it is not lawful, upon any pretence whatsoever, to take arms against the king; and that I do abhor the traitorous position of taking arms against his person, or against those that are commissioned by him; and that I will conform to the liturgy of the Church of England as it is now by law established; and I do declare

that I do hold there lies no obligation upon me or on any other person, from the oath commonly called the ‘Solemn League and Covenant,’ to endeavour any change or alteration of Government, either in Church or State; and that the same was in itself an unlawful oath, and imposed upon the subjects of this realm against the known laws and liberties of this kingdom.” These conditions considerably increased the numbers who on this occasion declined conformity, many conscientious persons, like Philip Henry, who had never taken the covenant, and who entertained no insuperable objections to the liturgy, being decidedly averse to discredit and invalidate all their past ministrations, which they believed God to have blessed. No fewer than two thousand pious men resigned their charge, under circumstances of peculiar hardship, on this day, which was then kept as the feast of St. Bartholomew, August 24, 1662: the Legislature declined to make any provision for their support; and augmenting the bitterness of ejectment, by selecting the period when tithes were soon to become due for carrying it into effect. On this day the services of many excellent men were lost to the Church—loss to which may, in some measure, be ascribed that decay of godliness which the succeeding age so lamentably attested. Yet the spectacle of so many prepared to suffer the loss of all things for conscience’ sake, would not be without its effect in proving the reality of religion; and though Divine Providence permitted the voices of such men as Manton and Owen, Baxter and Bates, Henry and Howe, to be silenced, their pens have furnished succeeding generations with some of the most useful, practical treatises which our country possesses, and which will continue to edify the Church of England, so long as her sons shall be found sufficiently just and enlightened to believe that instruction in the ways of godliness may be gained from the writings of those who, after a painful struggle, found themselves unable to officiate at her altars, and who believed themselves reduced to the necessity of ultimately quitting her communion.

AUGUST 25.

GRATIANUS, EMPEROR OF ROME, ASSASSINATED.—He was a powerful ruler, and encouraged Christianity throughout his dominions. He granted a full and free toleration to all religious opinions, and to all modes of worship, and showed a sincere desire to promote peace and unity in the Church. His enmity to the Pagan superstitions of his subjects caused much dissatisfaction, and when the country was invaded by the Goths, under Maximus, his soldiers deserted him, and he was on this day, in the year 383, put to death at Lyons, by order of Maximus, who assumed monarchical power over the Western empire.

AUGUST 26.

ADAM CLARKE DIED.—This eminent divine was born at Moybeg, an obscure hamlet in Londonderry, in the year 1760. His father was a village schoolmaster of a superior order. Adam was a lad of hasty habits and careless temperament. No great pains seem to have been taken in his early religious education; but one day, as he and a schoolfellow were seated on a bank together, the children fell into serious conversation on futurity. “Oh, Addy, Addy,” said his companion, “what a dreadful thing is eternity! and oh, how dreadful to be put into hell-fire, and to be burnt for ever!” And thereupon they both wept, and begged God to forgive them their sins, which were chiefly those of disobedience to their parents, and made to each other strong promises of amendment. His mother, who came to the knowledge of this incident, pondered it in her heart with a mother’s satisfaction. His father, who seems to have been an austere man, had no opinion of pious resolutions in children; and Adam was old enough to find discouragement in this indifference, and

[August 20, 1862.]

to feel that the smoking flax had been quenched. But his mother was a Presbyterian, of the old Puritan school—a person powerful in the Scriptures; and whenever she corrected her children, she gave chapter and verse for it, making the Bible the rule of life. From her he received his early religious impressions. But Adam Clarke was now far in his teens, and without any settled plan of life. His friends wished him to assist his father in the school, and eventually succeed him in it; but the proposal was not to his taste. He records that it was in the year 1777 that the Wesleys first came in their neighbourhood. Hitherto he had been in the habit of attending both church and meeting-house, the former chiefly, but with no great edification from either; indeed, he reports that the Presbyterian congregation in Ireland at that period was fast drooping into Socinianism. He was led by curiosity to hear the sermon of the new preacher. The doctrine was new to him. Christ crucified, and redemption through his blood, was the burden of the sermon; and Mrs. Clarke, who accompanied her son, and who was yet his oracle in matters spiritual, pronounced, rightly enough, "This is the doctrine of the Reformers." From that time the house of the Clarokes was open to such preachers as came to those parts, and young Adam was soon added to the number of their converts. It was still, however, some time before he had *assurance* of his salvation—a doctrine then strongly insisted upon by the Wesleyans. "One morning (we quote his own account), in great distress of soul, he went out to work in the field. He began, but could not proceed, so great was his spiritual anguish. He fell down on his knees on the earth, and prayed, but seemed to be without power of faith. He arose, endeavoured to work, but could not; even his physical strength appeared to have departed from him. He again endeavoured to pray, but the gate of heaven seemed barred against him. His faith in the atonement, so far as it concerned himself, was almost entirely gone; he could not believe that Jesus had died for *him*; the thickest darkness seemed to gather round and settle on his soul. He fell flat on his face on the earth, and endeavoured to pray, but still there was no answer; he arose, but he was so weak that he could scarcely stand. He now felt strong in his soul, 'Pray to Christ!' He looked up confidently to the Saviour of sinners, his agony subsided, his soul became calm; a glow of happiness seemed to thrill through his whole frame, all guilt and condemnation were gone. We have not space to follow his interesting career, as told in his biography by his son: how he was sent to a charity school, and when working in the garden he found a half-guinea, with six shillings of which he bought Bayley's "Hebrew Grammar," the foundation of his future acquirements in Oriental literature. His first introduction to Wesley, and his delight when engaged under him, are also exceedingly interesting, as are his studies, and the time allotted to them, before he produced his valuable commentary on the Bible. We are obliged to pass over this to come to the closing scene of his life. In the autumn of 1832 the cholera was spreading death and dismay far and wide throughout this land. Dr. Clarke appears to have had no personal fear of it. On the contrary, he made voluntary excursions into districts where it prevailed. He specially named it, however, in the morning and evening devotions which he offered up in his family, and prayed "that each and all might be saved from its influence, or prepared for sudden death." He was engaged to preach at Bayswater, on Sunday, 26th of August, and on the Saturday before he was conveyed there in a friend's chaise. He was cheerful on the road, but appeared tired with his journey, and listless. When a gentleman asked him to preach a charity sermon, and fix the day, he

made answer, "I am not well; I cannot fix a time; I must see what God is about to do with me." He retired to bed early, without any dangerous symptoms. He rose in the morning ill, and wanting to go home; but before arrangements could be made for his removal he had sunk in his chair. That icy coldness by which the complaint was characterised had come on; and when the medical men arrived, they pronounced it a clear case of cholera. His wife and most of his children, short as the summons was, had gathered about him—he had ever been the most affectionate of husbands and parents—and his looks indicated great satisfaction when he saw them by his side; but he was now nearly speechless. He, however, managed to ask one of his sons a question that proved his knowledge of the complaint under which he was sinking. Without an effort of nature to rally, he breathed his last, with a short sob, on the 26th of August, 1832.

AUGUST 27.

THE FIRST CHURCH FOUNDED AT BOSTON.—In the year 1630 the few settlers at Boston had collected sufficient means to build themselves a church, and this day is recorded as the one on which they opened their edifice, after appointing a permanent minister, and giving him what they then considered a handsome salary—£40 per annum.

AUGUST 28.

CHRISTIAN SLAVERY ABOLISHED.—On this day, in the year 1816, a treaty was signed between England and Algiers, by which Christian slavery was to be abolished, and all slaves, of whatever nation, to be delivered up. The number released by this treaty was 1,033.

AUGUST 29.

DIOCLETIAN ERA COMMENCED.—It receives its name from the persecution of the Christians in the reign of Diocletian, Emperor of Rome. The era commenced August 29, 284, and was much used by the early writers until the introduction of the Christian era, in the sixth century.

AUGUST 30.

ST. JEROME DIED.—In many respects Jerome is allowed to have been the most learned of all the Latin fathers. He wrote many homilies which are still extant, and translated into Latin various Greek and Hebrew works on theology. He died on the 30th of August, A.D. 420.

AUGUST 31.

EDWARD THE FIRST'S PROCLAMATION EXILING THE JEWS.—The constant petitions for protection that were presented to Edward I. caused him to issue a proclamation on this day, in the year 1291, for the banishment of all Jews from the kingdom. After this expulsion they did not appear in any numbers in England till they were recalled by Cromwell. It is a remarkable fact that they still remain as a monument of the truth of our religion, a distinct people, unincorporated among the inhabitants of the countries in which they reside.

The calendar is now finished; it was commenced on the 1st of September, 1861: consequently, we have gone through the year, and day by day have endeavoured, in a simple form, to set forth the progress of religion; the particular events that occurred at their stated times; the missionary labours, as well as the biographies, of some of the eminent divines who have left us such bright examples. While taking a glance at what has been done and endured by the Church in later years, we may discern the hand of Him who has promised to be with his Church even to the end of the world, and we may gather hope, amidst trials, temptations, and controversies, from the fact, which this glance discloses, that at all events Christianity is in a decidedly progressive state, its laws more widely acknowledged, and its influence more practically felt.

MORALS AND RELIGION IN LAPLAND.
THE reader will find at page 349, vol. i. of *THE QUIVER*, an article headed "An Adventure in Lapland." M. Fuchs, the writer of that paper, has since written one or two others about the same interesting country, and for what follows we are indebted to him, somewhat freely translated from the French.

If we enter into the details of life we find very gratifying and striking results. The habitual use of strong liquors in Lapland has almost wholly disappeared. Whereas formerly they were in the hands of the traveller as an infallible means of overcoming the natural sloth and indifference of the Laplanders and Norwegians, now they are scarcely ever received with pleasure. They cease to form part of the scanty provisions taken out to sea by the fishermen, and it is proved that already there is a considerable diminution in the annual number of the victims of these perilous voyages. Nay more, our guides themselves did not take without a large admixture of water what we offered them, when long marches across the fens, nights without shelter and fire, the passage of large torrents, or the so often dangerous descent of the cataracts of the Muonio, had exhausted our strength and courage.

The traveller has no longer to fear theft in the thousand forms which it assumes in other countries; he can sleep without fear on the straw of a Norwegian cabin, and on the skins of the Laplander's hut or tent, and be sure that when he wakes his hosts will restore to him intact whatever he has confided to them.

The egotistic rudeness of the savage has almost completely disappeared; our hosts never entered the part of the cabin which they had left for us without uncovering themselves, nor did they ever neglect this mark of respect in speaking to us, although conversation was carried on through our guides, who acted as interpreters.

But what struck us most was their fidelity in sanctifying the Lord's day, and their zeal in attending upon Divine worship. For us, who almost always live near a church, and who yet often allow ourselves to be kept away by a trifle—for us, whom a small obstacle or a moderate distance frightens—what a lesson is supplied by the difficulties which these poor inhabitants of the wilderness surmount, in order to be able to consecrate a few hours to common prayer! In a country where there is scarcely more than one inhabitant to four square leagues, where on the Norwegian side the capital, Kanto-keino, contains three habitations, and that on the Swedish side, Karesuando, five, one may fancy what vast spaces—as much as fifty leagues or more sometimes—divide the churches. Therefore, to the faithful who will visit them they are long pilgrimages, the difficulty of which can only be understood by a knowledge of the country. On the high plateau there are, in summer, the morasses, with their terrible inhabitants the mosquitoes, whose

number and voracity is such that the face must always be covered with a thick veil, sometimes even enveloped in a bag of skin, fastened about the neck. Even this preservative is insufficient during the two months of June and July, when the inhabitants of the country cover the whole body with a thick coat of grease to diminish the effects of the bite of these formidable insects. In winter, without speaking of the cold, which varies from twenty-five to thirty-five degrees below zero, there is the dazzling whiteness of the snow, which causes painful ophthalmia; there are the plagues of the north wind, which play with those immense masses of snow as the simoom with the sands of the desert; and there is the fog, which, hiding at once the sky and the outline of the hills upon the horizon, takes away all means of observation, and leaves the traveller without a guide amidst an immensity, of which nothing any longer points out to him the ravines and the crevasses.

Upon the coast the difficulties and perils change their character, but not their intensity. The fury of the polar seas is terrible, and the bold fishermen, who have chosen as the site of their abode the gorges which intersect the gigantic walls of rock, know scarcely any tomb but the waves, nor any cemetery but the ocean. At Altengard, for example, we found the widow of a rich fisherman, named Kalwig, of whom Marmier has already spoken in his letters about the north, whose father and husband, three brothers, and four sons, disappeared in succession beneath the waves.

Yet these are the obstacles by which the Laplanders, the Finlanders, and the constantly increasing number of Norwegians who are settled among them, are separated from their churches. One can imagine what Divine service must be with such an audience. Let us pause a moment to mention some details which we were able to observe for ourselves. On our return from the North Cape, just when we entered to take some hours of repose at the little bay of Gjesarn, a promontory south of the isle of Magero (whose northern point is the North Cape), we saw the bay covered with small vessels with outspread sails. It was about two o'clock on Saturday morning. At first we believed it was a great fishing expedition, for, more perhaps than anywhere else, the state of wind and tide, and not the hour, determines the occupation of life on these shores, where for two months in summer the sun does not descend below the horizon; but, on attentively observing, we saw that it was not only fishermen, but the whole population, men and women, children and the aged, Norwegians and Laplanders, who filled the boats. I asked, in surprise, of our old pilot the meaning of this emigration.

"They are going to church," he simply replied.
"Is it very far?"
"About seventy miles from here."
"And when will they arrive?"
The pilot looked thoughtfully at the sky for some

moments. "If the north-east wind continues," said he, "they will be there in the day; if there is a calm, and they are forced to use their oars, it will take them till to-morrow morning; if the wind changes, they will no doubt have to come back; if a squall should rise . . . their boats are heavy laden . . .".

The expression of sadness and resignation upon his face completed the sentence.

We remained for a time in silence, and it was with an emotion easy to imagine that we saw them disappear one after another below the horizon. Some hours later we ourselves followed them, and towards evening we passed before the rock of Misso, upon which stood the little church for which they started. They had just arrived, already joined by other companies, and all about the horizon small white specks announced the approach of new guests. Quite a little camp was formed about the church. The sails and some reindeer skins had supplied all the means of constructing it; while a little meat, or fish dried, and the *kaga*, a primitive sort of cake, made of oatmeal, moss, and chaff, formed almost the only food to be found there.

Notwithstanding our strong desire to spend our Sunday there, we had to continue our way without stopping, that we might profit by the fair weather and wind to return to Hammerfest, where we arrived on Sunday morning soon enough to attend Divine service. There also we found about the church a little encampment of Laplanders and Norwegians, who had arrived over night, and at eight in the morning we entered the church with them. A sight as unusual as touching at once presented itself. Around the railing which separates the chancel and altar from the nave, a threefold row, chiefly Laplanders, were upon their knees. These were such as, under a sense of sin and a desire of pardon, came to humble themselves before the assembled church, and to receive the pastoral absolution.

After singing and a prayer, there was a direct appeal, or address, from the pastor. The discourse was as it should be, evangelical; at once simple and sublime. The depth of our misery—the insufficiency of our own efforts to deliver us from our sins—the certainty of pardon through faith in Christ and his sacrifice; such was the burden of it. Most of the congregation were moved even to tears. I was myself greatly moved, and when the pastor laid his hands upon these kneeling penitents, and pronounced over each of them the absolution of the Church, which Christ promised to ratify in heaven, I also felt in my heart the joy and peace which the assurance of pardon gives.

Several hymns, a sermon (which, unhappily, we could not understand), prayers, more singing (not less than forty verses in all), and the celebration of the Lord's Supper, concluded the service. It had not lasted less than four hours, during which the attentiveness of the audience was not once disturbed. The length of the services is a general fact with which we were struck all over Norway. At Fronthjem, for example, we were at the consecration of three ministers, which took place on a market day. Almost the whole population, brought together for the market, attended the service, leaving at the church door in the square the vehicles going to or coming from market. The service lasted more than five hours, all which time the church was so crowded that, squeezed against a pillar, and understanding

very little of what was said, I made vain attempts to leave the building before the end of the ceremony.

One more word about the service at Hammerfest. When I left the church I felt comforted and strengthened, my heart full of sadness and yet of joy, saying to myself that all the riches of our civilisation were not worth the wealth possessed by this feeble, poor, humble, ignorant, and forgotten people.

The remainder of this interesting sketch must be reserved till another opportunity.

FOOTSTEPS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

DAMASCUS TO CONSTANTINOPLE.
HAVING arrived at this famous city of Damascus, we should like to take a minute survey of it, and to present our readers with a full account of it and its inhabitants. But as we are anxious in the present paper to conclude the record of His Royal Highness' travels, we shall, for the remainder of his journey, give the briefest possible indications of the places yet to be mentioned. Such, however, is the interest and importance of some of the scenes which were visited, that we shall, as opportunity offers, go more into detail in regard to them.

Damascus is a celebrated city of Syria, and one which is, perhaps, as ancient as any in the world. The river Baradi, or Chrysorrhœus, flows through it, and it stands in a lovely plain, to the east and south-east of the mountains of Anti-Lebanon. The region around is in Scripture called Syria of Damascus; but it is otherwise known as Coele-Syria, or the Hollow Syria. There were many Jews here in New Testament times; so many, indeed, that Josephus tells us there were 10,000 of them put to death at once; and that most of the women of the city had embraced the Jewish religion. The city was then held by the Romans, and Aretas was for some time governor. It was in the neighbourhood of Damascus that Saul was miraculously converted; here he joined himself to the Church of Christ, and here he seems to have commenced his apostolic labours. The Church at Damascus was for a long time an important one. John of Damascus was an eminent Christian writer of the eighth century. At the present time the population of Damascus may be 120,000, of whom 12,000 may be Christians, and an equal number Jews. The rest of the inhabitants are Mohammedans, and well known for their bigoted hostility to the Christians, many of whom were cruelly massacred three years ago.

From Damascus we journey northwards over a region diversified and romantic in the highest degree. Many objects of interest present themselves on our route, among which are ancient sites and ruins, and lofty mountains. In due time we arrive at Baalbek, otherwise called Heliopolis, the City of the Sun. This is Tadmor in the wilderness, or Palmyra, for by all these names it is known. It is, perhaps, 120 miles from Damascus, and not far from the borders of Arabia. Solomon either founded or enlarged it, and in course of time it became an important and a splendid city. When the Romans conquered it, they called it Adrianopolis, and long after that its wealth, splendour, and consequence continued. More than 1,500 years ago it was reduced to desolation, and it has lain in ruins ever since. At the present time, it is chiefly famous for the remains of two wonderful

temples. These, even in their decay, are among the most remarkable objects of antiquity. They have been many times described, and all travellers agree that nothing more extraordinary can well be imagined. There they stood, amid the solitude of the desert, surprising monuments of ancient art, and witnesses to the instability of human grandeur.

Bidding adieu to Baalbek, we now proceed across what may be generally described as a wide plain, towards the west, until we reach the mountain range of Lebanon. This famous range, so often referred to in the Bible, we have to cross, amid scenery of the most rugged, wild, and romantic character, and yet surprisingly beautiful. From the heights we obtain magnificent prospects in various directions, and at length we gradually descend towards the outspread Mediterranean, and the ancient city of Berytus, or Beyrouth. We enter the city through green lanes, with hedges of prickly pear, gardens, mulberry groves, and palm-trees, right and left. The city is important and interesting, and is much resorted to by strangers. Lord Nugent says of it:—"Beyrouth, the Berytus of the ancients, and not improbably the Berothai of 2 Sam. viii. 8, the Berothah of Ezekiel xlvii. 16, the Felix Julia of the Roman Empire, was early illustrious as a school of Grecian letters, and, under the Romans, a college for the study of the civil law. It was taken by King Baldwin and the Crusaders in the first crusade, and remained in the hands of the Christians till, together with the greater number of the cities on this coast, it surrendered to Saladin after the battle of Hattin. In the third crusade it was again taken from the Saracens, and again annexed to the kingdom, as it was called, of Jerusalem; nor was it finally lost to the Christian powers till their last and total overthrow in Syria, in the eighth crusade. It is now the place of the most extensive commerce in Syria." It contains bazaars and shops, in European fashion. In and around are many attractive spots and pleasant dwellings, and upon the shore Roman ruins abound. Many agreeable excursions may be taken into the surrounding country; and Europeans of different nations are numerous in the city, which contained 15,000 inhabitants in 1838, and now, perhaps, three times that number. The commerce of the city is considerable, and steamers and sailing vessels are continually coming in or going out.

If we have an opportunity of going by sea, we can proceed at once along the shores of the Mediterranean to Tyre. This celebrated Phenician city was founded after Sidon, but in time surpassed it in power, wealth, magnificence, and trade. Although within the limits of Asher, Tyre was never conquered by the Israelites; and even in Josh. xix. 29, it is called "the strong city Tyre." David and Solomon formed alliances with Tyre, the king of which rendered valuable services in the erection of the temple, &c. Shalmaneser besieged it, and also Nebuchadnezzar, and it seems to have fallen into the power of the Assyrians and Persians. Alexander the Great performed one of his greatest exploits in the siege and capture of Tyre, B.C. 325. The ancient part of the city, which then stood upon a small island, was destroyed, and never rebuilt. The island was connected with the mainland by an embankment. Tyre was an important city under the Romans, and so continued till six or seven hundred years ago. It is now a desolate ruin, and enables us to realize the wonderful accuracy of the

inspired predictions which foretold its overthrow. The site of Tyre is a kind of promontory, projecting into the Mediterranean.

There is a road from Tyre which leads northward, along the low lands in the vicinity of the sea. We may pursue our journey along this route, across the Nahr-el-Kasimiyeh (the ancient Leontes), by Sarefend (the ancient Sarepta), until we reach Saida, or Sidon. At Sarepta, or Zarephath, when great famine was throughout all the land, Elijah sojourned at the house of a widow, whose barrel of meal wasted not, neither did her cruise of oil fail, and whose son the prophet raised to life. At present the place is a village, on a ridge, three-quarters of a mile from the sea.

The bay of Sidon is very beautiful, and the approach to the town from the south reveals the traces of ancient glory. The town is not of very much consequence; it contains twelve or fifteen thousand inhabitants, chiefly manufacturing; and travellers have called it "wretched and gloomy, ill-built, dirty, and full of ruins." Sidon is a place of great interest, and no one can view it without emotion. With its younger sister, Tyre, it shared the commerce of the world before Rome was founded, and when Solomon was king. As for its history, however strange and eventful, we must pass it over, and we will only add further a few words from Lord Nugent, whom we have already quoted. "We encamped," he says, "on the shore, about half a mile to the northward of the town. It was a lovely spot. A soft breeze was blowing from the land side, and perfumed the whole air among our tents with the fragrance of the orange groves, over which it came to us. We were under the shelter of a bank, topped by a line of hedge of the prickly pear, and over this the heads of the orange-trees and pomegranates formed a canopy of bloom and fragrance. The waves poured in high and hollow on the gently sloping beach, within fifty yards in front of us, from the Mediterranean, whose distant waters of dark blue were tinged, as they approached the horizon, with all the rich, blending colours of a glowing sunset. Sidon, on the point of the headland, that rounded the bay upon our left, with its arched pier, its square towers and houses, and the graceful minaret of its principal mosque, stood out dark against a sky of bright flame." The glory of nature and of situation still continues, but Sidon is no more what she was in ancient days.

From Sidon we may follow the track along the shore for many a mile, past scenes of extraordinary interest to the traveller, as Beyrouth, Gebal, or Byblus, Botrys, &c., to Tripolis, or, as the natives call it, Tarabulus. This place stands at some distance from the sea, on the river Kadisha, or the Holy River. There is a beautiful old bridge over this stream, but the place is not remarkably healthy; and it will suffice for us to remark, in the words of Mr. Arrowsmith, that "it derived its name from having been built by the people of the *three cities* of Sidon, Tyre, and Aradus, for the convenience of assembling there the several federal bodies of the country, for the despatch of all such matters of business as related to their common interest. It had a haven, which was of no great magnitude, though probably sufficient for the traffic of those days; and here Demetrius landed when invading Judea, 2 Macc. xiv. 1." A number of coins still bear the name of this city, attesting its commercial activity. At present there

is not much trade, and such travellers as go there are usually on their way to the cedars of Lebanon, for which this is not a bad place to start from the shore.

The trip or expedition to the cedars is one of much interest, but somewhat laborious, and sometimes dangerous and disappointing. If the snow has fallen, there is peril; and if there is rain or mist, there is disappointment; but if the weather is propitious, there is something very exhilarating in the expedition; and no one can look upon that world-famous family of cedar-trees without awe. There they are, in groups of different sizes, clustering together, and nestling among those wild and rugged solitudes, whose silence is unbroken, except by the voice of the wayfarer, and the roar of thunder and of hurricane. As, however, on a former occasion our pages contained a notice of the cedars, it will not be necessary to repeat the description, and we may resume our journey to the sea, to pay a passing visit to Ruad, the site of the ancient Aradus. This is a small island, lying not far from the shores of the Mediterranean. It is the site of one of the three chief cities of the Phenicians, the others having been Sidon and Tyre. There is reason to believe that Ezekiel calls the place Arvad (chap. xxvii. 8, 11). According to old writers, Aradus had a monarchy of its own, and carried on a large trade, especially after the fall of Tyre and Sidon. Strabo says the inhabitants were colonists from Sidon, and that some of its buildings were finer than those of Rome itself. Not only here, but along the whole of the main land there are numerous relics of former greatness, especially suggestive of the wealth, idolatry, and luxury of the Phenicians.

Having now fairly left the continent of Asia, and put out to sea, we may in a few words indicate the remaining portion of his Royal Highness' journey to Constantinople, where we leave him. From Ruad the course adopted was to Rhodes, famous for its military monks; thence to Patmos, the island rock, where St. John saw the visions of the Revelation. Ephesus, on the main land, was also visited, now a scene of desolation, from which the greatness of Diana and the glory of the Church have alike departed. Smyrna also was visited, and a lovely picture it presents from the sea; while within it is active with life and commerce. From Smyrna we pass to Constantinople, once the metropolis of the Roman empire, and now the capital of the Turkish dominions. It is a large and imposing place, with much to gratify the sight-seer.

And here we close our rapid and altogether superficial survey of those venerable and hallowed scenes, which will be henceforth all the more familiar to us since trodden by the footsteps of the Prince of Wales, whom God preserve in long life to honour Him!

Eminent Christians.

JOHN CLAUDE.

THE subject of this memoir was the son of Francis Claude, a French Protestant minister, in the south of France. John Claude was born in 1619, and his father, who was of a literary turn, took care of his early education. In due time he was sent to the College of Montauban, where he studied theology under eminent professors. Of this period, one of his

biographers remarks: "The fire of his imagination, the acuteness of his judgment, the sincere piety of his life, and particularly the modesty and affability of his manners, obtained him as many friends as tutors. In him, from his earliest years, were united the gravity of a divine and the easy politeness of a courtier." His father was, naturally, greatly happy in his son, and earnestly desired to see him in the ministry; and as he himself was wholly intent upon the sacred office, the proper measures were taken. At the age of twenty-six he was ordained; but he was, one year after, removed to another church. Here he devoted much of his time to study, because his ministerial charge was small. It was manifest that he promised great excellence as a preacher. He soon collected and arranged his materials, and he expressed himself with fluency, energy, and earnestness. Some time after entering upon this charge he was invited to preach a special sermon at Castres. The impression produced on that occasion was such, that the church at Castres endeavoured to obtain his permanent services. Nevertheless, he continued in all eight years at St. Afrique, as the village where he resided was called. During that time he acquired considerable reputation for learning, eloquence, zeal, and piety. In 1654 the church of Nismes, which was one of the most numerous and influential in France, being in want of a minister, sought and obtained M. Claude. The duties of this post were very heavy; "preaching every day, visiting a great number of sick people, attending consistories, and church business requiring much labour; but he loved his employment, and so discharged his office as to give the highest satisfaction to his flock. He found time, moreover, to give divinity lectures to a great number of students, who were admitted to make probationary sermons."

One writer, who was well acquainted with the position and character of Claude, remarks, that "as his genius was surpassed only by that of Bossuet, he was on this account more fitted than any other, by the rare vigour of his intellect, by the stern logic of his arguments, and by the eloquence of his speech, to set out with superior ability the abstract and difficult subjects brought forward in controversy." The fact was that Claude had fallen upon critical times, and was required to exhibit equal prudence, talent, courage, and faith. The Popish party was full of jealousy against the Reformed, and was craftily endeavouring to devise some scheme which should involve them in destruction. On the one hand, they affected kindness and consideration, and proposed that reconciliation should be effected; on the other hand, they were concocting plans of persecution, and, in some cases, were threatening or persecuting. Just when Claude took his place at Nismes, the Bishop Cohon wrote to a prelate, then at Rome, in this style: "It is known in your city that the See of Nismes is the arsenal of heresy, and that there are fifty-five ministers in the diocese who, having no opposition, to overcome, undertake what they like, and succeed in it." Others complained to the Government, and before long the worldling Cardinal Mazarin, then supreme, withdrew some of the privileges of the Protestants, and forbade their ministers to be called pastors. The death of Cromwell, who had held him in check, enabled Mazarin to favour more openly the clerical party; but he himself died in 1661, and the work of repression passed to others.

In 1662 Claude was deprived of his ministry at Nismes, because of his resolute opposition to the attempts of the Papal party to effect the reconciliation of the Protestants to Rome.

M. Claude went to Paris, where he endeavoured to secure the removal of his sentence; but in vain. While there he wrote a powerful refutation of transubstantiation. He then went to Montauban, where he was chosen minister, and laboured four years for the edification of the church. His continued opposition to Popery brought on him the anger of the men in power, and he was again suspended. Once more he went to Paris to try and get his suspension revoked; but, of course, without success. In 1666 he was chosen minister of the church at Charenton. Before long he resumed his pen against the Papists, and more of his time than he desired was taken up with controversy. But what could he do? The destruction of his religion had been determined, and, as a sincere lover of the Gospel of Christ, he laboured might and main in its defence. Mr. Robinson says: "Indefatigable attention, unremitting exertion, a frank deportment, and an impenetrable depth of thought, a clay-coldness towards secular things, a heart inflamed with holy zeal, a courage that nothing could daunt, and a countenance alternately supple and severe, were all necessary at this critical conjuncture to the pastor of Charenton, and M. Claude possessed them all."

In 1676 he published five sermons on the "Wedding Feast," by which he proved that, with all his zeal for defending the outworks of religion, he was earnest in promoting its living power. Not long after he wrote an essay on the "Composition of a Sermon." This work, designed for the use of his son, has been for many years a popular book in this country. The efforts of the Papists were still continued, and Claude had the grief to see some of his own flock desert the true faith. At this time he consented to a conference or discussion with the famous Bossuet. The conference was an event of European interest, but no good came out of it, and controversy and bitterness were continued. Amid all the confusion, Claude found leisure to write a small book on "Self-examination as a Preparation for the Lord's Supper." In this admired book the author develops the human heart, follows the sinner through all his windings, takes off his mask, shows his misery, and conducts us to our Lord Jesus Christ as his sovereign good. The work had a very rapid sale, and might even now be read with edification. A sermon appended to it, upon "Grieving the Spirit of God," remarkably illustrates the spiritual earnestness and tenderness of conscience by which its author was distinguished.

About this time M. Claude was offered a professorship at Groningen, but he declined it, preferring to stand by his beloved church in the day of peril. He seemed to become more and more bold in his defence of the faith, and at the same time to grow in grace and heavenly-mindedness. In private, he pressed home the duty of practical religion more than ever; and in public, crowds flocked to hear the eloquent and solemn exhortations which fell from his lips. The cup of their sorrow was well nigh full, and at length the fatal hour arrived in the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. By that act the Protestantism of France was annihilated, so far as law could annihilate it; and for many a dreary year afterwards it had no legal existence. We all know what multitudes of the

best men of France fled to foreign shores, to escape the fury of their oppressors. Their wrongs and sufferings aroused the pity and indignation of all right-minded men; only Louis XIV. and the blindly bigoted Papists rejoiced in the triumph of their iniquity. Before the fatal decree was published under the seal, the church at Charenton obtained permission to meet till it should be published. "They spent their time in fasting, praying, preaching, settling their affairs as well as they could, and deliberating whether to flee, and what to do." On the 22nd of December, 1685, the decree was registered in Parliament, and fifteen days were allowed the ministers to depart the kingdom. M. Claude was not allowed so much; twenty-four hours only were given him to leave the kingdom, and a king's footman was appointed to conduct him to the frontiers. He obeyed as became a Christian, and set out at once for Brussels. From Brussels he proceeded to the Hague, where his son resided. Here he found favour and friends. The Government of the States provided for him, and the Prince of Orange granted him a pension. "His house was the asylum of all the dispersed, and many a long night and day did he sit to hear their lamentable tales, soothing their sorrows, quieting their fears, reconciling their minds to a wise Providence, and justifying the ways of God to men." Here he collected the materials for his work, "The Complaints of the Protestants of France." When all Europe was crying shame upon the French Government and priests, our James II. caused this book to be burnt by the hangman!

The life of Claude at the Hague was regular and quiet. He rose early, and, after private and family devotions, applied himself to study the rest of the morning. The afternoon he gave to the crowds who visited him. Sometimes he preached, and, occasionally, before the great ones of the earth, always with much fidelity and solemnity. His last sermon was before the Prince and Princess of Orange, on December 25, 1686, from Luke i. 30, &c. All thought he excelled himself on this occasion, but his exertion heated him and brought on a fever, of which, in three weeks, he died. Among his dying expressions we may select one or two:—

To the senior pastor of the church, he said: "I was desirous to see you, and to make my dying declaration before you. I am a miserable sinner before God. I most heartily beseech him to show me mercy for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ. I hope he will hear my prayer. I adore him for blessing my ministry. It has not been fruitless in his Church; this is an effort of God's grace, and I adore his providence for it."

To his wife, who asked him if he was not sorry to leave her, he said: "No; I am going to my God, and I leave you in his hands in a free country." And again, "I have always tenderly loved you. Be not afflicted at my death. The death of the saints is precious in the sight of God. In you I have seen a sincere piety, and I bless God for it. Be constant in serving him with your whole heart. He will bless you."

Asking a pastor to pray, he said, "I can only attend to two of the great truths of religion, the mercy of God, and the gracious aids of his Holy Spirit."

To a friend he said: "I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

To his son he said, "Son, our Lord Jesus Christ is

my only righteousness; I need no other; he is all sufficient."

Public prayer was repeatedly made for him, but on January 13, 1687, he resigned his soul in peace into the hands of God. He served the Church forty-two years with all humility and faithfulness, during a period of extraordinary trials, difficulties, and calamities. During his lifetime his publications amounted to eighteen, and after his death a number of others were brought out by his son. We may say of him that he was eminent as a writer, as a minister, and as a Christian. In France he was in the highest reputation. He was loved by his friends and feared by his adversaries. His banishment made him more famous abroad. His name is known and honoured in many lands, and by his valuable works he yet lives and speaks. It was affirmed by Bayle, that Claude's "Historical Defence of the Reformation" was the best book which had been written upon that subject.

The Editor and his Friends.

EDITORIAL CONVERSATIONS WITH S. G., M. J., R. G., W. L., AND OTHER FRIENDS.

CHAPTER I.

F. Moses, in speaking of the creation, says, "*In the beginning.*" In the beginning of what?

E. Of time it was not—of eternity it could not be; therefore, it refers to the world's history, and the expression rectifies two errors. It shows that the objects which heathens worship as their deities the God of the Jew and of the Christian called into being; and it refutes the philosopher who assert that matter is eternal, for the world had what eternity had not—namely, "*a beginning.*"

F. What is meant by "*the heavens?*" It cannot be what we generally understand by the word "heaven."

E. No; in Genesis it denotes the atmosphere. The Jews were accustomed to regard the region of the air in which the birds make their evolutions as the first heaven—the space in which the starry orb roll onwards in their course as the second heaven; and the place in which the Almighty is pleased to manifest his presence and his glory they called the third heaven. St. Paul, speaking as a learned Jew, says he was "caught up unto the third heaven," meaning thereby exactly what we mean when we speak of heaven.

F. Why does not Moses say God created the world?

E. Because the Hebrew language, we are told, possesses no word to express the material world, and therefore the idea intended to be communicated is conveyed by using the component parts; consequently, to say, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," is equivalent to saying, "In the beginning God made the world."

F. What proof is there that light existed before the sun?

E. It was on the first day of the creation that the Almighty uttered his fiat, "Let there be light," but it was not until the fourth day that the sun and the moon were appointed to be the light-bearers, or light-reflectors. The sun and moon are not the sources of light, but the supporters and radiators of light; and in this primary creation of light, and afterwards its glorious increase, there is a remarkable correspondence with man's spiritual history, and thus creation shadows forth the sublime truths of redemption. We speak of days; now a thousand years with God is but as a day, and a day as a thousand years. With the first day there was light, and with the fourth day there was the sun; so

with the first thousand years there was the general light of the world—the light of Nature; but with the four thousand years there was the light from Heaven—from Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, of whom the material sun is only a type.

F. Do you draw any inference from this resemblance?

E. Yes; the inference deduced is the probability that God's work of redemption is not made to coincide or resemble the works of creation, but that the works of creation, as the lesser of the two, are made to conform in divers parts with the Divine plan of redemption. The Pattern on the mount, which Moses was to imitate, was not made to resemble the furniture in the tabernacle; but the contents of the tabernacle were in conformity to the Model existing on the mount. So, possibly, with creation and redemption.

F. Is it correct to say, "from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof," when, in reality, the sun does not rise, and it does not go down?

E. The Bible is written in the general language of the people—its design is to teach mankind religion; therefore, it is not written in scientific terms, to meet all the modern discoveries which God is pleased to enable scientific men to make, that they may, through the aid of science, make known something of the inexhaustible riches of his power, wisdom, and benevolence.

Moses speaks to us according to sight, and not according to science; he speaks optically, and not astronomically, and scientific men do the same in the present day. The almanack tells us that the sun *rises* to-morrow at fifty minutes past four, and *sets* at eighteen minutes past seven. How oft does a damsel, in humble life, announce that the kettle boils? This mode of expression, so opposed to fact, is so popular, that grammarians are constrained to recognise it by the figure metonymy, in which one word is put for another, as, in the case of the maiden's announcement, the article containing (the kettle) is used for the article contained (the water). Thus the learned and the unlearned resort to the same modes of expression, and he who employs this popular language will be understood by the erudite and the simple.

F. Is there not, in many cases, an ancient and also a modern meaning to words?

E. New words are perpetually coming into use, and old ones are lapsing into decay, and some are changing their meaning, as, for example, a *tyrant* formerly meant a good king as much as a bad one. Indifferently to administer justice denoted impartiality. The pronoun which was two hundred years ago applied to persons as well as to things, and therefore we have the sentence still in use, "Our Father, which art in heaven." *Present* is another instance. This word, in theology, still retains its primitive meaning—that of going before. Walton uses the term in this sense, when he says to his friend, "To-morrow I will rise and prevent the sun;" therefore, when we speak of preventing grace, we are not to be understood as meaning an influence that restrains us, but an influence that prepares our path, that advances before us to overcome difficulties and to direct our steps. The grace that hinders, or, as we should say in the present day, that prevents us, is called restraining grace.

F. We pray, "reward us not *after* our iniquity."

E. The word *after* means, in proportion to; therefore we pray, that in judgment God would remember mercy, and not chastise us in proportion to our offences. It never means that, although we do wrong, we hope to escape chastisement.

F. The Evangelist John speaks of a time when there shall be no need of the sun, and of a place where the Lamb of God shall be the light thereof. In what sense is the Lamb the light? The passage is to be found in the Book of the Revelation of St. John.

E. Or, more properly speaking, the revelation of Jesus

Christ to St. John. In that blissful abode of which the Evangelist speaks, the Lamb is to be the light, by which we are led to suppose—for at best we know but little—that the glory of the Divine Person, the unclouded effulgence of the Shekinah, will be in place of the light of the sun, and constitute a portion of the glory of a scene which finite minds can never fully comprehend. Poetry, arrayed in poetic garb, thus expresses her belief:—

"When the pure soul is from the body flown,
No more shall night's alternate reign be known;
The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
But from the Almighty streams of glory flow.
Oh! may some nobler thoughts our souls employ,
Than transient, empty, sublunar joy.
The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame;
But Thou, O God, for ever shine the same."

No. 261.—T.—"And they cast lots, as well the small as the great, according to the house of their fathers, for every gate." And the lot eastward fell to Shelemiah. Then for Zechariah his son, a wise counsellor, they cast lots; and his lot came out northward. To Obed-edom southward; and to his sons the house of Asuppim. To Shuppim and Hosah the lot came forth westward."—1 Chron. xxvi. 18–16. PLEASE TO EXPLAIN THE ABOVE CUSTOM?

This we can best do by referring to the manners of the East. A celebrated traveller tells us, on the death of a parent the whole of his fields and gardens are often divided amongst his children, and great disputes generally arise as to whom shall be given this or that part of the property. One says, "I will have the field to the east," "No," says another, "I will have that," and it is not till they have quarrelled and exhausted their store of ingenuity and abuse, that they will consent to settle the matter by lot. The plan they adopt is as follows:—They draw on the ground the cardinal points—north, south, east, and west—and then divide these again each into two, making eight points of the compass; after this they write the names of the parties on separate leaves, and mix them together. A little child is then called, and told to take one leaf and place it on any one of the eight points he pleases; this being done, the leaf is opened, and to the person whose name is found therein will be given the field or garden which is in that direction.

It is possible that the lots eastward, northward, and southward, which fell to Shelemiah and the others, were drawn after the above manner.

No. 262.—W. J.—WILL YOU PLEASE TO EXPLAIN THE FOLLOWING VERSE:—"And they have built the high places of Tophet, which is in the valley of the son of Hinnom, to burn their sons and their daughters in the fire, which I commanded them not?"—Jer. vii. 31.

We presume the passage refers to the human sacrifices offered up to Moloch. We learn from Buxtorf and other rabbinical writers, that the temple of Moloch was erected on the outside of the city of Jerusalem, and on an eminence in the valley of Hinnom; the image, we are told, was brass, with the hands extended. The idol was placed before seven chapels; the person who offered a bird, entered the first chapel; a sheep, the second; a ram, the third; a calf, the fourth; a bullock, the fifth; an ox, the sixth; but he who offered his own child took possession of the seventh: this person kissed the idol, the child was placed before it, and it was heated by a fire beneath till it became flaming as light; then the priest took the child and placed it in the burning hands of Moloch; and that the parent might not hear the cries of the child, they fell to beating their drums, and from this practice the place was called Tophet—the Hebrew word for a drum. The rabbis say that parents were persuaded that the sacrifice of one child to Moloch delivered

the rest from death, and secured prosperity to themselves.

Moloch was a false god of the Ammonites. Some mythologists make Moloch the same with Saturn: strange to say, Solomon built a temple to Moloch upon the Mount of Olives; and Manasseh, long after, imitated his impiety by making his son pass through the fire in honour of this god of the heathens.

No. 263.—R. G.—HAS THE PROHIBITION TO EAT BLOOD EVER BEEN EXPRESSLY REPEALED?

We are led to think that the prohibition has never been expressly withdrawn, and we are inclined to hold the view taken by the celebrated Robert Hall.

This eminent man says, respecting abstaining from blood, "I have not the smallest doubt that the prohibition is of perpetual force, however little it may be regarded in modern practice. The precept was invariably observed by the faithful, from the time of Noah; it resulted from the solemn and unanimous decision of the Apostles, and is of more ancient origin than any other Christian institute"—except that of the Sabbath, and that of marriage.

No. 264.—S. E.—"They are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear."—Ps. lviii. 4. WHAT IS MEANT BY THE DEAF ADDER?

There was a class of diviners who professed to charm serpents by incantations. If a serpent bit a charmer after the incantation, it was said to be deaf.

No. 265.—P. S.—DOES THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE REFER TO WHAT IS CALLED ANTINOMIANISM?

"The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness."—Rom. i. 18.

The denunciation is against all men who impede or hinder the spread of truth by their sinful conduct. The word *hold* is to be understood in the sense of *restraining*, or impeding.

No. 266.—B. M. (Manchester).—"And he (Elisha) went up from thence unto Bethel: and as he was going up by the way, there came forth little children out of the city, and mocked him, and said unto him, Go up, thou bald head; go up, thou bald head. . . . And there came forth two she bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children of them."—2 Kings ii. 28, 24.

Bishop Patrick says the words translated "little children" in our Bible have a much wider signification in the original Hebrew. Thus Isaac, when he was twenty-five years old, was so called (Gen. xxii. 5, 12); Joseph, when he was thirty (Gen. xlii. 12); and King Rehoboam, when he was forty (2 Chron. xiii. 7).

The word *children* very often means, in the language of Scripture, simply people—as children of Israel, children of light, children of God; and we have examples in our own language. A ward in the Court of Chancery is called an infant, although he may be a powerful man of nearly one-and-twenty years of age.

The offence that called forth this punishment was one of deep depravity, and in an especial manner dishonourable to Almighty God.

In the Divine wisdom the prophet Elijah was honoured by God in a remarkable manner, by an ascension to heaven; consequently, the event occurred during the Mosaic dispensation. A similar manifestation of Almighty power had taken place in the case of Enoch, under the patriarchal dispensation; and a similar instance was also to be displayed to the sons of men in the days of the Messiah, during the Gospel dispensation; and this remarkable honour conferred on one of the prophets of the God of Israel was, doubtless, announced by Elijah, an eye-witness of the fact, but the announcement obtained

no credence, and was rejected with insult: the prophet was bid, in jeering spirit, to follow his master—"Go up, thou bald head; go up, thou bald head." These men of infidel principles—alike regardless of the veneration due to the aged, and of the reverence due to the prophet's announcement—set themselves in array against both the prophet and his Divine Master; and the Almighty, in place of destroying these offenders by fever, or plague, or earthquake, or by lightning from heaven, commissioned the beasts of the forest to inflict the chastisement. In the days of Moses, the *giver* of the law, the insect kingdom vindicated the cause of God. In the days of Elijah, the *restorer* of that law, the animal kingdom were appointed the avengers.

BEGIN WITH GOD.

Begin with God!

He is thy sun and day;

His is the radiance of thy dawn;

To him address thy lay.

Sing a new song at morn!

Join the glad woods and hills!

Join the fresh winds and seas and plains!

Join the bright flowers and rills!

Take thy first walk with God!

Let him go forth with thee;

By stream, or sea, or mountain-path,

Seek still his company.

Thy first transaction be

With God himself above;

So shall thy business prosper well,

And all the day be love.

THE DOVE.

In the animal kingdom, among the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, over which God has given man dominion, there are particular feelings we experience toward different species. For the noble horse which carries us safely, arching his neck as if both proud and glad of the burden, we have an affectionate admiration; for the good cow and sheep, giving food and clothing, an emotion of gratitude; and toward the timid, helpless lamb arises a desire to protect. The soaring eagle rivets our eye uplifted with wonder, while the black crow draws on our inventive powers to scare away the little thief, who has never learned the eighth commandment. But the pure, innocent dove, with its gentle coo and loving ways, has a snug little corner of our heart, all its own. Sometimes it is entirely white, as if its feathers were moulded out of the fresh fallen snow; with timid winking eyes of pink. Generally it has various darker colours mixed with white, and a neck that glitters in the sunlight, with shining green and brown and purple. Then the dove is often tamed, so that it will alight on the hand or shoulder, and pick grains of corn or crumbs of bread off its owner's lips. All these pretty ways make us love and cherish it.

Sweet emblem of hope to the ark and its long imprisoned inmates! How gladly they welcomed it returning the second time with the olive-leaf in its tiny bill! So may we, finding no rest in the weary world, when the "deep waters" of affliction come near overflowing, seek peace and safety in the Ark of the Covenant, bearing this leaf of promise in our mouth, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The dove being one of the appointed sacrifices for

God's altar from the poor, it showed the poverty and low estate which our Saviour voluntarily assumed, when Mary his mother could only afford two turtle-doves to bring in her hands to the Temple, with the infant Jesus. Again in his lifetime we see the dove chosen, not now the sign of earthly poverty, but the visible medium of Heaven's richest blessing. For as the sacred rite of baptism was finished, Jesus, "coming up out of the water, saw the heavens opened, and the Spirit, like a dove, descending upon him." This was to set him apart for his work of love on earth, as well as to strengthen him to drink of the future cup of sorrow. Whoever now has the Holy Spirit resting on his heart, will become meek, harmless, and loving as a dove. The affection of this interesting little bird for its own dear mate and family is remarkable and beautiful.

What child has not heard of carrier doves? Long before post-offices were thought of, before the hurrying, whistling locomotive and the astonishing telegraph were invented, people would make use of the dove's love for its home to send letters to one another. Fastening a letter or note under the wing, they now let loose the bird kept up for a time from its nest, and it strikes out high into the air, and soars on unwaveringly, till it reaches "home, sweet home," once more.

"So grant me, God, from every care

And stain of passion free,

Aloft through virtue's purer air,

To hold my course to thee!

"No sin to cloud, no lure to stay

My soul, as home she springs,—

Thy sunshine on her joyful way,

Thy freedom in her wings!"

RICH.

Who is rich? That is the question. There is wealth without money, and poverty with gold; and yet the world talks about riches, as if only the man with a pile of money could claim the agreeable appellation of "rich." A man must have a pocket deep and well filled to be able to pass muster with those whose treasures are only what moth and rust will corrupt. No other wealth is thought of by multitudes when they bandy about this rather luscious word, rich. The very jingle of the silver and gold falls on their ears as they speak it.

But how absurd! If only he who can count his money by thousands is "rich," then there are a great many poor people in the world, and their poverty is all the worse for that. But it is not so. There are rich poor men, and poor rich men, all around us. Some are rich with the leanest purse, and even with no purse at all. A reasonable beholder would not exchange their riches for all the material wealth that luxurious nabobs ever counted. They possess genuine soul-worth. Their principles run clear down into their noble hearts, like the roots of a great tree; indeed, they are like strata of solid granite imbedded in the very frame-work of character. There is nothing like this to begin life with—nothing like it to end life with. A landed estate is nothing at all in the comparison. The mines of Golconda could not purchase what he is now master of.

Behold that contented, amiable, cheerful Christian man, whose purse was never plethoric, and whose bread is earned by the sweat of his brow. His wants

are few, and well supplied. His happy fireside is the place where his heart is when it is not higher up, and his children are like olive plants around his table. Call him poor, would you? Then we pity the rich!

Take an honest man, "the noblest work of God." We mean one who will stick to truth and right though the heavens fall. He never swerves an iota from the path of rectitude. The devil knows better than to attempt to bribe him. How much richer is he than the unprincipled worshipper of gold, who has sought it at the sacrifice of noble principles, and shrivelled the soul into penituousness and meanness by the process? Yes! honesty is worth more than a whole estate, if duplicity and craftiness lie at the bottom of it.

Call that humble Christian poor, who is content to dwell in her little cot, with not so much of this world's goods as many a lady expends for a trinket—call her poor? Buy her good HOPE if you can! For all the wealth even hoarded she would not part with this. It does for her what money never could—supports and comforts her here, and opens for her the gates of glory. She is rich: indeed, she is. Her soul is cared for. "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" There it is. The moneyless Christian woman against all the world of moneyed men! "True riches" are these. And so it will be, "according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

THE RESURRECTION.

Or the doctrine of the resurrection (says Dr. Dwight) not a trace can be found in all the investigations of philosophy. Paul, when declaring it to the Athenian philosophers, was pronounced by them to be a babbler. It was, therefore, a doctrine unknown and unheard of within the purviews of their science. No philosopher, to that time, had been so fortunate as to light upon it by accident, nor so ingenious as to derive it from reason. Indeed, it must be acknowledged to lie beyond the reach of reason, and, in its very nature, to be hidden from the most scrutinizing human inquiry. The resurrection itself is an event depending absolutely on the will, as well as on the power of God; and what he will choose to do with respect to this subject, no being but himself can determine.

Yet no doctrine devised by philosophy concerning man is so sublime, so delightful, or so fitted to furnish consolation and hope to beings whose life in this world is a moment, and whose end is the grave. To this dark and desolate habitation man, by the twilight of Nature, looks forward in despair as his final home. All who have gone before him have pointed their feet to its silent chambers, and not one of them returned to announce that an opening had been discovered from their dreary residence to some other more lighthearted and more desirable region. His own feet daily tread the same melancholy path. As he draws nigh, he surveys its prison walls, and sees them unassimilable by force, and insurmountable by skill. No lamp illuminates the midnight within; no crevice opens to the eye a glimpse of the regions which lie beyond. In absolute despair, he calls upon Philosophy to cheer his drooping mind; but he calls in vain. She has no consolations for herself, and, therefore, can administer none to him. "Here," she coldly and sullenly cries, "is the end of man. From nothing he sprang; to nothing

he returns. All that remains of him is the dust, which here minglest with its native earth."

At this sullen moment of despair, Revelation approaches, and, with a command at once awful and delightful, exclaims, "Lazarus, come forth!" In a moment the earth heaves—the tomb discloses—and a form, bright as the sun, and arrayed in immortality, rises from the earth, and, stretching its wings towards heaven, loses itself from the astonished sight.

Youths' Department.

THE LONG NIGHT.

It was the close of a warm day in the latter part of August, and little Franz Hoffmaster was playing in the door with his baby sister, Karine. His elder sister, Therese, was busy clearing away the evening meal, and his brother Robert was industriously carving curious wooden spoons, and knives and forks, to sell to travellers, whom his father might guide over the mountains; for you must know that these four children lived in a little Swiss chalet, or cottage, at the foot of some famous mountains; and when little Franz lifted his eyes, he did not see a row of nice brick houses, three storeys high; but instead of these, high mountains stretched their grand old heads up into the very sky. The mother of these little Swiss children had died more than a year ago, and as they were very poor, sister Therese—who was only twelve years old—had been the little housekeeper ever since.

The father had gone to guide some travellers over the mountains, and would not be back until the next day. It was sunset, and Franz, quite tired of play, leaned his head against Therese's knee, and fixed his gentle blue eyes upon the glittering mountain tops.

"Do you remember, Robert," said Therese, at length, "what the little English boy's father said, the night he was here?"

"No. What did he say?"

"Why, we were looking at the sunset, and it was just as pretty as it is to-night, for it seemed as if all the mountain tops were on fire, and you could imagine the strangest things. At last I thought it must be like some of the grand, far-away cities, of which the travellers so often talk. So I went up to the good gentleman and said—

"Does it look like London, sir?"

"I do not think he heard me, for he just kept his eyes fixed upon the mountains, and he looked as if he saw something wonderful a great way off. And while I was trying to think what it was, he stretched out his hands so slowly, and said softly—

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in."

"Well," broke in little Franz, breathlessly, "what happened then? Did you see any door or gate, sister, and did any king come in?"

"No," said Therese, thoughtfully. "I could not think what the good gentleman meant, for he only looked straight into the beautiful, red sunset, and I had seen it just the same often before. But he looked so long, and so earnestly, that I began to be afraid that something was going to happen. So I took hold of his hand and said—'Please, sir, do you see any gate, and will the king soon come through?'

"I had to ask him two or three times before he

heard me, and then he looked down so kindly, and smiled with his eyes, but did not say anything at first. So I asked again—

"Is it your king, sir?"

"Yes, little Therese, my king," he said,

"Is it the king of England?" I asked.

"No, little Therese," said he; "it is the King of Glory."

"And where is "Glory," sir?" I asked; "is it far away behind the mountains, and is it very near England?"

"No," said he, smiling more and more; "it is no nearer England than Switzerland. But all good people are coming towards it every day, and the journey will not be long; but bad people are always going farther and farther away."

"Well, sister," said Franz, slowly, "I tried to do right to-day. Neighbour Ulrich was just going up the mountain with his mule, and a heavy load of bread and fruit, when the mule fell, and everything tumbled upon the ground. Ah! how angry he was, and when I first ran up, he struck at me with his whip, for he thought I only meant to trouble him.

"At first, all sorts of bad thoughts came tumbling into my head, and I wanted to call him an ugly name. But I held my breath, just as you told me, sister, and shut my teeth hard; and pretty soon I felt sorry for him again, and helped him, till everything was picked up."

"And what did he say then?" asked Therese.

"Oh! he said I was not as bad as some boys."

"The old curmudgeon!" cried Robert. "Not so bad as some boys, indeed! Were those all the thanks you got?"

"Well," said Therese, soothingly; "he is a poor lonely man, and has no children to make him smile. I am very glad Franz helped him."

"Do you think I came any nearer to glory?" whispered Franz, with great earnestness.

"I hope you did," replied Therese; "but Robert must not be left behind. We must ask the great King to guide us, and to-morrow we will all go on together."

"The gates are shutting up now, are they not, sister?" said little Franz, as the beautiful rosy light paled in the west, and the old mountain tops stood cold and solemn against the clear sky.

"Let us go in," added Robert. "The night wind is cold from the ravines, and I'm sleepy and tired."

"And I," said little Franz, rubbing his misty blue eyes.

Karine was already sleeping, with her fat hand under her rosy cheek, and in a short time the cottage door was bolted, and all these little children, snug in their beds, were on their way to dreamland.

Therese had not slept very long, when she felt a sudden shock, as if something had struck the little chalet, and made it tremble all over.

"What is that?" murmured little Franz, dreamily.

"Is it morning already?" sighed poor, tired Robert.

But Therese did not know what it could be, and while she was still trying to think, her heavy eyelids drooped, and she was soon fast asleep.

Two or three times she awoke again, and wondered if it were not almost morning; but it was as dark as midnight, and she would try to compose herself again. But at last she became so broad awake, that she arose

up in the bed, and tried to look around the room. "It must be a very dark night," thought she to herself, "for almost always the stars give a light. I wonder how I happened to wake so early."

Just then little Franz spoke in a very weary voice. "Dear Therese, when will it be morning? It is the very longest night I ever knew."

"So I think," cried Robert; "I've been awake half a dozen times, and now I mean to get up."

"Oh, no," pleaded Franz; "let us tell stories till daylight." So Therese, Robert, and Franz each told a long story; and just as they finished, Karine, waking up, cried loudly for her breakfast.

"Ah!" sighed Therese, "if we only had a light!" but they could not find any, for their father kept all such things in a little cupboard in the wall, and had taken the key with him.

So Therese searched till she found some milk for Karine, and some black bread, which she gave to her brothers.

Then, as they could no longer sleep, they all dressed as well as they could in the dark.

"I will go out," said Robert, "and see if I can discover any signs of morning."

As he took down the heavy bar, to his surprise, the door flew open, and he found himself upon the floor, half buried in some cold substance.

"Oh, Therese! Franz!" cried Robert, "come, help me."

"What can it be?" exclaimed all three, as they helped him upon his feet.

"Why, this is snow," cried little Franz, putting a handful into his mouth.

"How can that be," exclaimed Therese, "when it was so pleasant a few hours ago?"

For a few moments there was a profound silence; then Robert gave a quick, sharp cry.

"Oh! Therese, could it be an avalanche?"

"No, no," said Therese, in a trembling voice; "that cannot be, or the roof would have fallen, and we should have been crushed to death."

"No," said Robert; "I have heard father say that small ones sometimes fall so light, that sleeping families have never been disturbed. But, then, I remember a noise in the night."

"And I," said Therese.

"And I," echoed frightened little Franz.

"What can we do?" asked Therese, as firmly as she could.

"Will not father dig us out?" sobbed Franz.

"I'm afraid he cannot find us."

"Well," said Robert, "I will try and dig through to the light;" and finding an old shovel, he hurried to the door, and began to work manfully. But it was all in the dark, and the snow fell over him till he was half dead with cold and fatigue. Several times he tried again; but as soon as he dug a little way, the snow was sure to fall down, and fill it all up; so at last he came in, saying despairingly, "Well, Therese, if father does not find us, we must die here in the dark."

"If I could only see you, sister," said Franz, in a choking voice, "I should not mind it so much."

"Let us hold each other's hands," proposed Therese, and they all huddled together by little Karine.

At first they were quite cheerful, and said often, "Oh, father will certainly find us." But the long hours dragged on, and all was still as the grave.

Poor Karine cried very hard, for she could not understand why it was so dark, and she could not see the sweet smile of her little sister-mother.

But you would be very tired if I should tell you all these children said and did through this long night — how often they prayed to the King of Heaven for help ; how kind and gentle they tried to be, and how they denied themselves food, that little Karine might not be hungry. But at last there was nothing left to eat. Karine was too tired and weak to cry any more, and only once in a while made a little grieving moan. Robert had not spoken for a long time, not since he had said wildly, " Oh, Therese, Therese, I cannot die ! " and threw himself sobbing upon his bed. But little Franz, who was becoming very ill, said some very strange things, so that Therese could not help weeping, when he whispered sadly—

" All dark ! no moon, no sun, no stars ! Sister, when will the King of Glory come in ? "

Suddenly a sound broke the stillness. " What is that ? " cried Robert, starting to his feet.

There were several heavy blows, and then a ray of bright, beautiful sunshine came flashing through a hole in the wall, and a voice exclaimed—

" Little Franz Hoffmester, are you there ? "

Franz could not speak ; but Robert gave a wild shout and hurrah. " Yes, yes, neighbour Ulrich, we are all here ! " and in a few moments the room was filled with kind neighbours, who bore them out into the dear light and air, where their father, who had dropped from fatigue, was awaiting them with great anxiety. I cannot tell you of all the tears and embraces that were showered upon these children. But it would have done your heart good to see cross old neighbour Ulrich holding little Franz, and feeding him as tenderly as if he had been his mother. And, oh, how beautiful the world looked to them all !

" My dear children, " said their father, " God has been very kind to you, and has saved you from very great peril ; but next to him you must thank neighbour Ulrich, who has given himself no rest, but, when others were discouraged, has always said, " Work on, work on ; there is a boy worth saving down here ! "

Robert blushed as he remembered his unkind words ; but Therese looked at Franz with a sweet smile.

Little Franz turned and kissed the rough cheek of neighbour Ulrich ; then clasping his hands, looked up to the clear sky, and said softly—

" Help me always to please Thee, O King of Glory ! "

Short Stories.

PRAYER, READING, AND TEMPTATION.—An eminent divine of the sixteenth century observes :—" Prayer, reading, and temptation make a Christian. Without prayer there will be no unction ; without reading thought will be poor and barren ; and without temptation all will be inexperienced and uncertain—without feeling, and without sympathy."

MORALITY.—Morality, without the purifying influences of the Gospel, is inadequate to change the heart from its natural bias to evil. It may, indeed, restrain us from the commission of outwardly notorious crimes, while the disposition to sin remains unchanged. Such effects are but the receding waves repulsed and broken

for a moment on the shore, while the great tide is still rolling on, and gaining ground with every breaker.

SELF-LOVE.—This is that bitter root of all enmity in man against God, and, amongst men, against one another. Self turns man's heart from God to himself ; and the very principle of renewing grace is to annul and destroy self, to replace God in his right, that the heart, and all its affections and motives, may be at his disposal ; so that, instead of self-will and self-love that ruled before, now the will of God and the love of God command all.

WHAT DO YOU OWN CHRIST?—You owe him your soul ; you owe him your body ; you owe him your mind ; you owe him every hope of heaven ; you owe him every comfort of the Holy Ghost ; you owe to him the blessings of salvation ; you owe to him the blessings of a glorious immortality. " Oh ! you cannot pay the infinite debt you owe ; but you can do something. Be grateful to your Saviour. Give him proof of your gratitude. Show him that you are grateful by your actions. Tell it to him by your labour.

SLANDER.—St. Augustine constantly practised hospitality, and at table encouraged reading or argument ; and as his spirit, ever humble and tender since his conversion, could not bear the too fashionable mode of detraction and slander, he had a distich written on his table, which intimated that whoever attacked the character of the absent were to be excluded. Nor was he content with a formal declaration ; he seriously warned his guests to abstain from defamation. On one occasion, some bishops, his intimate friends, breaking the rule in conversation, he rose from the table, and, after administering a stern rebuke, retired to his bed-chamber.

CONFESSION ON THE GALLows.—When the convicts were executed at Lancaster, in 1803, the following declaration was made by Short, in his last words :—" About four years ago I lived with a gentleman in the county of Surrey, in the capacity of butler, when the housekeeper persuaded me to read an infidel book, and to that book I may attribute the calamitous situation I am brought to ; for since that period I have been constantly changing my situation, and my habits of life have been altogether wavering and unpleasant. I would, in the most solemn manner, caution my country against such works, having experienced their dangerous tendency, both as respects this life and that which is to come."

THE SCRIPTURES.—The Rev. W. Jay says :—" Love and study the Scriptures. He that avoids reading a portion of them daily, forsakes his own mercies, and is so far regardless of his own safety, welfare, and comfort ; therefore, bind them continually on thy heart, and tie them about thy neck. Precious Bible ! like thy blessed Author, our sun and shield ; thou giver of grace and glory, thou guide through all this gloomy vale to our everlasting home, how many advantages have we derived from thee ! Thou hast been better to us in our distresses than thousands of gold and silver. Unless thou hadst been our delight, we should have perished in our afflictions. No wonder Job esteemed thee more than his necessary food ; no wonder David chose thee as a heritage for ever, and found thee to be the rejoicing of his heart ; no wonder the noble army of martyrs parted with their estates, and with their blood, rather than with thee."

CHRISTIANITY.—" When I consider, " says an eminent divine, " the source whence Christianity has sprung, the humility of its origin, the poverty of its disciples, the miracles of its creation, the mighty sway it has acquired—not only over the civilized world, but which its missions are hourly extending over lawless, mindless, and imbruted regions—I own the awful presence of the God-head ; nothing less than a Divinity could have done it ! The powers, the prejudices, the superstitions of the earth were all in arms against it ; it had no sword or sceptre ; its Founder had not where to lay his head ; its apostles were humble fishermen ; its inspired prophets lowly and

uneducated; its cradle was a manger; its home a dungeon; its earthly diadem a crown of thorns! And yet forth it went—that lowly, humble, persecuted spirit; and the idols of the heathen fell, and the thrones of the mighty trembled, and paganism saw her peasants and her princes kneel down and worship the unarmed conqueror! If this be not the work of the Divinity, then I yield to the reptile ambition of the atheist; I can see no God above—I see no government below—and I yield my consciousness of an immortal soul to the boasted fraternity with the worm that perishes."

THE END OF ALL THINGS.—The ravages of time, in spite of all the efforts of mortals, will cause everything that is human to moulder and decay. Where is now the city whose top is to reach to the very heavens? Where are now those hills of stone, which were to exist coeval with time itself? They are fled, and nothing is to be seen of them but the traces which are handed down to us by history. Time, however, will destroy not only the magnificent productions of human skill, but even the established frame of nature. The whole beautiful fabric will be thrown down never more to rise. As soon as the destroying angel has sounded the last trumpet, the everlasting mountains fall; the foundations of the earth are shaken; the beauties of nature, the decorations of art, the labours of industry, perish in one common flame; the globe—all will perish. But the soul of man will survive these desolations, for the basis of its existence cannot be shaken. Superior to matter, and independent of all the changes of material things, it will continue for ever. Stamped for immortality, it retains its state unimpaired, and is capable of nourishing in undecaying youth and vigour. And it will for ever be a happy spirit before the throne of God, or a hopeless outcast from heaven; and, "what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

CONTRIBUTIONS received for the Nestorians in London since our last (see THE QUIVER, Nos. 33, 35, and 43):—We have the pleasure to state that our efforts to contribute to the relief of the Nestorians have come under the notice of the Bishop of London, who has forwarded a donation of £2 2s. for their use, expressing, at the same time, a warm interest in their cause. We have also the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of £72 15s. 7d. from the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, contributed by members of his congregation, but including proceeds of lecture by Rev. G. Marshall, as follows:

	£	s	d
Mr. P. Wilson	1	0	0
In letter-box at the Metropolitan Tabernacle	0	5	9
Mr. J. Sherrin	0	5	0
Mr. Spurgeon's Lecture, including collection at close	20	5	2
W. C.	0	5	0
Part of ordination collection	30	0	0
Various small sums	2	1	8
Mr. Mann	0	10	6
T. D. (Ramsgate)	0	10	0
A Friend	0	1	0
Rev. G. Marshall, proceeds of Lecture	8	10	0
	£72	15	7
Less Advertisements, &c., for Lecture	0	19	8
	£72	15	7

The following additional contributions have been forwarded to our office:—Mr. Thomas F. Hoslam, 5s.; The Ruins of Sherborne Castle, 3s.; B. L., 1s. 6d.; Widow and Orphan's Mite, 2s. 6d.; Ditto Apples, 1s. 4d.; A Wesleyan Wife, and Daughter, 9d.; Ditto, 6d.; W. C., 5s.; T. H., 2s. 6d.; S. S., 2s. 6d.; M. B., 2s. 6d.; F. D., 1s.; S. B., 2s.; L. J. (Dundee), £1; Alpha, 2s. 6d. We hope that before long arrangements will have been completed for sending the Nestorians back to their homes. We propose to publish in THE QUIVER an account of their departure, at the proper time, together with a general statement of the sums received and expended in their behalf.

MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GRANNING."

CHAPTER XLII.

PATIENCE COME TO GRIEF.

In the early part of March, Samuel Lynn and William departed on the French journey. And the first thought that occurred to Patience afterwards was one that is apt to occur to many thrifty housekeepers on the absence of the master—that of instituting a thorough cleansing of the house, from the garret to the cellar; or, as Anna mischievously expressed it, "turning the house inside out." She knew Patience did not like her wild phrases, and therefore she used them.

Patience was parting with Grace—the servant who had been with them so many years. Grace had resolved to get married. In vain Patience assured her that marriage, collectively speaking, was found to be nothing better than a bed of thorns. Grace would not listen. Other people had risked the thorns before her, and she thought she must try to find roses. Patience had no resource but to fall in with the decision, and to look out for another servant. It appeared that she could not find one readily; at least, one whom she would venture to try. She was over particular; and while she waited and looked out, she engaged Hester Dell, a humble member of her own persuasion, to come in temporarily. Hester lived with her aged mother, not far off, chiefly supporting herself by doing fine needlework, at her own, or at the friends' houses. She readily consented to take up her abode with Patience for a month or so, to help with the housework, and looked upon it as a sort of holiday.

"It's of no use to begin the house until Grace shall be gone," observed Patience to Anna. "She'd likely be scrubbing the paper on the walls, instead of the paint, for her head is turned just now."

"What fun if she should!" ejaculated Anna.

"Fun for thee, perhaps, who art ignorant of cost and labour," rebuked Patience. "It shall wait until Grace has departed. The day that she goes, Hester comes in; and I shall have the house begun the day following."

"Couldn't they have it begun the same day?" saucily asked Anna.

"Will thee attend to thy stitching?" returned Patience, sharply. "Thy father's wristbands will not be done the better for thy nonsense."

"Shall I be turned out of my bed-room?" resumed Anna.

"For a night, perchance. Thou can go into thy father's. But the top of the house will be done first."

"Is the roof to be scrubbed?" went on Anna. "I don't know how Hester will hold on while she does it."

"Thee art in one of thy wilful humours this morning," responded Patience. "Art thee going to set me at defiance, now thy father's back is turned?"

"Who said anything about setting thee at defiance?" asked Anna. "I should like to see Hester at the roof!"

"Thee had better behave thyself, Anna," was the retort of Patience. And Anna, in her joyous wilfulness, burst into a merry laugh.

Grace departed, and Hester came in: a quiet little body, of forty years, with dark hair and decayed teeth. Patience, as good as her word, was up betimes the following morning, and had the house up betimes, to institute the ceremony. Their house contained the same accommodation inside as did Mrs. Halliburton's, with this addition—that the open garret in the Quaker's had been partitioned off into two chambers. Patience slept in one; Grace had occupied the other. The three bedrooms on the floor underneath were used, one by Mr. Lynn, one by Anna; the other was kept as a spare room, for any chance visitor; the "best room," it was usually called. The house belonged to Mr. Lynn. Formerly,

both houses had belonged to him; but at the time of his loss he had sold the other to Mr. Ashley.

The ablutions were in full play. Hester, with a pail, and mop, and scrubbing-brush, and other essential requisites, was ensconced in the top chambers; Anna, ostensibly at her wristband stitching (but the work did not get on too fast), was singing to herself, in an under tone, in one of the parlours, the door safely shut; while Patience was exercising a general superintendence, giving an eye everywhere. Suddenly there echoed a loud noise, as of a fall, and a scream resounded throughout the house. It appeared to come from what they usually called the bed-room floor. Anna flew up the first stairs, and Hester Dell flew down the upper ones. At the foot of the garret stairs, her head close against the door of Anna's chamber, lay Patience, and a heavy bed-pole. In attempting to carry the pole down from her room, she had somehow got it entangled with her legs, and had fallen heavily.

"Is the house coming down?" Anna was beginning to say. But she stopped in consternation when she saw Patience. Hester attempted to pick her up.

"Thee cannot raise me, Hester. Anna, child, thee must not attempt to touch me. I fear my leg is br—"

Her voice died away, her eyes closed, and a livid hue, as of death, overspread her countenance. Anna, more terrified than she had ever been in her life, flew round to Mrs. Halliburton's.

Dobbs, from her kitchen, saw her coming—saw the young face streaming down with tears, heard the short cries of alarm—and Dobbs stepped out.

"Why, what on earth's the matter now?" asked she.

Anna laid hold of Dobbs, and clung to her; partly that to do so, seemed some protection in her great terror. "Oh, Dobbs, come in to Patience!" she cried. "I think she's dying."

The voice, rising to a shriek, in its uncontrolled emotion, reached the ears of Jane. She came forth from the parlour. Dobbs was then running in to Samuel Lynn's, and Jane ran also, comprehending nothing.

Patience was reviving when they got in. All her cry was, that they must not move her. One of her legs was in some manner doubled under her, and doubled over the pole. Jane felt a certain conviction that it was broken.

"Who can run the fastest?" she asked. "We must get Mr. Parry here."

Hester waited for no further instructions. She caught up her fawn-coloured shawl and her grey bonnet, and was off, putting them on as she ran. Anna, sobbing wildly, turned and hid her face on Jane, like one who wants to be comforted. Then, her mood changing, she threw herself down beside Patience, the tears from her own eyes falling on Patience's face.

"Patience, dear Patience, can thee forgive me? I have been wilful and naughty, but I never meant to cross thee really. I did it only to tease thee; I loved thee all the while."

Patience, suffering as she was, drew down the repentant face to kiss it fervently. "I know it, dear child; I know thee. Don't thee distress thyself for me."

Mr. Parry came, and Patience was lifted up, and carried into the spare room. Her leg was broken, and badly-broken; the surgeon called it a compound fracture.

So there was an end to the grand scheme of cleansing for a long while to come! Patience lay in sickness and pain, and Hester had to make her the first care. Anna's spirits revived in a day or two. Mr. Parry said a cure would be effected in time; that the worst of the business was the long confinement for Patience; and Anna forgot her dutiful fit of repentance. Patience would be well again, would be about as before; and, as to the present confinement, Anna rather grew to look upon it as the interposition of some good fairy spirit, who must have taken her liberty under its special protection.

Whether Anna would have succeeded in eluding the vigilance of Patience *up*, cannot be told; she certainly did that of Patience *down*. Anna had told Herbert Dare that he was not to pay a visit to Atterly's field again, or expect her to pay one; but Herbert Dare was about the last person to obey such advice. Had William Halliburton remained to be—as Herbert termed it—a treacherous spy, there's no question but Herbert would have striven to set his vigilance at defiance: with the absence of William, the field, both literally and figuratively, was open to him. In the absence of Samuel Lynn, it was doubly open. Herbert Dare knew perfectly well that if the Quaker once got the slightest inkling of his private acquaintance with Anna, it would be effectually put a stop to. The wearing a cloak resembling William Halliburton's, on his visits to the field, had been the result of a bright idea. It had suddenly occurred to Mr. Herbert, that if the Quaker's lynx eyes did by mischance catch sight of the cloak, promenading some fine night at the back of his residence, they would accord it no particular notice, concluding the wearer to be William Halliburton taking moonlight exercise at the back of *his* residence. Nevertheless, Herbert had timed his visits so as to make pretty sure that Samuel Lynn was beyond view, safely ensconced in Mr. Ashley's manufactory; and he had generally succeeded. Not quite always, as the reader knows.

Anna was of a most persuadable nature. In defiance of her promise to William, she suffered Herbert Dare to persuade her again into the old system of meeting him. Guileless as a child, never giving thought to wrong or to harm—beyond the wrong and harm of thus clandestinely stealing out, and that wrong she conveniently ignored—she saw nothing very grave in the doing it. Herbert could not come in-doors, Patience would be sure not to welcome him; and therefore, she logically argued to her own mind, she must go out to him. She had learnt to like Herbert Dare a great deal too well not to wish to meet him, to talk with him. Herbert, on his part, had learnt to like her. An hour passed in chattering to Anna, in mischievously untying her sober cap, and letting the curls fall, in laying his own hand fondly on the young head, and telling her he cared for her beyond every earthly thing, had grown to be one of his most favourite recreations; and Herbert was not one to deny himself any recreation that he took a fancy to. He intended no harm to the pretty child; it is possible that had any one seriously pointed out to him the harm that might arise to Anna, in the estimation of Helstonleigh, should these stolen meetings be found out, Herbert might for once have done violence to his inclinations, and not persisted in them. Unfortunately—very unfortunately, as it was to turn out—there were none to give this word of caution. Patience was ill, William was away; and nobody else knew anything about it. In point of fact, Patience could not be said to know anything, for the warning of William had not made the impression that it ought to have done. Patience's confiding nature was in fault: for Anna deliberately to meet Herbert Dare, or any other "Herbert" in secret, she would have deemed a simple impossibility. In the judgment of Patience, it had been nothing less than irredeemable sin.

What did Herbert Dare promise to himself, in thus leading Anna into this imprudence? Herbert promised himself nothing—beyond the passing gratification of the hour. Herbert had never been one to give any care to the future, for himself or for anybody else; and he was not likely to begin to do it yet awhile. As to seeking Anna for his wife, such a thought had never crossed his mind. In the first place, at the rate the Dares—Herbert and his brothers—were going on, a wife for any of them seemed amongst the impossibilities. Unless, indeed, she made the bargain beforehand, to live upon air; there was no chance of their having anything else to

keep her upon. But had Herbert been in a position, pecuniarily considered, to marry ten wives, Anna Lynn would not have been one of them. Agreeable as it might be to him to laugh and talk with Anna, he considered her far beneath himself; and pride, with Herbert, was always in the ascendant. Herbert had been introduced to Anna Lynn at Mrs. Ashley's, and that threw a sort of prestige round her; she was also enshrined in the respectable Quaker body of the town: but for these facts, for being who she was, Herbert might have been less scrupulous in his mode of behaviour to her. He would not—it may be as well to say he dared not—be otherwise than considerate towards Anna Lynn; but, on the other hand, he would not have deemed her worthy to become his wife. On the part of Samuel Lynn, he would far rather have seen his child in her coffin, than the wife of Herbert Dare. The young Dares did not bear a good name in Hestleleigh.

In this most uncertain and unsatisfactory state of things, what on earth—Dobbs had said to Anna—did Herbert want with her at all? Far, far better that he had allowed Anna to fall in with the sensible advice of William Halliburton—"Do not meet him more." It was a sad pity; and it is very probable that Herbert Dare regretted it afterwards, in the grievous misery it entailed. Misery to both of them; and without positive ill conduct on the part of either.

But that time has not come yet, and we are only at the stage of Samuel Lynn's absence and Patience's broken leg. Anna had taken to steal out again; and her wife were at work to concoct a plausible plea for her absences to Hester Dell, that no undesirable tales might be carried to Patience.

"Hester, Patience is a fidget. Thee must see that. She'd like me to keep at my work all day, all day, evening too; and never have a breath of fresh air! She'd like me to shut myself up in this parlour, like she has now; to be shut up in her room; never to be in the garden in the lovely twilight; never to run and look at the pretty lambs in the field; never to go next door and say 'How dost thee?' to Jane Halliburton. It's a shame, Hester!"

"Well, I think it would be if it were true," responded Hester, a simple woman in mind and speech, who loved Anna nearly as well as Patience did. "But does thee not think thee are mistaken, child? Patience seems anxious that thee should go out. She says I am to take thee."

"I dare say!" responded Anna. "And leave her all alone! How would she come down stairs with her broken leg, if anybody knocked at the door? She's a dreadful fidget, Hester. She'd like to watch me as a cat watches a mouse. Look at last night! It's all on account of these shirts. She thinks she won't get them done, and I shall."

"Why, dear, I think thee will," responded Hester, casting her eyes on the work. "Thee are getting on with them."

"I am getting on nicely. I have done all the stitching; and nearly the plain part of the bodies; I shall soon be at the gathers. What did she say to thee last night?"

"She said, 'Go to the parlour, Hester, and see whether Anna does not want a light.' And I came, and could not find thee. And then she said thou wast always running into the next door, troubling them, and she would not have it done. Thee came in just at the time, and she scolded thee."

"Yes, she did," resentfully spoke Anna. "I tell thee, Hester, she's the worst fidget breathing. I give thee my word, Hester, that I had not been inside the Halliburton's door. I had been in this garden and in the field. I had been close at work all day—"

"Not quite all day, dear," interrupted Hester, willing to soothe the appearance of matters to the child as far

as she was able. "Thee had thy friend Mary Ashley here to call in the morning, and thee had Sarah Dixon in the afternoon."

"Well, I had been at work a good part of the day," corrected Anna, "and I wanted some fresh air after it. Where's the crime?"

"Crime, dear! It's only natural. If I had not my errands to go upon, and so got the air that way, I'd like myself to run in the field, when my work was done."

"So would anybody else, except Patience," retorted Anna. "Hester, look thee. When she asks after me again, thee hast no need to tell her, should I have run out. It only fidgets her; and she's not well enough to be fidgeted. Thee tell her I am at my sewing. But I can't be sewing for ever, Hester; I must have a few minutes' holiday from it now and then. Patience might have cause to grumble if I ran away and left it in the day."

"Well, dear, I think it is only reasonable," slowly answered Hester, considering the matter over. "I'll not tell her thee art in the garden again; for she must be kept tranquil, friend Parry says."

"She was just as bad when I was a little girl, Hester," concluded Anna. "She'd not let me run in the garden alone then; for fear I should eat the gooseberries. But it is not gooseberry season now."

"All true and reasonable," thought Hester Dell.

And so the young lady contrived to enjoy a fair share of evening liberty. Not but what she could have done with more, had she known how to get it. And as the weeks went on, and the cold weather of the early spring merged into summer days, into more genial nights, she and Herbert Dare grew bold in their immunity from discovery, and scarcely an evening passed but they might have been seen, had anybody been on the watch, in the field of Farmer Atterly. Anna had got the length of taking his arm now; and there they would pace under cover of the hedge, Herbert talking, and Anna dreaming that she was in Eden.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE GOVERNESS'S EXPEDITION.

HERBERT DARE sat enjoying the beauty of the April evening in the garden of Pomeranian Knoll. He was hoisted on the high back of a garden bench, and balanced himself astride on it, the tip of one toe resting on the seat, the other foot dangling. The month was drawing to its close, and the golden beams of the warm setting sun streamed right athwart Herbert's face. It might be supposed that he had seated himself there to bask in the soft, still air, in the lovely sunset: in point of fact, he hardly knew whether the sun was rising or setting; whether the evening was fair or foul, so buried was he in deep thought, in perplexing care.

The particular care which was troubling Herbert Dare was one which has, at some time or other, troubled the peace of a great many of us. It was pecuniary embarrassment. Herbert had been in it a long while, had been going into it, in fact, deeper and deeper. He had managed to stave it off hitherto in some way or other; but the time to do that much longer was going by. He was not given to forethought; it has been previously mentioned; but he could not conceal from himself, that unpleasantness would ensue, and that speedily, unless something could be done. What was that something to be? He did not know; he could not imagine. His father protested that he had not the means to help him; and Herbert believed that Mr. Dare told the truth. Not that Mr. Dare knew of the embarrassment to its extent. If he had, it would have come to the same, so far as his help went. His son, as he said, had drained him.

Anthony passed the end of the walk. Whether he

saw Herbert or not, certain it was he turned away from his direction. Herbert lifted his eyes, an angry light shining in them. He lifted his voice also, angry, too.

"Here, you! Don't go skulking off because you see me sitting here. I want you."

Anthony was taken to. It is more than probable that he was skulking off, and that he had seen Herbert, for he did not particularly care then to come in contact with his brother. Anthony was in embarrassment on his own score; was ill at ease from more causes than one; and when the mind is troubled, sharp words do not tend to soothe it. Little else than sharp words had been exchanged latterly between Anthony and Herbert Dare.

It was no temporary ill-feeling, or so to-day, pleased to-morrow, which had grown up between them; the ill-will had existed a long while. Herbert believed that his brother had injured him, had wilfully played him false, and his heart bitterly resented it. That Anthony was in fault at the beginning, there was no doubt. He had drawn Herbert unsuspectingly—unconsciously on Herbert's part, you understand—into some mess with regard to bills. Anthony was fond of "bills"; Herbert, more wise in that respect, had never meddled with them: his opinion coincided with his father's—that they were edged tools, which cut both ways. "Eschew bills if you want to die upon your own bed," was a saying of Mr. Dare's, frequently spoken for the benefit of his sons. Good advice, no doubt. Mr. Dare, as a lawyer, ought to know. Herbert had held by the advice; Anthony never had; and the time came when Anthony took care that his brother should not.

In a period of deep embarrassment for Anthony, he had persuaded Herbert to sign two bills for him, their aggregate amount being large; assuring him, in the most earnest and apparently truthful manner, that the money to meet them, when due, was already provided. Herbert, in his good nature, fell into the snare. It turned out not only that the bills were not met at all, but Anthony had so contrived it that Herbert should be responsible, not he. Herbert regarded it as a shameful piece of treachery, and he never ceased reproaching his brother. Anthony, who was of a sullen, morose temper by nature, resented the reproach; and they did not lead together the most comfortable of lives. The bills were not settled yet; indeed, they formed part of Herbert's most pressing embarrassments. This was one cause of the ill-feeling between them, and there were others, of a different nature. Anthony and Herbert Dare had never been cordial with each other, even in childhood.

Anthony, called to, advanced. "Who wants to skulk away?" asked he. "Are you judging me by yourself?"

"I hope not," returned Herbert, in a tone of the most withering contempt and scorn. "Listen to me. I've told you five hundred times that I'll have some settlement, and if you don't come to it amicably, I'll force you to come to it. Do you hear you? I'll force you to it."

"Try it," retorted Anthony, with a mocking laugh; and he coolly walked away.

Walked away, leaving Herbert in a towering rage. He felt inclined to follow him; to knock him down. Had Anthony only met the affair in a proper spirit, it had been different. Had he said, "Herbert, I am uncommonly vexed, I'll see what can be done," or words to that effect, half the sting on his brother's mind would have been removed; but to taunt Herbert with having to pay—as he sometimes did—was nearly unbearable. Had Herbert been of Anthony's temper, he would have proved that it was unbearable.

But Herbert's temper was roused now. It was the toss of a die whether he followed Anthony and struck him, or whether he did not. The die was cast by the appearance of the Signora Varsini, and Anthony, for that evening, escaped.

It was not very gallant of Herbert to remain where

he was, in the presence of the governess, astride upon the garden bench. Herbert was feeling angry in no common degree, and this may have been his excuse. She came up, apparently in anger also. Her brow was frowning, her compressed mouth was drawn in to that extent that its lips were hidden.

There is sound advice in the old saying, or song: "It is well to be off with the old love, before you are on with the new." As sound advice as that of Mr. Dare's, relative to the bills. Herbert might have sung it in character. He should have made things square with the Signora Varsini, before entering too extensively on his friendship with Anna Lynn.

Not that the governess could be supposed to occupy any position in the mind or heart of Herbert Dare, except as governess, governess to his sisters. Herbert would probably have said so, had you asked him. What she might have said, is a different matter. She looks angry enough to say anything just now. The fact appeared to be—so far as anybody not personally interested in the matter could be supposed to gather it—that Herbert had given offence to the governess latterly, by not going to the school-room for what he called his Italian lessons. Of course he could not be in two places at once; and if his leisure hour after dinner was spent in Atterly's field, or in going to Atterly's field, it was impossible that he could be in the school-room, learning Italian of the Italian governess. But she resented it as a slight. She was of an exacting nature, probably of a jealous nature; and she regarded it as a personal slight, and resented it bitterly. She had been rather cross-grained in her speech, and manner to Herbert, in consequence; and that she resented. But being naturally of an easy temper, peaceably inclined, Herbert was no friend to unnecessary disputes. He tried what he could towards soothing the young lady; and finding he effected no good that way, he adopted the other alternative—he shunned her. The governess perceived this, and worked her temper into a state of semi-fury.

She came down upon him full sail. The moment Herbert saw her he remembered having given her a half promise the previous day to pay her a visit that evening. "Now for it!" thought he to himself.

"Why you keep me waiting like this?" began she, when she was close to him.

"Have I kept you waiting?" civilly returned Herbert. "I am very sorry. The fact is, mademoiselle, I have a good deal of bother upon me, and I'm fit for nobody's company but my own, to-night. You might not have thanked me for my visit, had I come."

"That is my own look-out," replied the governess. "When a gentleman makes a promise to me, I expect him to keep it. I go up to the school-room, and I wait. I wait! I wait! Ah, my poor patience, how I wait! I have got that copy of Tasso, that you said you would like to see. Will you come?"

Herbert thought he was in for it. He glanced at the setting sun—at least, at the spot where the setting sun had been, for it had sunk below the horizon, leaving only some crimson streaks in the grey sky, to tell of what had been. Twilight was rapidly coming on, when he would depart to keep his usual evening visit: there was no time, he decided, for Tasso and the governess.

"I'll come another evening," said he. "I have an engagement, and I must go out to keep it."

A stony hardness settled on the young lady's face. "What engagement?" she imperatively demanded.

It might be thought that Herbert would have been justified in civilly declining to satisfy her curiosity. What was it to her? Apparently, he deemed otherwise. Possibly, he was afraid of an outbreak.

"What engagement! Oh—I am going to play a pool at billiards with Lord Hawkesley. He is in Hestonleigh again."

"And that is what you go for, every evening—to play billiards with Lord Hawkesley?" she resumed, her eyes glistening ominously.

"Of course it is, mademoiselle. With Hawkesley or other fellows."

"A lie!" curtly responded mademoiselle.

"I say," cried Herbert, laughing good-humouredly; "do you call that orthodox language?"

"It nothing to you what I call it," she cried, clipping her words in her vehemence, as she was apt to do when excited. "It's not with Milord Hawkesley, it's not to billiards that you go! I know it is not."

"Then I tell you that I often play at billiards," cried Herbert. "On my honour."

"May-be, may-be," answered she, very rapidly. "But it not to billiards that you go every evening. Every evening!—every evening! Not an evening now, but you go out, you go out! I bought Tasso—do you know that I bought Tasso?—that I have bought it with my money, that you may have the pleasure of hearing me read it, as you said, as you called it? Should I spend the money, had I thought you would not come when I had got it—would not care to hear it read?"

Had she been in a more genial mood, Herbert would have told her that she was a simpleton for spending her money so; he would have told her that Tasso, read in the original, would have been to him unintelligible as Sanscrit. He had a faint remembrance of saying to mademoiselle that he should like to read Tasso, in answer to a remark of hers that Tasso was her favourite of the Italian poets; but he had only made the observation casually, without seriously meaning anything. And she had been so foolish as to go and buy it!

"Will you come this evening and hear it begun?" she continued, breaking the pause, and speaking rather more graciously.

"Upon my word and honour, Bianca, I can't to-night," he answered, feeling himself, between the two—the engagement made and the engagement sought to be made—somewhat embarrassed. "I'll come another evening; you may depend upon me."

"You say to me yesterday that you would come this evening; that I might depend upon you. Much you care!"

"But I could not help myself. An engagement arose, and I was obliged to fall in with it. I was, indeed. I'll hear Tasso another evening."

"You will not break your paltry engagement at billiards to keep your word to a lady! *C'est bien!*"

"It—it is not altogether that," replied Herbert, getting out of the reproach in the best manner he could.

"I have some business as well."

She fastened her glistening eyes full upon him. There was an expression in them which Herbert neither understood nor liked. "*C'est très bien!*" she slowly repeated.

"I know where you are going, and for what!"

A smile—at her assumption of knowledge, and what it was worth—fitted over Herbert Dare's face. "You are very wise," said he.

"Take care of yourself, *mon ami!* *C'est tout!*"

"Now, mademoiselle, what is the matter, that you should look and speak in that manner?" he asked, still in the same light, good-humoured tone, as if he would fain pass the affair away in a joke. "I'm sure I have enough bother upon me, without your adding to it."

"What is your bother?"

"Never mind; it would give you no pleasure to know it. It is caused by Anthony—and be hanged to him!"

"Anthony is worth ten of you!" fiercely responded mademoiselle.

"Every one to his own liking," carelessly remarked Herbert. "It's well for me that all the world does not think as you do, mademoiselle."

Mademoiselle looked as though she would like to beat him. "So!" she foamed, drawing back her bloodless lips, "now that your turn is served, Bianca Varsini may just be sent to the *enfer!* *Garde-toi, mon camarade, je te dis.*"

"*Garde your voice,*" replied Herbert. "The cows yonder will think it's thundering. I wish my turn was served, in more ways than one. What particular turn do you mean? If it's the buying of Tasso, I'll purchase it from you at full price."

He could not help giving her a little chaff. It was what he would have called it—chaff. Exacting people fretted his generally easy temper, and he was beginning to fear that she would detain him until it was too late to see Anna.

But, on the latter score, he was set at rest. With a few words, spoken in Italian, she nodded her head angrily at him, and turned away. Fierce words, in spite of their low tone, Herbert was sure, but he could not catch one of them. Had he caught them all, it would have been the same, so far as his understanding went. Excellent as the Signora Varsini's method of teaching Italian may have been, her lessons had not as yet been very efficient for Herbert Dare.

She crossed her hands before her, and went down the walk, taking the cross path to the house. Proceeding straight up to the school-room, she met Cyril on the stairs. He had apparently been dressing himself for the evening, and was going abroad to spend it. The governess caught abrupt hold of him, pulled him inside the school-room, and closed the door.

"I say, mademoiselle, what's that for?" asked Cyril, believing, by the fierce look of the young lady, that she was about to take some summary vengeance upon him.

"Cyril! you tell me. Where is it that Herbert goes to at an evening? Every evening, every evening?"

Cyril stared excessively. "What does it concern you to know where he goes, mademoiselle?" returned he.

"I want to know for my own reasons, and that's enough for you, Monsieur Cyril. Where does he go?"

"He goes out," responded Cyril.

The governess stamped her foot, petulantly. "I could tell you that he goes out. I ask you where it is that he goes?"

"How should I know?" was Cyril's answer. "It's not my business."

"Don't you know?" demanded mademoiselle.

"No; that I don't," heartily spoke Cyril. "Do you suppose I watch him, mademoiselle? He'd pretty soon pitch into me, if he caught me at that game. I dare say he goes to billiards."

The supposition excited the ire of the governess. "He has been telling you to say so!" she said, menace in every tone of her voice, in every gesture of her lifted hand.

Cyril opened his eyes to their utmost width. He could not comprehend why the governess should be asking him this, or why Herbert's movements should concern her. "I know nothing at all about it," he answered; and, so far, he spoke the truth. "I don't know that Herbert goes anywhere particular in an evening. If he does, he does not tell me."

She laid her hand heavily upon his shoulder; she brought her face—a sight to be seen, in its livid earnestness—nearly in contact with his. "*Ecoutez, mon ami!*" she whispered to the amazed Cyril. "If you are going to play this game with me, I will play one upon you. Who wore the cloak to that *boucherie*, and got the money?—who ripped out the *écossois* side afterwards, leaving it all mangled and open? Think you, I don't know? Ah, ha! Monsieur Cyril, you cannot play the game with me!"

Cyril's face turned of ghastly whiteness, the drops of sweat breaking out over his forehead. "Hush!" he

cried, looking round, in the instinct of terror, lest listeners should be at hand.

"Yes; you say, 'Hush!'" she resumed. "I will hush if you don't make me speak. I have hushed ever since. You tell me what I want to know, and I'll hush always."

"Mademoiselle Varain," he cried, his manner too painfully earnest for her to doubt now that he spoke the truth, "I declare that I know nothing of Herbert's movements. I don't know where he goes or what he does. When I told you I thought he went to billiards, I said what I thought to be the case. He may go to fifty places of an evening, for all I can tell. Tell me what it is you want to find out, and I will try and do it."

Cyril was not one to play the spy upon his brother; in fact, as he had just classically observed to the young lady, Herbert would have "pitched into" him, had he found him attempting it. And serve him right! But Cyril saw that he was in her power, and that made all the difference. He would have tracked Herbert to the end of the earth at her bidding now.

But she did not bid him. Quite the contrary. She took her hand off Cyril's shoulder, opened the door, and said she did not want him any longer. "No matter," cried she. "I wanted to learn something about Monsieur Herbert, for a reason; but if you do not know it, let it pass. It is no matter."

Cyril departed; first of all lifting his coward face. It looked a coward's then. "You'll keep counsel, mademoiselle?"

"Yea. When people don't offend me, I don't offend them."

She stood at the door, after he had gone down, half in, half out of the room, apparently in deep thought. Presently footsteps were heard coming up, and she retreated and closed the door.

They were those of Herbert. He went on to his room, remained there a few minutes, and then came out again. Mademoiselle had got the door ajar as he descended. Her quick eye detected that he had been giving a few finishing touches to his toilette—brushing his hair, pulling down his wristbands, and various other little odds and ends.

"And you do that to play at billiards!" nodded she, inwardly, as she looked after him. "I'll see, monsieur."

Up-stairs with a soft step went she, to her own chamber. She reached from her box a long and loose dark green cloak, like those worn by the women of France and Flanders, and a black silk quilted bonnet. It was her travelling attire, and she put it on now. Then she locked her chamber door behind her, and slipped down into the dining-room, with as soft a step as she had gone up.

Passing out at the open window, she kept tolerably under cover of the trees, and gained the road. It was quite dusk then, but she recognised Herbert before her, walking with a quick step. She put on a quick step, also, keeping a convenient distance between herself and him. He went right through the town, to the London road, and struck into Atterly's field. The governess struck into it after him.

There she stopped under the hedge, to reconnoitre. A few minutes, and she could distinguish that he was joined by some young girl, whom he met with every token of respect and confidence. A strange cry went forth on the evening air.

Herbert Dare was startled. "What noise was that?" he exclaimed.

Anna had heard nothing. "It must have been one of the lambs in the field, Herbert."

"It was more like a human voice in pain," observed Herbert. But they heard no more.

They began their usual walk—a few paces backward and forward, underneath the most sheltered part of the

hedge, Anna taking his arm. Mademoiselle could see, as well as the darkness allowed her; but she could not hear. Her face, peeping out of the shadowy bonnet, was not unlike the face of a tiger.

She crawled away. She had noticed, as she turned into the field, an iron gate that led into the garden, which the hedge skirted. She crept round to it, found it locked, and mounted it. It had spikes on the top, but the signora would not have cared just then, had she found herself impaled. She got safe over it; and then she considered how to reach the spot where they stood, without their hearing her.

Would she be baffled? She be baffled! No. She stooped down, unlaced her boots, and stole softly on in her stockings. And there she was! nearly as close to them as they were to each other.

Where had the signora heard those gentle, timid tones before? A lovely girl, looking little more than a child, in her modest Quaker dress, arose to her mind's eye. She had seen her with Miss Ashley. She—the signora—knelt down on the earth, the better to catch what was said.

"Listeners never hear any good of themselves." It is a proverb too often exemplified; as the signora could have told that night. Herbert Dare was accounting for his late appearance, which he laid to the charge of the governess. He gave a description of the interview she had volunteered him in the garden at home—more ludicrous, perhaps, than true, but certainly not complimentary to the signora. Anna laughed; and the lady on the other side gathered that this was not the first time she had formed a topic of merriment for them. You should have seen her face—*pour plaisir*, as she herself might have said.

She stayed the interview out. When it was over, and Herbert Dare had departed, she put on her boots and mounted the gate again; but she was not so agile this time, and a spike entered her wrist. Binding her handkerchief round it, to stop the blood, she returned to Pomeranian Knoll.

Five hundred questions were showered upon her when she entered the drawing-room, looking calm and impossible as ever. Not a tress of her elaborate braids of hair was out of place; not a fold awry in her dress. Much wonder had been excited by her non-appearance at tea: Minny had drummed a waltz on her chamber door, but mademoiselle would not open it, and would not speak.

"I cannot speak when I am lying down with those *vitaine* headaches," remarked mademoiselle.

"Have you a headache, mademoiselle?" asked Mrs. Dare. "Will you have a cup of tea brought up?"

Mademoiselle declined the tea. She was not thirsty.

"What have you done to your wrist, mademoiselle?" called out Herbert, who was stretched on a sofa, at the far end of the room.

"My wrist? Oh, I scratched it."

"How did you manage that?"

"Ah, bah! it's nothing," responded mademoiselle.

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

Discussions on the Gospels. In Two Parts. By the Rev. ALEXANDER ROBERTS, M.A. London: Nisbet and Co.

In this goodly octavo of five hundred pages Mr. Roberts discusses some literary questions of no small interest and importance to the student of Holy Scripture. The first part is on "The Language employed by our Lord and his Disciples." The second part is on "The Original Language of St. Matthew's Gospel, and the Origin of the Gospels." For the information of our readers, we propose to indicate the line of argu-

ment pursued by the author, and to make such observations as may occur to us. Before we do this, it will be simply necessary to say that Mr. Roberts has laboured diligently to discover the facts and reasonings which bear upon his hypotheses, and that he is a humble and reverent believer in the truth and inspiration of the Bible. Such qualifications were never more necessary than now, when the pride or perverseness of some learned and able writers leads them to advance and defend theories calculated to undermine our faith in God's Word, and to lower the estimation in which it is held. The true scholar, who has tasted and felt that God is gracious, may be liberal in his criticisms, and may even advocate some literary opinions which are new, but he can never be false to the Word of God. Mr. Roberts is, to a certain extent, in favour of progress, but it is only to a more perfect understanding of the things which have been revealed. His great aim and desire is to ascertain the truth, and in opposition to that he can do nothing. He is, therefore, eminently conservative of all that is sound in orthodoxy and correct in criticism; and wherever we have seen reason to differ from him, it has been in things indifferent and non-essential.

We cannot do better than state the views of our author, in general, in his own words:—"The object of the first part of this treatise is to prove, chiefly from the New Testament itself, that Greek was widely diffused, well understood, and commonly employed for all public purposes in Palestine, during the period spent on earth by our Lord and his Apostles. In maintaining this proposition, I do not mean to deny that the Hebrew language, in the form of Aramaean, also existed throughout the country, and was, to a considerable extent, made use of among the people." He goes on to express his belief that most of the Jews then understood both Greek and the Aramaean in question. As thus stated, we have little to object to in the proposition. It is all but certain that a knowledge of Greek had long prevailed in the Holy Land; and the only question is, whether our Lord and his Apostles used Greek more than Aramaean or Syriac. The question is one simply of degree, and Mr. Roberts maintains that our Lord "spoke for the most part in Greek, and only now and then in Hebrew" (*i.e.*, Aramaean, for the pure Hebrew is not meant).

In support of his view, a number of facts are adduced by the author. He begins with "Historical Proofs of the prevalence of Greek in Palestine in the Times of Christ and his Apostles." These proofs are curious and striking, and leave no doubt that, as we said, Greek was extensively known and used in the country. The next proof is, "from a general survey of the New Testament, that Greek was the prevailing language of Palestine in the times of Christ and his Apostles." This is a chapter which exhibits remarkable ingenuity, and contains much careful criticism. The argument is taken up in its branches, in several succeeding chapters, in the form of proofs from the Gospels, the Acts, the Epistle to the Hebrews, and other portions of the New Testament. The chapter on the Epistle to the Hebrews is peculiarly interesting, because the question of its authorship is somewhat minutely examined. Some of our readers are aware that, even in the ancient Church, persons were found who doubted whether St. Paul wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews. Various opinions were put forth about it; but, in course of time, it came to be generally, nay, almost universally, received as St. Paul's. In these last days the subject has been revived again, and debated, with great zeal and learning, by persons of different opinions. Now be it observed that the Pauline authorship is no article of faith. There is not one expression which clearly says that St. Paul wrote the epistle. It is our opinion that he did, and this opinion is favoured by many considerations which arise from the study of the original. Whoever wrote it, it is a noble and truly

divine composition, and has always been accepted by the Church as an inspired document. Mr. Roberts neither agrees with those who think some of it was written by St. Paul, nor with those who believe he wrote the whole of it. He maintains that, while the epistle is St. Paul's in substance, it was not written by his hand, but by St. Luke, under his superintendence, with the exception of a few verses at the end, which were written by the great Apostle himself. Although not inclined to accept this view, we commend it to the serious examination of those who have access to the volume. If it should be a fact that Luke was a Gentile, the theory of Mr. Roberts must fall to the ground, as none but a convert from Judaism could have been the author.

Before proceeding to the second part, our author considers a number of objections to his view; and it is but fair to say that he meets them with candour and skill. We say with candour, although we imagine that his affection for his favourite theory warps his judgment sometimes, at least, a little. But, not to linger on this point, we notice that the second part, on "The Original Language of St. Matthew's Gospel," opens with a statement of the question, and of the method of inquiry. The writer is a careful and methodical man, and he avoids rushing into a discussion before saying what he proposes to do. In this case he proposes to prove that St. Matthew's Gospel was originally written in Greek, and not in some other language—as some have tried to prove, and some have taken for granted. Curiously enough, at a very ancient period there was no small confusion about the languages in which, and the places where, the Gospels and other books of the New Testament first appeared. The oldest translation of this sacred volume, the Syriac, will illustrate what we say. At the end of St. Matthew's Gospel we read in that version: "The end of the holy Gospel, the preaching of Matthew, which he preached in Hebrew in the land of Palestine." At the end of St. Mark we find: "The end of the holy Gospel, the preaching of Mark, which he spoke and preached in Roman at Rome." The title to St. Luke is: "The holy Gospel, the preaching of Luke the Evangelist, which he spoke and preached in Greek in Alexandria the Great." The title of St. John's Gospel is: "The holy Gospel, the preaching of John the Preacher, which he spoke and preached in Greek at Ephesus." There is at the end of this Gospel a somewhat similar inscription. We will only give one more example, from the heading of the Acts: "The book of Acts; now that is the histories of the blessed Apostles, which were collected by St. Luke the Evangelist." Upon these we may remark that, although very old, yet—like what we find before and after the different books of our New Testament—they formed no part of the original, and are of no authority whatever.

Mr. Roberts proves that the Greek text of St. Matthew is original, by producing internal and external evidence; and he examines and criticizes the statements of sundry ancient writers, who have said that St. Matthew wrote in what they called Hebrew. Some time ago, Dr. Cureton published some Syriac fragments of an old version of the Gospels, including a large part of St. Matthew. This version was new to the literary world, and its editor tried to make it out that, so far as St. Matthew was concerned, it almost represented the original. Able scholars have quite demolished Canon Cureton's hypothesis, but Mr. Roberts has scattered its fragments; and we do not see how any one who understands the matter can attempt to restore it.

The chapter on "The Origin of the Gospels" is not of a nature to be explained in a few words; but, looking at all their peculiarities, our author infers that they can be satisfactorily accounted for only by admitting that "our Lord Jesus Christ spoke in Greek, and the Evangelists independently narrated his actions and reported his dis-

courses in the same language which he had himself employed." A concluding chapter follows, on "Applications and Results." This chapter also necessarily involves several particulars, but it is written with the same earnestness and quiet energy as the rest of the volume. From its closing pages we extract a few sentences, which will show the spirit of the man to whom we are indebted for this compact and truly valuable work—a work which we regard with satisfaction, as creditable to our national literature—one which contains so much that is excellent, that we are almost reluctant even to say that, on sundry points, we differ from its accomplished author. Now, let us hear him, in these days of scientific and philosophic sufficiency:—

"The hope of the world, I believe, lies in the Bible. As a large experience has proved, mankind cannot do without that Book. Not the greatest advances in civilisation, nor the mightiest efforts of human genius, will make up for the want of that Heaven-inspired volume. God's words are, like the stars of the firmament, abiding and unerring, so that they may safely be trusted to for direction. Man's words, again, when compared with these, are, even at the highest, but like brilliant meteors, which may for a moment dazzle the eye, but which can furnish no steady or trustworthy guidance to the anxious traveller to eternity."

After showing what the old world was without the Bible, and what the world in general owes to it, he continues:—

"From it has gone forth the power which has changed our own country from the condition of barbarism and wretchedness in which it once lay, into that state of civilisation and comfort in which we now behold it. And what the Bible has done for Britain, the Bible can do for every nation under heaven. It needs but the free circulation and the universal study of that boon to reclaim men everywhere from the bondage of sin and superstition; and it needs but the practice of its humanizing maxims, and the copying of its one perfect Example, to chase away savage manners from the earth; to break the power of selfishness and ambition; to banish war and all its horrible accompaniments; to extirpate vice, and tyranny, and oppression, in the many hideous forms in which they so often present themselves; to constitute mankind one great and loving brotherhood; and to knit all human hearts together in the blessed bonds of unity and peace. 'I the Lord will hasten it in his time.'

The New Testament, translated from Griesbach's Text.
By SAMUEL SHARPE, Author of the "History of Egypt." Fifth Edition. London: J. Russell Smith.

THIS is a neat and compact-looking book, at a low price, and by a well-known Egyptian scholar and historian. The text is arranged in paragraphs, and chapters and verses are indicated in the margin. The speeches are marked by inverted commas, and the quotations in italics. Those passages which seem to be poetical are in a smaller type, except when, by the italics, they are already marked as quotations. Hence it is needful to advertise the reader that the use of italics in this volume is very different from that in the authorised version. Mr. Sharpe appears to omit all indications of the words which he has found it necessary to supply in order to make sense. The Greek text used has been that of the celebrated Griesbach, who, at the close of last century, and early in the present, was so popular as a critic. It is right to say, however, that his editions of the Greek Testament are not read so much as formerly, and that because so many great discoveries and researches have been made since his time. His predecessors were few compared with those who have come after, and his work, therefore, by no means represents the actual state of New Testament criticism. We freely confess that we wish Mr. Sharpe had chosen some other text. What he has done he has done with considerable ability and care. There are

cases in which we stand in doubt, and cases in which we object to the translation. We give a single specimen. Where we read in Rom. ix. 5, "Of whom as concerning the flesh Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever," Mr. Sharpe has, "Of whom was the Christ according to the flesh; he that is God over all [be] blessed for ever." To us this seems to be one of the cases in which the translator's known Unitarian views have led him to soften down the language of the original, in order to diminish the force of the testimony borne to the proper deity of Christ. There are many other places where the renderings are open to criticism.

Temperance Department.

We propose to open a new department in our QUIVER. The aim of our Journal, as our readers know, has been and is the advancement of religion in the homes of the people, and we are deeply impressed with the fact that nothing tends more directly to oppose the extension of Christ's kingdom, and to separate men from the means of spiritual improvement, than strong drink. This evil has, indeed, assumed colossal proportions, and no rank or condition in society is safe from its direful effects. We cannot doubt that every reader who desires the welfare of his fellow men will welcome the introduction of a "Temperance Department" into the QUIVER.

It will be our aim, in a Christian spirit, to depict the evils of intemperance, and to enlist the sympathies of Christian philanthropists on behalf of the important movement known as the Temperance Reformation. We hope to discuss the various matters which may come before us in a frank and liberal spirit desiring only that the truth may prevail.

The great principle of the temperance movement is the disuse of all that intoxicates. On no other basis, it is believed, could a moral and social agitation be maintained that would be likely to exert a permanent influence on the public mind. Total abstinence, adopted and advocated on Christian principles, is the object good men seek to obtain. But as this principle seeks to make its way, it naturally creates social and political modes of action adapted to the various forms of the evil to be contended against. First in order, and ever first in importance, is the moral and religious part of the movement; but sure to follow, and also highly important in their place, are the restrictive or prohibitional departments of this great question.

Without pledging ourselves to any method, we shall avail ourselves of the sources of information at our command, in order to keep our readers informed upon all matters of interest. All that is usually comprehended in the phrase "temperance polemica" we shall, as a matter of course, carefully avoid. In this work we shall have specially to do with the religious aspects of the question.

Therefore, it can hardly be needful for us to disclaim all intention of putting total abstinence in the place of the Gospel. A calm survey of the temperance movement will suffice to show that total abstinence is urged by its ablest and best advocates, not as a substitute for the Gospel, but as its handmaiden and pioneer. The Gospel herald goes forth into the field of the world to sow. His seed is the Word of God. But the best seed is lost if scattered on the trodden pathway or barren rock. There must

(SEPTEMBER 6, 1862.)

be a prepared soil, together with other essential conditions of growth to be found in the sun and rain and dews of heaven. There exists not a greater disturber of all the conditions of religious growth and extension than the intemperance of the day. It despoils the drunkard's home of peace, order, and comfort, converting it into a scene of discord, in which religion, so long as those conditions continue, cannot possibly be cherished. A disregard of common-place comforts and sanitary considerations is sufficient to steal the soul against the best efforts of the evangelist or missionary. Intemperance creates an altogether unnatural and artificial appetite (and artificial appetites are proverbially obstinate), thus converting both body and mind into one fearful mass of temptations, which the unhappy inebriate carries about with him wherever he goes. He thus encases his soul in a set of walls and bulwarks to resist and repel the Gospel, as if there were not already, in his fallen nature, impediments many and powerful. The true evangelist, then, or earnest promoter of the Gospel, must zealously address himself both to the removal and the prevention of these terrible hindrances to its progress in the moral, social, and sanitary conditions of men, and, most of all, as existing and fostered by the drinking usages of the day. This is precisely what the temperance movement seeks to accomplish. This is precisely what, in our measure, we will try to promote.

A SAD STORY.

The *Times* recently mentioned an inquest, held at Newcastle, on the body of one who had studied for the sacred office, and who has just terminated his wretched career by being drowned in the Tyne. The wretched man had been staying at an inn, at Tyne Bridge, for a week or more, under the assumed name of Burns. The landlord was highly pleased with the engaging manners and gentlemanly conversation of his guest. Mr. Burns appeared, on his arrival, to have a good stock of cash; but it would seem that he was rather partial to the bottle, and was of somewhat irregular habits. On the Saturday night, while among loose company in some of the low dens in Newcastle, he was robbed of all his money, his watch, and even his coat and vest. On returning home, he refused to lodge any information respecting the robbery. The landlord kindly gave him fifteen shillings. He was soon again penniless. He represented that he was respectably connected in Glasgow, and he read to the hostess a letter he was about to send for a remittance. He then left, ostensibly to call on the Rev. Mr. Potter, a minister of the Scotch Church, in Newcastle; but he never returned. He was traced making inquiries for a boat to Dieppe. The next and final act of his eventful history presents him struggling in the Tyne. He had probably thrown himself in, in the frenzy of despair; but, like many of his class, would, after the rash act, have given the world to be rescued. Hence his cry, "Be sharp!" to the boat that made for his rescue. But the help came too late. Another supposition is just possible, namely, that, after a night of dissipation, he had gone to the edge of the river, to bathe his face, and had accidentally fallen in. It has been since ascertained that the real name of the unfortunate man was William Anderson, and that he was connected with a mercantile firm in Glasgow. He had been educated as a minister of the Scotch Church, and became

acquainted with Mr. Potter at college; but his irregular habits unfitted him for the sacred duties of the ministry, and at last brought him to that melancholy end.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE AND THE GOSPEL.

Archdeacon Jeffreys, of Bombay, begins one of the most heart-stirring abstinence appeals with the following sentiments, which surely shine by their own light—"Who are they who are the chief supporters of every charity? Who are they who are foremost in every good and holy work? Are they not the followers of Christ? And this is the reason why I am so anxious to convince you, my brethren in Jesus Christ, because I am sure that the cause I have now to recommend to your support is for the glory of God and the promotion of Christ's kingdom: it is the cause of the Gospel against one of the very strongest holds of the kingdom of Satan. If you be indeed Christians, your creed is the Gospel—the whole Gospel, and nothing but the Gospel; you abhor that system that would mar and mutilate the Gospel, and separate faith and obedience. On the one hand, you place all your hope, and trust, and joy in the blessed doctrine of salvation by faith, and faith alone. You well know that 'other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ and him crucified'; and that 'there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we may be saved.' But, on the other hand, you long to adorn the Gospel you profess by your holy walk and conversation, and to show, by your good works, by your zeal for the glory of God, and your practical love to man, that you have indeed that faith which worketh by love and overcometh the world."

CONSISTENCY.

"Nineteen years ago," says the Rev. Dr. Potter, of Pennsylvania, "I knew an instructor who stood in relations most intimate to three hundred students of a college. The disorders which occasionally invade these foreign institutions, and the disgrace and ruin which are incurred by so many promising young men, result almost exclusively from the use of intoxicating liquors. This fact had so imprinted itself on this instructor's mind, that he made a strenuous effort to induce the whole body of students to declare for total abstinence from distilled spirits. Fermented stimulants were not included; but it was pointedly intimated that intoxication by wine or beer would be a virtual violation of the engagement. The whole number, with perhaps two or three exceptions, acquiesced; and for a few months the effect was most marked, in the increased order of the institution and the improved bearing of its inmates. Soon, however, there were aberrations. The evil was about to force itself back; and the question arose, what could be done? Then the professor came to the conclusion, that for these young men there was no safety but in abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. He determined, therefore, to prepare himself for his duty by removing every hindrance which his own example could place in the way. If you applaud his course, what, permit me to ask, is your duty?" We leave this question to the Christian conscience of the reader—merely reminding him of the inspired sentiments:—"Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth." "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

ALEXANDER THE FIRST OF RUSSIA.

WHEN the emperor was about to enter France, he entreated his religious instructors to follow him, for which purpose he gave them general passports, prior to quitting Heidelberg.

Having tarried at Baden till the roads were safe, they took a circuitous route, in order to avoid the places still occupied by Napoleon's troops; and after a saddening journey across devastated provinces and burned villages, which were smoking even then, they at length arrived in Paris.

The emperor occupied the Elysée Bourbon, the gardens of which reached to the Champs Elysées. By his Majesty's invitation, his instructress (Madame de Krudener) took up her residence in the Hotel Montchena, which communicated with the promenade just mentioned. On calling to present her respects to her sovereign the day after her arrival, the emperor remarked that "he wished to continue there, in the midst of the world, the meetings which were commenced at Heidelberg." Throughout his stay in Paris, accordingly, did Alexander, Madame de K., and her chaplain continue to assemble every alternate evening, for the purpose of reading the Word of God, and prayer. It is not simply that the subject of this notice was the possessor of a perishable crown, that he presents a special claim to our sympathy; but his position, in other respects, was peculiar. He had, in former days, been regarded as an ornament of the infidel party; hence the fortitude required, on his part, to brave the sarcasms and sneers involved by even an emperor's attending a Scripture-reading meeting, was of a far higher order than that demanded of his forces on the field of battle. His Majesty proved to be no exception to the comprehensive declaration, that "*all* (crowned heads inclusive) who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution."

From the unhappy Voltaire's point of view, "Words were given us to *disguise our thoughts*;" and while admitting that, in the absence of religious principles, it is too often true, we avail ourselves of the *emperor's words*, in order to exhibit, not what they disguised, but what they undoubtedly made manifest:—"Pray for me," said his Majesty to his faithful Christian counsellors on one occasion, during his sojourn in that capital of frivolity; "pray not that I may be preserved from the evil that men can do me—I have no fear on that account: I am in the hands of God—but pray the Almighty to guard me against the evil influence of this place. Thus far, by the protection of God, I have resisted its seductions; but man is so weak that, if he be not sustained by the grace of God, he will fall under the temptations to which he is on all sides exposed. I feel that I need to fly from the world, and for that reason I have chosen a retired dwelling. In my present residence I enjoy much quiet: I see and hear nothing which

distracts me from my duties; I employ myself; I read the Word of God; I hold communion with my God in prayer, and I see his kind and merciful protection in everything which happens to me, and in everything from which he preserves me." A noteworthy instance of the Divine protection, which the emperor so cheerfully recognises as being extended towards himself, is found in the following incident:—One evening, on entering Madame de K.'s drawing-room, his Majesty said, "Well, they were going to poison me to-day." "How, sire!" exclaimed Madame de K. "What do you say? Explain yourself, I entreat you!" "Yes," replied the emperor; "there was in my office, among the wine for the supply of my table, a bottle of poisoned wine; but no discovery can be made how it came into my house. My cook, to ascertain if the wine were such as I drink, opened this bottle, and drank a little; he would have died, if prompt assistance had not been rendered. And see this letter, which I have just received!" This letter conveyed a horrible menace of assassination, addressed to the emperor, because he had not exerted himself to place the King of Rome upon the throne of France. The signature it bore was, "*The Chief of the Regicides*."

The emperor's friends appear to have been far more alarmed by this communication than he himself was; for we find him exhorting them to be tranquil, and saying, most truly, with regard to himself, in these circumstances, "The eternal God is with me; I will not fear what man can do unto me."

The words and ways of this imperial convert call to mind certain exceptional cases, which one meets with rarely, of Christians, who appear to make such rapid advances in their spiritual career, that they may be said to leave all ordinary pilgrims far behind them. We will cite an instance or two, in the case of the Emperor Alexander. One day he was informed that several Prussian officers had expressed an intention of being revenged on the French. His Majesty caused them to be assembled in his presence, and addressed them as his *companions in arms*. Having succeeded in soothing their anger to a certain extent, he proceeded to remind them that they bore *the name of Christians*, and added, "You to revenge yourselves—is it Christians that hold such language? Ah! do not imitate those who have behaved so ill towards you; set them an example of forgiveness; it is thus that a Christian revenges himself." On another occasion, when one of his friends was expressing her satisfaction at the course he had adopted with regard to a person who had done him a great injury, the emperor replied, "Madame, I am a disciple of Christ; I walk with the Gospel in my hand; I know nothing but that: and I think, that when any one would constrain me to go a mile, I should go two; and when any one would take my coat, I ought to give my cloak also." Of the emperor's characteristic humility, we have spoken already, in a former

notice of him; but since we are in possession of a yet further illustration of this rare grace, in connection with his Majesty's domestic life, it would indeed be a pity to withhold it. On the occasion of his attending the meeting at Madame de Krudener's, he was usually accompanied by a valet of Prince Volkonski, a confidential servant, whose name was Joseph. One evening, as they were entering together the ante-room of Madame de K.'s apartment, the emperor, addressing himself to Joseph, said, "Have you executed my commission?" "Sire," replied the offending Joseph, "I forgot it." "When I give you an order," responded the emperor, "I expect it to be punctually executed." Doubtless, Joseph concluded, with the reader, that his Majesty had every reason so to do, and was experiencing great regret, under the consciousness of his shortcoming; and possibly there might have been time also for Joseph to have entertained such a thought (in common with the reader too) as that even his kind and gracious master sometimes forgot himself—was sometimes "overtaken in a fault." But whether it were so or not with Joseph, there can be no doubt that little time elapsed ere such a thought as the latter entered the mind and oppressed the heart of his imperial master. But the emperor was in the act of entering the room; and advance, as one may suppose he felt he must, burthened with misgivings though he was, Madame de K., in rising to receive her guest, inquired, after the customary manner, with regard to his health. The state of disquietude within the imperial breast was made manifest by the fluttered manner in which his Majesty replied to this inquiry—

"Well—madame—well—yes, very well." Madame de K., who was not slow to perceive that there was some disturbing element at work, exclaimed, "Sire, what is the matter? You are vexed at something." "It is nothing, madame; it is nothing—excuse me—wait a moment—I will return," said the emperor, beating a hasty retreat, accordingly. The purpose of the said retreat, as may probably be anticipated, was to have another interview with Joseph. "Joseph," cried the Emperor of all the Russias, "forgive me! I was harsh; I was unkind to you." . . . "But, sire," replied Joseph; and before he had time to utter another word, his imperial master reiterated his request, "I entreat you to forgive me." Whatever heavings and throbings may, under this exhibition of grace, have agitated the bosom of the servant, he did not, it appears, discover words to express. The emperor meanwhile seized his hand, and said, "Tell me you forgive me;" and having received an affirmative reply, his Majesty expressed his thanks to his valet, and returned to the drawing-room, with a countenance on which was depicted the serenity and joy which flowed from what, in the case of more ordinary mortals, would be termed "making a clean breast of it."

The succeeding views we have of this crowned Christian are such as exhibit him in his public capacity, and, so far as he possessed spiritual intelligence with regard to his duties, they are in undoubted harmony with all that we have seen of him in private.

In the neighbourhood of Vertus, in Champagne, the emperor was to be seen reviewing 150,000 men in arms, and on the following day he took part in a religious festival, the object of which was to render

public thanksgivings and praise to the Lord of Hosts for the successful termination of the war in which he had been involved.

The friends of the little Scripture-reading meeting were present on this occasion by his Majesty's request, and, so far as worship could be secured by royal mandates, it appears that seven chapels were prepared for this occasion, which were duly surrounded by 150,000 unarmed men, who bowed the knee. At the close of this celebration, we are permitted to have one further glance at the heart of him who had been the promoter of it. "This day," said the emperor, addressing his friends of the little meeting, "has been the most delightful of my life; never shall I forget it. My heart has been filled with love for my enemies. I am able to pray with fervour for them all; and with tears at the foot of the cross of Christ, I have besought the prosperity of France."

Some days prior to the emperor's quitting Paris, he made known to his friends his desire, by means of a public manifesto, "to render to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost that homage which we owe to him for the protection he has vouchsafed to us, and to invite the people to range themselves in the ranks of those who are obedient to the Gospel."

"I bring you the draft of this manifesto," said his Majesty, addressing his friends, "asking you to examine it carefully; and if there is any expression which you do not approve, you would oblige me by pointing it out. I wish the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia to unite with me in this act of adoration, in order that we may be seen, like the magi from the East, owning the supreme authority of God the Saviour. You will unite with me in asking of God that my allies should be inclined to sign it." On a subsequent occasion, the emperor is said to have received with the greatest humility the suggestions which were made to him on the subject. When, ultimately, his Majesty carried the document to the allied sovereigns for signature, he had the gratification to find them acquiesce at once in his proposal; he consequently returned the same evening to his unofficial counsellors to communicate to them his success, and to unite with them in rendering thanks to Him from whom they had sought and obtained the blessing they required. Such is the origin of "The Holy Alliance," which has occupied so many minds, and upon which judgments so opposite have been formed.

We subjoin a copy of the manifesto:—

"In the name of the most holy and undivided Trinity, their Majesties the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Russia—in consequence both of the great events which have occurred in Europe in the course of the last three years, and especially of the blessings which it has pleased Divine Providence to pour forth on the states, the Governments of which placed their confidence and hope solely thereon, being assuredly convinced that it is needful to base the course to be adopted by the powers in their mutual relationship upon the sublime truths which the eternal religion of God the Saviour teaches us—solemnly declare that the present manifesto has no other object but to make manifest to the sight of all men their immovable determination not to take for their rule of conduct, either in the ruling of their respective states, or in their political relationship,

with any other Government, anything but the precepts of that holy religion—precepts of justice, love, and peace—which, far from being applicable only to private life, ought, on the contrary, to have a direct influence upon the resolutions of princes, and to guide their efforts, as being the only means of giving firmness to the institutions of man, and remedying their imperfections; therefore, their Majesties have agreed upon the following articles:

"Art. I. Conformably with the words of the Holy Scriptures, which order all men to regard one another as brethren, the three monarchs forming alliance will abide united by the ties of a true and indissoluble brotherhood, and, considering themselves as fellow-countrymen, they will lend one another, on every occasion and in every place, assistance, aid, and succour; considering themselves, with respect to their subjects and their armies, as fathers of a family, they will govern them in the same spirit of brotherhood with which they are inspired, for the protection of religion, peace, and justice.

"Art. II. Consequently, the only principle in action, either between the said Governments or between their subjects, shall be that of rendering reciprocal service, of proving the one to the other, by constant watchfulness for one another's good, the mutual affection by which they ought to be animated, so as to consider the whole as but members of one and the same Christian nation. The three allied princes do not consider themselves as separated but by Providence, for the government of three branches of one and the same family—to wit, Austria, Prussia, and Russia; thus confessing that the Christian nation, of which they and their people form parts, have really no other sovereign than Him to whom alone, properly speaking, power belongs; because in him alone are found all the treasures of infinite love, and knowledge, and wisdom; that is to say, God, our divine Saviour Jesus Christ, the Word of the Most High, the Word of Life.

"Their Majesties therefore recommend, with the tenderest solicitude, to their people, as the only means of enjoying that peace which is the result of a good conscience, and which alone is permanent, to strengthen one another each day more and more in the principles and the practice of the duties which the divine Saviour has taught to man.

"Art. III. All the powers which may really wish to confess the holy principles that have led to the present manifesto, and recognise how important it is for the happiness of the nations, too long agitated, that these truths should henceforth exercise upon the fortunes of man all the power which belongs to them, will be received with as much readiness as affection into the Holy Alliance.

(Signed)

"FRANCIS,
"FREDERICK WILLIAM,
"ALEXANDER."

Although, with respect to the departed sovereign, we can no longer cry, "God save the emperor," we may be permitted reverently to address ourselves to the King of kings, and devoutly to say, "We bless thy holy name for all thy servants departed this life in thy faith and fear; beseeching thee to give us grace so to follow their good examples, that with them we may be partakers of thy heavenly kingdom."

THE ARMY OF MARTYRS.

PETER OF ALEXANDRIA.

THERE is very little recorded of the early life of Peter; at least, very little upon which any dependence can be placed. It seems that he received a godly education; and in very early life was remarkable for his love of goodness and of learning. According to one writer, he was but young when he consecrated himself to the work of the ministry; and he was made a deacon before he reached the age required in ordinary cases. He was, not long after, ordained a presbyter by the hands of Theonas, the Archbishop of Alexandria, who was then advanced in years. Theonas is believed to have been so well persuaded of the piety, learning, zeal, talent, and other qualifications of Peter, that he named him as fitted to become his successor. An ancient author says, "That after the death of Theonas, the ministers and people assembled at Alexandria, and laid hands upon Peter—then a presbyter—the spiritual son and disciple of Theonas, and placed him on the patriarchal chair, according to the bidding of Theonas, in the tenth year of Diocletian, the emperor." There is some difficulty in deciding the true date when Peter was made archbishop; but we may say it was about the year 300 A.D.

Alexander is said to have exerted himself diligently to promote the spiritual welfare of his flock; and some fragments of writings which he published still exist. Numerous incidents are related of him, some of which are, doubtless, not true; but others are well worthy of credit. There is, however, no question of the perfect accuracy of what Eusebius says in his Church history—"About that time, Peter, who honourably presided over the churches of Alexandria, excelling all other godly bishops, for his virtuous life and godly exercise of preaching, for no other cause than this, without hope of any reward, suddenly and unadvisedly, by the commandment of Maximin, was beheaded; and together with him, after the same manner, many Egyptian bishops were executed."

When it is remembered that Eusebius lived at the same time as Peter, and had no motive to flatter him, it will be apparent that Peter deserves an honourable place among the army of martyrs. The following account is from a manuscript preserved in France, and said to be very ancient.

The emperor Maximin had succeeded to Diocletian, and kept his court at Nicomedia. His zeal for idolatry gave him a mortal dislike of Christians. At that time Peter was patriarch, or archbishop of Alexandria, where his reputation was very great, and he was very successful in his labours for the conversion of unbelievers. These circumstances came to the knowledge of Maximin, who forthwith sent five officers with soldiers to Alexandria, with orders to take him and bring him to the emperor. They found him in the church, instructing the people, and informed him of the orders they had received. He expressed his willingness to follow them; but as soon as it was noised abroad, large crowds assembled, and shouted that they would not let him go. When the officers perceived that they were not strong enough to do as they were commanded, they conducted Peter to a prison not far from the church, and sent information to the emperor. While they waited for fresh orders, Peter was carefully guarded, and large numbers assembled day and night about

the prison to declare their attachment to him, and their resolution not to lose him.

Maximin was greatly enraged when he heard the news, and sent word at once that Peter should forthwith lose his head, and that all Christians who opposed the decree should be put to death. The officers would have brought forth Peter for execution, but for the resistance on the part of the people, who declared they would rather die than see him put to death; so that they knew not how to act.

It happened at that time that Arius, who was afterwards so notorious as a heretic, had been degraded by Peter for joining the schism of Meletius. This Meletius was an Egyptian bishop, who had quarrelled with his brethren, and formed a party, or sect, which was called by his name. Arius went to sundry of the clergy and asked them to go with him to Peter, whose forgiveness he desired. They were persuaded to accompany him to the prison, and there they presented a request that Arius might be restored and forgiven. To this request Peter replied by a direct refusal, and a declaration that Arius was a bad and dangerous man. They were surprised, and Arius secretly resolved to bide his time and be revenged if possible.

Peter was well aware of his own danger, and also that he might innocently occasion the death of others. He was unwilling to cause the death of his brethren, but he was quite ready to die himself. He therefore devised measures by which the officers might secretly remove him from prison to the place of execution. These plans he communicated to them, and they were thus enabled to carry out their orders quietly and unperceived. By so doing he considered, no doubt, that he was following the example of his Lord and Master, who said to those that came to seek him, "If ye seek me, let these go their way." Peter was conveyed to the appointed place, and astonished those who took him by his calmness and resignation. Like the Apostle Paul, he could say, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give to me at that day; and not to me only, but to all who love his appearing." After having requested a short time for prayer, Peter said, "You have now only to do what you have been commanded to do."

Hereupon the officers led him away to a spot somewhat retired, but not far from thence. There he kneeled down, spread out his hands, and lifted up his eyes towards heaven. He offered a few words of thanksgiving to God, in this position, and when he had said "Amen," he composed himself for death.

The executioners were so moved by the conduct of this excellent man, that we are assured they hesitated for some time to strike the fatal blow. At length, the imperial mandate was obeyed, and Peter of Alexandria was numbered with the martyrs of Christ.

As soon as it was over, the officers hastened away, leaving the breathless and headless body upon the ground. The people were not long in hearing what had happened, and they flocked to the scene of this arbitrary and tyrannical deed. They took up the dead body, and buried it with every mark of honour. It was, as in the case of Stephen, "Devout men carried him to his burial, and made great lamentation over him."

Such is, in substance, the account of Peter's imprisonment and martyrdom. Connected with the same event, there are several other stories, which were no doubt invented afterwards, as well as some which may be true. Of these stories we will give a portion of one.

In the nineteenth year of Diocletian, imperial letters were published at Alexandria and elsewhere against the Christians; in consequence of which, persecution began to rage afresh. Great numbers of Christians were slain, and their churches were levelled to the ground. Many fled away, and hid themselves in deserts and caves. Special officers were appointed in Egypt to look after the disciples of Christ, and bring them to punishment, if they refused to sacrifice and worship idols. These men seized on Peter the patriarch, and committed him to prison, where he was condemned to die. The reason why he was specially sought after was this:—There was at Antioch, among the servants of the emperor, one Socrates, who was well acquainted with Peter, and who professed the Gospel, but renounced it in the hour of danger. The wife of Socrates continued to hold fast the profession of her faith, and she desired to bring up her children for Christ. Her children had not been baptised, and she hoped that Peter would be able to perform that ceremony. To effect her purpose, she required to make a voyage to Alexandria, but to this her husband objected. She, however, eventually set out, with two faithful attendants and her two boys. A great storm arose before they arrived at Alexandria, and they were in danger of shipwreck. Hereupon she performed upon her sons the rite of baptism herself, with sea-water. But in due course the tempest abated, and the vessel reached the port of Alexandria in safety, with all its crew. At that period it was the custom to set apart special days for baptising. The wife of Socrates came just in time for one such season, and applied for introduction to Peter the patriarch. Peter discovered by a miracle that she had already baptised her children. When the woman returned to Antioch she was asked where she had been, and readily confessed that she had been to Alexandria to have her two sons baptised by Peter. By an imperial edict she and her sons were forthwith put to death; and since it was found that Peter, in defiance of the prohibition, had performed the rites of the Church, orders were issued for his apprehension, which orders were straightway attended to. It was not long ere he was seized, and committed to prison, as already described, and was executed by beheading in the year of our Lord 311.

Peter lived in terrible and difficult times. Diocletian and Maximin were two absolute monsters in their conduct towards Christians, whom they persecuted, with mad and blind fury, for a long succession of years. It was at the peril of their lives that men made open profession of faith in Christ. Bonds and imprisonments awaited them, and, as if these were not severe enough, death was inflicted in all its most dreadful forms. Many faithful men and women braved these dangers, but there were many who timidly renounced their profession when the trial came. It was very difficult always to decide what should be done with these; because, after denying Christ, it often happened that they took courage, and sought to be recognised again as his disciples.

No one will be surprised that there were some who fell away, and who afterwards repented of their un-

faithfulness. The difficulty was, how to act in all the variety of cases. Some said that backsliders should never be restored to communion; others advocated gentler discipline. The attention of Peter was naturally drawn to the subject, and a document which he composed in reference to it still exists. It consists of fifteen rules, and just to show how discipline was maintained by the Church at that ancient period, we name the contents of a few of them. 1. That those who have suffered long, but have at last been overcome by torture, and who have been penitent for three years, may be restored after forty days devoted to special watching and prayer. 2. Those who have fallen without being tortured, and have apostatised merely to escape from torture and from prison, must spend one year as penitents. 3. Those who have fallen without being put in prison must be four years among the penitents. 4. Those are to be lamented over who have wholly fallen away, and do not repent. 5. Those who had pretended to sacrifice to idols, or to have gone to their altars, or to have given up their names, or to have sent pagans to offer in their stead, were to remain under censure for six months. There is much that is commendable in the fifteen rules, and they suggest that Peter was both faithful and moderate; that he desired to honour his Lord and Master, and to see him honoured in the Church. He knew that wholesome discipline was needed, but he avoided harsh and rigid severity. He was every way a remarkable man. To him we owe a curious and interesting declaration about the Lord's day, to this effect: "As for the Lord's day, it is a day of gladness, because Jesus Christ arose on this day, and therefore we have the practice of not kneeling thereon." It is well known that the early Christians did not kneel in prayer on Sunday, because Sunday was a day of holy joy.

The Editor and his friends.

EDITORIAL CONVERSATIONS WITH J. T., R. S., AND OTHER FRIENDS.

CHAPTER II.

F. What is meant by personification, in Scripture? E. It is the giving to an inanimate being the figure, sentiments, and language of a person.

Bishop Sherlock has beautifully personified natural religion. He compared our Saviour and Mahomet. "Go," says he, "to your Natural Religion; lay before her Mahomet and his disciples, arrayed in armour and blood, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands who fell by his victorious sword. Show her the cities which he set in flames, the countries which he ravaged and destroyed, and the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of the earth. When she has viewed him in this scene, carry her into his retirement; show her the prophet's chamber, his concubines, and his wives; and let her hear him allege revelation, and a Divine command, to justify his adultery and his lust. When she is tired of this prospect, then show her the blessed Jesus, humble and meek, doing good to all the sons of men. Let her see him in his most retired privacies; let her follow him to the mount, and hear his devotions and supplications to God. Carry her to his table, to view his poor fare; and hear his heavenly discourse. Let her attend him to the tribunal, and consider the patience with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies. Lead her to his cross; let her view him

in his agony of death, and hear his last prayer for his persecutors: 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.' When Natural Religion has thus viewed both, ask her which is the prophet of God; but her answer we have already had. When she saw part of this scene through the eyes of the centurion who attended at the cross, by him she spoke, and said, 'Truly this man was the Son of God.'

There is also a fine example in the introductory sentences of the Church of England burial service.—

"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

Here we have Christ addressing the deceased, then the deceased is represented as uttering the language of Faith:

"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another."

Christ having uttered the language of assurance, and the deceased the language of faith, the Church then addresses the survivors, inculcating submission to the Divine will:

"We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out; the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

In Psalm ii. there is a fine example; and the speakers are, the Church of God, Jehovah, the Messiah, and again the Church.

This figure of speech imparts vigour and beauty to many portions of sacred writ. For example, we may quote the introductory verses to Isaiah lxiii. The Church asks a question: "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength?"

Christ responds to his Church, and solves the inquiry: "I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save."

The Church seeks to be further instructed, and asks, "Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the winefat?" Christ condescends again to reply and to explain:

"I have trodden the wine press alone; and of the people there was none with me: for I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment. For the day of vengeance is in mine heart, and the year of my redeemed is come."

No. 267.—R. S.—"I will have mercy, and not sacrifice."—Matt. xii. 7.

These words, from the manner in which they are translated, appear to speak of a line of conduct which God promises to exercise towards us, whereas they are designed to teach us the line of conduct which God commands us to exercise towards others, as though God had said, "I require men to exercise mercy towards their fellowmen, and these acts are more pleasing in my sight than vain oblations."

No. 268.—C.—"As silver is marked in the midst of the furnace, so shall ye be melted."—Ezekiel xxii. 22.

A reference to science will best explain the prophet's meaning. It is known, as a matter of science, that a body of iron, or of other metal, may be made red hot by violent blows, but if allowed to become cold, it cannot again be brought to an equal degree of heat until it has been kept for some time in a fierce fire. The man whose heart has been softened by reiterated afflictions, and yet permitted to become cold and insensible, must be brought through the furnace; he must endure some fiery trial

before his heart again can glow with ardent feelings towards God. This was the case with the men of Jerusalem, to whom the prophet speaks.

No. 269.—B. R.—IS THERE ANY PASSAGE OF SCRIPTURE THAT ALLUDES TO SOLOMON'S RECOVERY AFTER HIS FALLING INTO IDOLATRY?

It is believed by most divines that Solomon repented, and was again faithful in the service of God. The inference is derived from the Book of Ecclesiastes, which was written in his old age,—that is, if a man can be called old who died in his fifty-eighth year.

The Scriptures speak of good kings, and describe them as walking in the way of David and Solomon. "From this," says an eminent divine, "it may be inferred that, although both David and Solomon sinned, both of them repented, and were forgiven, for Solomon is held up as a model by God no less than David." The passage in 2 Sam. vii. appears to confirm this view: "I will (saith the Lord) be his father, and he shall be my son. If he commit iniquity, I will chasten him with the rod of men, and with the stripes of the children of men: but my mercy shall not depart away from him."

No. 270.—ALPHA.—IN WHAT SENSE IS FAITH THE GIFT OF GOD?

We ask, What is faith? and the answer is, Faith is grace wrought in the soul by the Spirit of God, by which we receive Christ as our Prophet, Priest, and King, and rely upon Him and his righteousness alone for justification and salvation. We are, therefore, not to attribute our justification to ourselves, or to the inherent efficacy of faith, but to the mercy of God and the merits of Christ, from which alone that efficacy is derived. As it is written, "By grace are ye saved through faith."

Bishop Beveridge says, "The Holy Spirit does not first find faith in us, and then come himself to us; but he first comes himself, and then works faith in us." As Christian men, we are taught to trace this and all our spiritual blessings to the intercession of Christ, and, in our devotions, to recognise Almighty God as the Giver of all good things, and our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, as the Author and Finisher of our faith.

No. 271.—W. E.—HOW ARE WE TO UNDERSTAND THAT PORTION OF THE COMMANDMENT WHICH DESCRIBES JEHOVAH AS VISITING THE SINS OF THE FATHERS UPON THE THIRD AND FOURTH GENERATION OF THEM THAT HATE HIM, AND SHEWING MERCY UNTO THOUSANDS OF THEM THAT LOVE HIM, AND KEEP HIS COMMANDMENTS?—Ex. xx. 5, 6.

The ordinary mode is to consider the words "unto the third and fourth generation" as denoting *time*, and the words, "unto thousands of them that love me," as expressing *persons*; but the use of *time* in the one sentence and of *persons* in the next, is considered to be an unsound mode of supplying the ellipsis, and it is maintained that no mode of interpretation can be correct which requires the use of more than one term to supply the words that are understood, whether it be of time or of persons; therefore Dr. Hussey, Gill, A. Clarke, and other theologians, regard the words as denoting that God will punish to the third and fourth generation in the one case, and reward thousands of generations in the other. Still this interpretation is liable to give false views of the extent of future punishment. We therefore suppose the sins referred to in the one case to be the sins of the fathers, and not their own offences; but the love spoken of is to be their personal act. Thus, the punishment that arises from the sins of parents is temporal, but the reward that will be given to our personal love to God

will be eternal. No interpretation hitherto given of the passage is free from difficulty.

No. 272.—E. B.—WHY IS ISAIAH SPOKEN OF AS THE EVANGELICAL PROPHET?

Because his prophecies present the Messiah to the notice of the people of God with a fulness that no other prophet possesses.

The following are the reasons assigned by theologians:—

"Isaiah speaks of John as the forerunner of Christ, and then speaks of Christ's family, his descent from David, his birth from a virgin, his divine and human nature, his inspiration, his preaching and teaching, his miracles, his peculiar attributes and virtues, his rejection, his sufferings, his death and burial, his victory over death, his final glory, his reception by the Gentiles, and the glory of his kingdom."

No. 273.—WHY WERE THE APOSTLES COMMANDED TO BEGIN THEIR MINISTRATIONS AT JERUSALEM?

Probably that it might forcibly exhibit to mankind in all future generations the extent of the Divine compassion; for although the Jews were the lost sheep of the house of Israel, yet were they God's chosen people; they bore the appellation of "the children of the kingdom;" they had also the guardianship of the sacred writings which foretold the sufferings of Christ, and to them were given the promises relating to the Messiah.

No. 274.—G. H.—"Now the names of the twelve apostles are these; the first, Simon, who is called Peter, and Andrew his brother."—Matt. x. 2. DOES NOT THIS PASSAGE FAVOUR THE VIEWS OF ROMANISTS, WHO CLAIM PRIORITY OF RANK AND OF POWER FOR PETER AS THE FIRST OF THEIR POPES?

No; for it is by no means a clear case that Peter was Bishop of Rome; and then again, the term *first*, here applied to Peter, does not denote priority in rank, but simply to his being the first called in conjunction with his brother. Of the two brothers, Peter is supposed to have been the elder. It is worthy of notice that at the council spoken of in Acts iv. 19, James the son of Alpheus, and not Peter, presided.

No. 275.—R. M.—WHAT IS MEANT BY THE WORD MACCABEES?

Mattathias and his son Judas, in the second century, contended with great bravery against the men who profaned the Temple; and it is said that they adopted for their motto, or for the inscription on their standard, the words in the eleventh verse of the fifteenth chapter of Exodus, "Mi Camoka Baelim Jehovah;" that is, "Who is like unto Thee among the gods, O Lord?" The initial letters of these four words make the word Maccabi; hence the name of Maccabees. The letter *e* is doubled by a rule well known to Hebrew scholars.

No. 276.—H. W. D.—WHAT IS MEANT BY "NEITHER IN THIS WORLD, NEITHER IN THE WORLD TO COME?"

—Matt. xii. 32.

A proverbial expression used by the Rabbins, implying no forgiveness. The offences spoken of shall never be forgiven.

No. 277.—A. D.—DID OUR LORD ALLUDE TO ANY PARTICULAR EVENT WHEN HE SAID:—"What king going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?"—Luke xiv. 31.

Our Lord appears to have had in view what had happened a short time before to Herod the Tetrarch;

who rashly led his army through Judea to fight against the king of Arabia, who came against him with superior forces, and defeated him.

No. 278.—W. K. (Kilmarnock).—PLEASE TO EXPLAIN THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE:—“The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough, to make cakes to the queen of heaven.”—Jeremiah viii. 18.

The prophet is describing the manner in which the people prepared their offerings for the gods of the heathens. By the “queen of heaven” is meant the Moon, which was worshipped by the Carthaginians, under the name of *Calesta*, and sometimes under the name of *Urania*. The Jewish women—those among them who were addicted to idolatry—held this goddess in great reverence, and they sought to propitiate her by these offerings when they desired rain.

No. 279.—B. M. S.—When the Holy Spirit first comes to men, he finds them sinners; but he does not leave them sinners. He convinces of sin, and then sanctifies; so that the believer in Christ is saved from the controlling power of sin, from the habitual practice of sin, from the pollution of sin, and ultimately from the punishment of sin.

THE HALF-WAY CHRISTIAN.

“I HAVE just enough religion to make me miserable,” said Mrs. A.

“What do you mean?” inquired her friend, shocked, as well she might be, at such a remark.

“I mean just what I say,” was the reply. “I have just religion enough to prevent me from enjoying the world, and not enough to enable me to enjoy God; and between the two I am miserable.”

Mrs. A. had made a simple, honest confession—one which would meet a response in many a professing Christian’s heart, though few would be found willing so candidly to give it utterance. She was a half-way Christian, neither one thing nor the other—her heart divided between two strong claimants; and of course she was not happy. She verified in her experience the words of Christ, “No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.” She was not conscious of a positive hatred and aversion to Christ. Oh, no! She admired his character, his earthly mission, his cause; she knew that he was worthy of her decided preference and service; she remembered the time when, under the special pressure of her obligations to him, she had accepted him as her Saviour, and promised to live thenceforth to his glory; she looked forward to the hour when she felt that she should need him as a pilot over the river of death, when no other arm would be strong enough to hold her; so she was not prepared to let her Saviour go. Conscience, too, continually urged truth and duty upon her. Could she only get rid of conscience? But, no; it haunted her daily, and kept her in a perpetual unrest. She did not “love the Lord her God with all her heart, soul, and mind, and strength;” consequently, all these duties seemed to her irksome, disagreeable, tedious. But the world she loved and longed for. Its allurements, the fascinations of vanity, the enticements of sense, were ever present and powerful. They wrapped up her soul in a cloak of sensuous de-

light, beguiled her moral sense with specious arguments, and wholly engaged her affections. The pomps and vanities, which in her first religious love she had sworn to renounce, she yielded very reluctantly. She would fain have held them in one hand, while she grasped the forms of religion as her only hope of salvation with the other. Yet she knew she could not do this, and the conflict between the two made her wretched. The Bible was to her a sealed book. Interpreted as it must be by our own experience, how could she understand the sacred words of the Lord Jesus, “For my yoke is easy and my burden is light?” Such an assertion was to her a paradox. What could she suppose the Psalmist meant when he said, “Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart?” or the wise man, who declared, “The ways of wisdom are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace?” Peace—she knew it not; nor love, nor joy, nor any of the sweet fruits of the Spirit. “The love of God shed abroad in the heart,” and “Christ within the hope of glory,” were expressions as incomprehensible as the propositions of Euclid to an infant just commencing the alphabet. Poor, benighted, unhappy soul!

And, Mrs. A., what do you suppose the world thinks about you? Does it esteem and respect you? How can it? Are you a “light in the world?” Are you a “living epistle” for Christ, “known and read of all men?” Are you “a witness for God” in your day and generation? One of your neighbours is urged to become a Christian. “A Christian?” she inquires. “Mrs. A. is one of your Christians, and she is no better than I, nor half so happy. She is a member of her church, and cannot do this and that, and the other thing, though she longs to; but I have my freedom. I am not shackled by rules and forms, and obligations. I am better off than she is, and much more consistent. I will not be a hypocrite.” So the half-way Christian stands in the gateway of Christ’s Church, blocking up the entrance—neither going in himself, nor suffering those who would enter in.

And what do you think the Lord Jesus Christ, the great Head of the Church, says of such members? “I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spit thee out of my mouth.” Could there be framed an expression of more utter loathing and disowning than that? Oh, who would wish to be the subject of it? And again he has pronounced your fate in unmistakable terms:—“Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.” The righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees was just such as yours. It consisted solely in external forms and observances, without heart or vitality. Your sentence, therefore, is herein pronounced.

What good, then, does your lukewarm, half-way religion do you? None at all. On the contrary, it makes you miserable here, and will only add to your condemnation hereafter. Arise, then, stir up yourself, and “choose you this day whom you will serve.” Remain no longer in such inharmonious balancing. Decide for the one master or the other. Give yourself with energy—body, soul, and spirit—to the Lord, and live!

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

SUPPOSE, during the last twenty years only, we, with our connections, had put forth, by increased unity, love, and self-denial, twice the measure of energy which we have employed; are we not authorised to assume that, at the lowest, twice the quantity of good would have been accomplished? Most of that good, however, cannot now be done. Multitudes of those who should have been the objects of our attention, have passed away from the sphere of exertion and of prayer. They lived, but are dead. They died in ignorance—we might have instructed them; without hope—we might have unfolded the heavenly state to them; without Christ—we might have pointed them to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world." And others also are dying! Now, while I speak—while you listen—they are dying! See! how they pass along, melancholy, sad, and speechless, sinking down into endless night! Oh, if they would only stay till we could yet make one attempt for their salvation! No; they would, but cannot, stay. They are gone—they are gone! We shall meet them next in judgment!

Thou Judge of all! how shall we meet them?—how shall we meet thee, then? We are verily guilty concerning our brother! If thou shouldest be strict to mark iniquity, O Lord, who could stand?

Brethren, the crisis of the world is come! Are we prepared for it? Can we resign all the interests of an earthly life, and identify ourselves with the will of God and spiritual excellence? Can we stand in the whirlwind, talk with the thunder, and look calmly on heaven, when God looks forth in indignation on a guilty world? Are we prepared for the scenes of that direful day, for the events of that dread hour when the plagues of heaven shall fall on the wicked, and the earth shall be filled with wailing and blasphemy? Are we prepared to sympathise with man, and are we ready to resign our leisure and our self-indulgence, in order that we may promote his eternal welfare, and thus for the future guard against "lost opportunities?" This is to act the Christian's part.

THE SYMPATHY OF JESUS.

CHRISTIANS often fail to understand the consolations flowing from the humanity of Christ. He took our nature to be one with us in all respects but sin, and the heart, when bowed in trouble or apprehension, finds a strong support in His sympathy, from a personal experience of its own troubles. The following good remarks we find in an exchange:—

Jesus suffered. He suffered that he might experimentally and personally know what his people have to endure and pass through. He wished to know all about us—to be as nearly like us as he could. He now knows not only what we feel, but how we feel. No angel in heaven knows this; no angel can, for an angel never suffered. The tenderness, therefore, of Jesus, is far beyond the tenderness of an angel; yea, of all the angels in heaven. He knows what bodily pains are; and he knows what mental agitation, dejection, and agony mean. His nerves were shaken. His soul was troubled. His body suffered from hunger, thirst, cold, weariness, and wounds. He suffered in every part, and from every possible cause. He knows, therefore, the strength necessary to bear, and the comfort needful to sustain. He feels for us. More, he feels with us. He is our Head, and we are

his members. The sympathy of the head with the members is quick, constant, tender, perfect. Such is the sympathy of Jesus. Suffering one, Christ alone can suitably sympathise with thee; because he alone can so sympathise as to sustain, sanctify thy sufferings, and certainly and honourably deliver thee. Jesus always has his eye upon thee; nor does he look on unaffected, for his eye affecteth his heart. He is touched, tenderly affected, with the feeling of your infirmities. He will not lay on you more than you can bear, nor will he allow any one else to do so. His mercy is exquisitely tender, and his compassions fail not. Look to Jesus under all your sorrows, sufferings, and pains, and draw comfort from this—Jesus feels for me, Jesus feels with me.

"When he saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad," or were tired and lay down, "as sheep having no shepherd."—Matt. ix. 36.

CONSECRATION TO CHRIST.

JESUS now lives and reigns above,
Who hung upon the cross for me;
Oh, how my heart should melt with love,
When I behold that crimson tree!

I will be him who died for me;
Help me, my God, to keep this vow;
For grace and strength I look to thee;
Before the throne I humbly bow.

I'll serve thee here while life is given;
Thy love shall ever be my song;
To thee I'll tune my harp in heaven,
And sweetly praise thee with my tongue.

Thy word, O God, which thou didst send
To bid thy wandering children come
To thee, their Father, Saviour, Friend,
Shall be my lamp to guide me home.

Help me, O Lord, to work and pray,
To call the promises my own;
Send me thy Spirit day by day,
And with success my labour crown.

Mother's Department.

SEED LONG DORMANT, BUT NOT DEAD.

MOTHERS, when the iron is entering into your soul over that prodigal son, dear to you as your own life, take comfort amid your tears from the many and cheering instances in which, after long years of folly, the seed of early instruction has germinated at last, and brought forth fruit to eternal life. Here is one of those cases. A pious mother had a prodigal son. He was about to leave her and go to sea. As a last resource she placed a Bible in his chest, with a prayer to God for his blessing upon it. Year after year passed away, and nothing was heard of the wanderer; but the eye of his mother's God was upon him. A long time afterwards, a clergyman was called to visit a dying sailor, whom he found penitent and prepared for his momentous change. He had in his possession a Bible, which he said was given to him by a dying shipmate, who, expiring in the hope of the glory of God, gave it to him with his parting blessing. On the blank leaf was found written the name of John Marshall, the pious mother's prodigal son. He was the brother of Mrs. Isabella Graham, whose interesting memoirs have profited many readers. Courage, then, mothers. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

PHYSICAL HINTS FOR MOTHERS.

HUMAN nature is a unit. If one constituent of it be neglected, it will not be well with the rest. A sound heart and mind, in the highest sense, can be looked for only in a sound body. This is a truth of truths for mothers; for it is in early years that the foundations of a healthy prime must be laid. For this reason we hail with a special welcome such simple and honest publications as those issued by the Ladies' Sanitary Association. One of these introduces two sisters, Mary, or Mrs. Watson, and Susan, or Mrs. Hall—the former, a sound sanitarian, the mother of a healthy, vigorous boy; the latter, something the reverse, and mother of a very sickly child. "It isn't kind!" exclaimed this last to her sister, half smothering her own poor babe with kisses. "It's cruel to point me to that great, strong, healthy boy, and tell me to compare him with my sickly, pinching child. I suppose you think it wasn't Providence made one well and the other bad. Is it my fault if my baby is sick?"

"Yes, if you don't use the means God gives you for keeping it well. Five babies out of ten die because they are neglected. You keep your child up till midnight; you give him pie-crust, meat, suet pudding, anything; you seldom wash him; and all the clothes he wears by day are left on him at night, except his frock, and that you change for a nightgown, which smells quite sour."

To Susan the sting of all this was the truth of it. The sad fact came home to her heart that Willy, her little weakling, was fast sinking. She determined to hear more of the matter, and longed for the return of her sister's husband, who by-and-by came, and soon set forth the virtues of pure air and pure water, and vindicated Providence against the sluts and slovens, who brought typhus and cholera upon themselves and their children.

"You mean to say they bring disease upon themselves?" said Susan.

"Certainly; just as if they go without victuals, they will bring starvation. For by not washing their bodies, they let all the little holes in the skin, through which they ought to perspire, get choked with dirt; and by not scrubbing and white-washing their rooms, they encourage foul smells, and all kinds of filthiness. By having their windows shut, too, they keep in a lot of poisonous air, which they draw into their lungs over and over. I've heard our doctor lecture about it in the school-house; and I know more of the sense of it than you'd think."

"You could almost give a lecture yourself," said his sister-in-law.

"I'm giving one now, it seems," said Jonathan, "and I hope you'll remember it as well I do the doctor's. He said we ought to have our meals at proper times; good wholesome bread three times a day, and meat at dinner, when we could afford it. He thinks children are often hurt by being allowed to eat, at all hours, as fast as they like; and he declares that the mothers who don't wash their babies' clothes, air them well, and change everything as often as our Mary here, must never be surprised if they have soon to dress them in a shroud."

"He thinks your wife a pattern, then?" remarked Susan.

"Yes; though, of course, he didn't say so in the lecture. It was afterwards that he told me how much he liked her way of managing Johnny."

After further enlightenment, in the course of which Jonathan exposed the practice of mothers hugging their children in bed, with the not unfrequent result of actually suffocating them, Susan was, at length, sternly told by him that she must begin directly and take the trouble to go through what she had declared needless trifles with her little Willy, or "the boy must die."

The last word was spoken solemnly—so solemnly, that

Susan Hall could not and dared not forget it. She did not sleep that night. The doctor's rules seemed to haunt her, and before the morning dawned she had resolved to follow them. It was a good resolution, and she kept it. The week which followed was a busy one, for rising with the sun, the hitherto careless mother toiled for her suffering child. By the sale of two or three trinkets—her husband's gifts in their days of hasty courtship—she contrived to obtain money for the purchase of new materials for garments, which she made up, after Johnny's patterns, in such a manner as to promote comfort and cleanliness; her sister supplied her with fresh milk, and taught her to make arrow-root and gruel. In ten or twelve days she began to see signs of amendment; in a fortnight, all danger was past. A daily bath, fresh air, wholesome food, clean linen, and regular hours had come to the rescue, and the mother's heart grew light as she felt that her child was plucked from the jaws of death. She had little thought of herself in that anxious time, except as the appointed guardian of a life that might yet be saved. At the close of her six weeks' sojourn with her sister she had her reward. Willy had come down into Devonshire a hollow, fretful, miserable weakling; he went back to London with hues of health upon his dainty skin—a bright-eyed, hungry, laughter-loving fellow.

His mother took him home, but not to shut him in a close room night and day, nor to shrink from the task of feeding, washing, and clothing him properly. The reformation begun in Devonshire was completed in London; and when, in the following summer, Mary Watson came to town to receive a legacy bequeathed to her by Lady A—, there was not a tidier wife and mother in England than Susan Hall.

May every woman who, like her, has endangered precious life by neglecting her little ones, be like her, wise in time.

Another month, or week, or day, or hour, and it may be, alas! TOO LATE.

Mother, revere God's image in thy child!
No earthly gift thy parent's arms enfold;
No mortal tongue as yet the worth hath told
Of that which in thy bosom, meek and mild,
Rests its weak head. Oh, not by sense beguiled,
Gaze on that form of perishable mould;
Though first by thee it lived, on thee it smiled,
Yet not for thee existence must it hold,
For God's it is—not thine. Thou art but one
To whom that happy destiny is given,
To see an everlasting life begun,
To watch the dawning of a future heaven,
And to be such, in purity and love,
As best may win it to that life above!

THE MOTHER'S LESSON.

A MOTHER sitting in her parlour overheard her child, whom a sister was dressing, say repeatedly, "No, I don't want to say my prayers; I don't want to say my prayers!"

"Mother," said the child, appearing at the parlour door.

"Good morning, my child."

"I am a-going to get my breakfast."

"Stop a minute; I want you to come and see me first."

The mother laid down her work on the next chair as the boy ran towards her. She took him up. He kneeled in her lap, and laid his face down upon her shoulder, his cheek against her ear. The mother rocked her chair slowly backward and forward. "Are you pretty well this morning?" said she, in a kind, gentle tone.

"Yes, mother, I am very well."

"I am glad you are well. I am very well too; and when I waked up this morning and found that I was well, I thanked God for taking care of me."

"Did you?" said the boy, in a low tone, half a whisper. He paused after it; conscience was at work.

"Did you ever feel my pulse?" asked his mother, after a minute of silence, at the same time taking the boy down and setting him in her lap, and placing his fingers on her wrist.

"No; but I have felt my own."

"Well, don't you feel mine now, how it goes beating?"

"Yes," said the child.

"If it should stop beating, I should die."

"Should you?"

"Yes; I can't keep it beating."

"Who can?"

"God." A silence. "You have a pulse, too, which beats here in your bosom, in your arm, and all over you; and I cannot keep it beating, nor can you; nobody can but God. If he should not take care of you, who could?"

"I do not know," said the child, with a look of anxiety, and another pause ensued.

"So when I waked this morning I thought I would ask God to take care of us."

"Did you ask him to take care of me?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I thought you would ask him yourself."

"Yes," said the boy, readily.

He kneeled again in his mother's lap, and uttered, in his simple and broken language, a prayer for the protection of Heaven.

Youths' Department.

THE COUNTRY PASTOR.—PART VII.

As I came forth from the cottage, the surgeon of the district passed the cottage-gate.

"What report, my good friend, do you give of the poor man who was injured this morning by some accident at the quarry?"

"He has had an ugly blow that he may feel for some time, but I am happy to say there is nothing serious—no permanent injury."

"How did it happen?"

"As it often does happen, by men forgetting that they have eyes in their heads, and that if eight or ten hundredweight of earth should fall upon a man, it's pretty sure to hurt him. The men undermine the ground as if the very laws of nature were to be suspended for their protection. They were digging a kind of pit for some fresh workings, and the ground above came down upon them like an avalanche from a mountain of snow, and this poor fellow was knocked down, the rest escaped; and had he been another foot nearer, all that we could have done for him would have been to exchange the grave in the quarry for the more usual one in the churchyard."

"You think he is going on well?"

"Very well: his constitution is good; had he not been a sober fellow, it would have gone badly with him. When a man's body is in a bad condition by tippling, a trifling injury will throw him into a fever, and then his life becomes a very doubtful matter."

"Shall I be doing any mischief by going to this poor fellow and talking a little to him?"

"Not any; for somebody's talking has been a great mercy to some of my patients."

"Let me also say that among the blessings for which we all of us in this parish ought to be thankful is that of a medical officer who holds in reverence sacred things. Pious men in the medical profession may do good where the labours of a pastor would fail. Our advice is often thought to be the result of our professional habits, and is regarded as a matter of duty, but not so when a layman speaks, and the speaker is also the physician."

"True. Sometimes a sentence dropped from us will be regarded by a sick man, when words falling from much better authority would be unheeded. I wish I could persuade some very clever men among my professional acquaintance to see matters in this point of view, and that they might also be themselves benefited."

"As no class of men prize intellect, talent, and science more highly than the members of your profession, it would be well for them and for others if they could view the solace arising from piety, as some of their most distinguished men have done."

"Do you refer to those elegant expressions that are ascribed to Sir Henry Halford?"

"No; I alluded to some remarks made by a man of science, the celebrated Sir Humphry Davy."

"I have met with them. Recall them to my mind. The good man's words are worth remembering."

"I envy," says Sir Humphry Davy, "no quality of the mind or intellect in others—not genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and, I believe, most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness; it creates new hopes, when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the destruction of existence the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and of shame the ladder of ascent to Paradise; and, far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blessed, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the sceptic view only gloom, decay, and annihilation."

"Much obliged to you."

"Glad of it; for I have been greatly obliged to you, for some weeks past."

"Indeed! For what?"

"For making those angry fellows near the turnpike give over quarrelling, and become friends. How did you manage it?"

"It was an easy matter; for I attend both the families, and they told me all their troubles. I told them they were like the Knights of the Gold and the Silver Shield."

"Why, what is that?" one of them cried out.

"I told him the story; and then I said, 'You see, they were both right, and they were both wrong; and therefore they were just like you and your neighbour. Do you like this story?'

"Yes; I see it."

"Well, then, come along with me."

"Where, master, and what to do?"

"To go into that cottage and say, in a manly manner, 'Dick, I'm come to shake hands with you.'

"Master, you were a good friend to me when I was sick; I'll do it."

"Come along. You say I have served you, now you must serve me; for I can do nothing for nothing, in these hard times."

"I say, governor, ye did a pretty sight of things for me and my mistress for nothing, I know."

"Well, well; now here's my bill; pay it at once."

"Why you never sent in a bill."

"Certainly not, and never shall. I did you a little kindness, and now you are going to do me a kindness, for I like to see men good friends. Come along, my man."

"The man immediately followed me, and did as I feared him—ah, and did it well; and the big fellow, that you would suppose nothing on earth would soften, was so astonished, that he jumped up and shook his comrade's hand as if he intended to provide some work for me."

"The men began to explain, but this I would not allow. They were friends, and that was enough; and I could not possibly tell what might be the result of their discussions; therefore I cried out, 'No, no; I cannot allow any explanations on either side, for these explanations are often very much like trying to quench a flame by means of the oil-can.'

"When this giant of a fellow had ceased shaking hands, he said, 'When a chap comes up to me like a man, and says, "Dick, I want to shake hands wi' ye," I don't mind saying, "Joe, you're a downright good un, and I war wrong, and not you.'" These men, I am glad to find, are now better friends than ever."

"A very good prescription, doctor, to cure a quarrel. Administer this good medicine as often as you can; let us never forget the promised blessing that belongs to peacemakers. Two things I earnestly desire."

"Like the poor Irishman yesterday, I say, 'Please your reverence's goodness, what may they be?'

"To win the olive-branch here, and the palm-branch hereafter."

"Good, only let me say, 'olive-branches and palm-branches for us all.' There, good-bye. I suppose I must not expect to speak to you again for a week, I have purloined so much of your time."

"May my time always be as well spent! Good-day, my friend."

On parting with this valuable man, I proceeded to the quarry, and found the wounded man in a cottage that a poor man had lent to him; affording another instance of the kindness and sympathy which the poor often show to the poor when in affliction.

The sick man received my visits thankfully, and expressed himself so well, that I was led to inquire into his history: his mother was a Wesleyan, and had taught him many hymns, of which he quoted favourite lines. One of his comrades had been recently crushed to death, and when he thought of it, he said, it made him thankful.

"A proper way," I replied, "to view these dealings of Providence. When you find that you are beginning to complain at your lot, look about, and you will soon find some one worse off than yourself. Let me show you what I mean."

"I never complained of my condition," said a poor man, "never but once, when my feet were bare, and I had not money wherewith to purchase shoes; but I met a man without feet, and I became contented with my lot!"

The wounded man's ability to draw comfort from passages of Scripture confirmed me in the conviction that one of the highest blessings a parent can confer upon a child is to store the mind with well-selected verses of Holy Writ.

"I am inclined, friend, to hope that this affliction of yours will prove to be no affliction."

"I hope as it woot, sir. I'm afreed I was a forgettin' somet' ; and I'm right down sorry when I don't go right; it makes me, somehow, sad all over. I try to ask God to make me better." He then repeated a line or two of a hymn.

"Well, friend," I replied, "remember 'a broken and a contrite heart God will not despise.' You have repeated some of your pretty hymns; let me give you one that will suit your case—one that was written something like one hundred years before your grandfather was born."

"Do, sir : I'd be right glad if you wooll."

I then quoted those ancient verses:—

"Hear me, O God !
A broken heart
Is my best part.
Use still thy rod,
That I may prove
Therein thy love.
If thou hadst not
Been stern to me,
But left me free,
I had forgot
Myself and Thee!"

"Well, that be just like I ; and I's very fond of poetree, as they calls it."

After some devotional exercises, I told him I must leave him, as I was required elsewhere. "Now, my friend, think of what I have said; and as I told you something good in poetry, I will also tell you something good that is not poetry, and which I hope we shall neither of us ever forget when troubles come upon us."

"What be it, sir ?"

"The best remedy for affliction is to submit to Providence; and the best mode of submitting, is to say, 'Not my will, but Thine be done!'" So saying, I left him.

"Did you make any other visits ?"

"Yes, several, though nothing worth relating occurred, but on my way homewards I was overtaken by a man, who entered into conversation as a matter of civility. As I regard the right observance of the Sabbath as a very important mark of godliness, I often put questions that will enable me to ascertain from those with whom I converse their views upon the subject. In reply to one of my questions, my companion of the road gave me to understand that although there was a church in his parish, and a very zealous minister, he did not often trouble them with his presence.

"You see, sir, I can stay at home and read for myself."

"You can do more than that, friend."

"How so, sir ? in what way ?"

"You can stay at home and read, and break God's commandments at the same time, and I can tell you something else you can do."

"Why, what is that, sir ?"

"You can stay at home and rob God, and cheat your own soul, at the same moment."

"In what way do I cheat my own soul ? I should be very sorry to cheat anybody, and I'm sure I don't want to cheat myself."

"Do you admit that it is the duty of men to pray ?"

"Yes, I do, and my father did before me."

"Then you will the easier understand what I say. If you honour God in private prayer, you obtain a private blessing; if you honour him in public prayer, you obtain a public blessing; and as by your attendance at public worship, you desire to be taught in the way that God is willing to teach, you are justified in expecting that your soul will be benefited by obedience to the Divine command; and although your prayers make no change in the mind of God, they may produce a wonderful change in your mind. Now, by neglect of public worship on the Sabbath-day, you rob God of the honour due to his holy name, and by your absence you defraud your own soul of those spiritual blessings which God has promised to bestow. My friend, do not attempt to be wiser than God, and never attempt to improve upon his plans. Do as the Psalmist tells you."

"What is that, sir ?"

"He says to you, "Serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with a song. Go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise."

"Well, sir, maybe you're right; I ain't quite sure myself that mine's the proper thing. I'll see about it."

"Do so, and if you do see about it, and henceforth are punctually seen among God's servants on the Sabbath-day, I shall feel thankful as well as you."

"But you see, sir, they nint all good people that's at public worship, whether it be church or chapel."

"I know it, but if they are not all good that attend public worship, yet all that are good do attend."

"But how's that, sir? There's my neighbour, Jenny Croft, she is a decentish sort of a body, and people say she is a rale pious woman, but I'm sure it is long enough since she was at church or chapel either, for they tell me she hurt her spine years ago, and she's never bin since."

"Her case is different; she is kept away by the act of God, and not by her own act; and, as she is a pious but afflicted woman, we may hope that, although she cannot go to God's house, God in his goodness comes to her cottage, and they that tarry at home divide the spoil."

"Beg pardon, sir, know those words, but don't understand 'em.'

"David went forth to fight the enemies of the Lord, and six hundred men were willing to go up to the battle, but two hundred of them, from weakness, were unable, and were therefore left behind; but when the victory was gained, and the spoil taken, the men who were left at home but who were willing to go, and who were willing to take their part in the battle, were allowed to share the spoil, as if they had been present in the conflict. So it is spiritually; we hope that the persons who would go up to the house of the Lord, and by weakness and infirmity are unable, will be allowed to share in the blessings which God bestows upon his worshiping servants, and in that sense I would say to all sick and feeble persons kept from the house of prayer, 'May they that tarry at home divide the spoil.'

"Thank ye, sir, thank ye; I see it all clear: that's what I call comforting—that's right good, anyhow; and I'll tell Jenny Croft what you've said. I go across this here stile, and I must say good day, sir; much obliged to you."

"Good day, my friend; may you and Jenny both be blessed by what has been said. Tell Jenny Croft I send her my good wishes."

"Revolving in my mind as I wended homewards the conversations that had passed, I thought of the stone hurled from the sling and the arrow shot at a venture, and knew that they failed not, because they were guided by an Unseen Hand, and faith led me to believe that the Unseen Hand could still prevail. Even so, Lord, bless the word of thy servant, and to thee alone be all the praise!"

"There, my friend, you have heard quite enough for one day; make haste and bid farewell to your cold. I have a pleasant visit in store for good health and a sunny day. May a kind Providence give you of both a rich abundance!"

Short Arrows.

THE flowers of Christian graces grow only under the shade of the Cross, and the root of them all is humility.

A FORGIVING SPIRIT.—A forgiving spirit is absolutely necessary, if we hope for pardon of our own sins, as we hope for peace of mind in our dying moments, or for the Divine mercy at that day when we shall most stand in need of it.

TOUCHING REBUKE.—The celebrated La Motte, who had lost his eyesight, being one day in a crowd, accidentally trod upon the foot of a young man, who instantly struck him a blow in the face. "Sir," said La Motte, "you will be very sorry for what you have done, when I tell you that I am blind."

PRAYER.—Do not say you cannot pray, because you cannot speak much, or well, or long. Praying is wrestling with God; the heart is the wrestler; holy faith is the strength of it. If by means of this strength thy heart be a good wrestler, though ever so tongue-tied, thou wilt be a prevailer. Rhetoric goes for little in the heavenly court, but sincere longings after God have a kind of omnipotency.

NATURE.—"When I would beget content," says Isaac Walton, "and increase confidence in the power, and the wisdom and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows of some gliding stream, and then contemplate the lilies that take no care of themselves, and those very many other various little living creatures that are not only created, but fed, man knows not how, by the goodness of the God of Nature, and, therefore, trust in him. Let everything that hath breath, praise the Lord!"

DIVINE WISDOM.—He who cannot see the workings of a Divine wisdom in the order of the heavens, the change of the seasons, the flowing of the tides, the operation of the wind and other elements, the structure of the human body, the circulation of the blood through a variety of vessels, wonderfully arranged and conducted, the instincts of beasts, their tempers and dispositions, the growth of plants, and their many effects for meat and medicine; he, who cannot see all these, and many other things, as the evident contrivances of a Divine wisdom, is sottishly blind, and unworthy of the name of a man.

DEATH COMES TO ALL.—The eloquent Baxter, in addressing the court of Charles II., thus spoke:—"Princes and nobles live not always. You are not the rulers of the unmovable kingdom, but the boat that is in a hasty stream, or the ship under sail, that shall speed both the pilots and passengers to the shore. The inexorable leveller is ready at your backs, to convince you, by irresistible argument, that dust you are, and to dust you shall return. Heaven should be as desirable, and hell as terrible, to you as to others. No man will fear you after death, much less will Christ be afraid to judge you."

AN INFIDEL REBUKED.—Sir Isaac Newton set out in life a clamorous infidel; but, on a nice examination of the evidences of Christianity, he became convinced of his error, and a believer. When the celebrated Dr. Edmund Halley was talking infidelity before him, Sir Isaac Newton addressed him in these or the like words:—"Dr. Halley, I am always glad to hear you when you speak about astronomy, or other parts of the mathematics, because those are subjects you have studied and well understand; but you should not talk of Christianity, for you have not studied it. I have, and am certain you know nothing of the matter!"

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.—Prayer draws all the Christian graces into its focus. It draws charity, followed by her lovely train of forbearance with faults, forgiveness of injuries, pity for errors, and relieving of wants. It draws repentance, with her holy sorrows, her pious resolutions, her self-distrust. It attracts faith, with her elevated eye; hope, with her grasped anchor; beneficence, with her open hand; zeal, looking fit; and wide to serve; humility, with introverted eye, looking at home. Prayer, by quickening these graces in the heart, warms them into life, fits them for service, and dismisses each to its appropriate practice. Prayer is mental virtue; virtue is spiritual action. The mould into which genuine prayer casts the soul is not effaced by the suspension of the act, but retains some touches of the impression till the act is repeated.

CONTRIBUTIONS received since our last for the Nestorians in London (see THE QUIVER, Nos. 33, 35, and 43):—A. B., £1; P. S., 2s. 6d.; A Friend, 1s.

MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS."

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE QUARREL.

IT is a grievous thing, when ill-feeling arises between brothers, that that ill-feeling should be cherished, instead of being subdued. But such was the case with Anthony and Herbert Dare. By the time that the sunny month of May came in, matters had grown to that pitch between them, that Mr. Dare had found himself compelled to interfere. It was beginning to make things in the house uncomfortable. They would meet at meals, and not only not speak to each other, but take every possible opportunity of showing mutual and marked discourtesy. No positive outbreak between them had as yet taken place in the presence of the family; but it was only smouldering, and might be daily looked for.

Mr. Dare, so far as the original cause went, blamed his eldest son. There was no question that Anthony had been solely in fault. It was a dishonourable, ungenerous, unmanly act, to draw his brother into trouble, and to do it plausibly and deceitfully. At the present stage of the affair, Mr. Dare found occasion to blame Herbert more than Anthony. "It is you who keep up the ball, Herbert," he said to him. "If you would suffer the matter to die away, Anthony would." "Of course, he would," Herbert replied. "He has got his turn served, and would be glad that it should end there."

It was in vain that Mr. Dare talked to them. A dozen times did he recommend them to "shake hands and make it up." Neither appeared inclined to take the advice. Anthony was sullen. He would have been content to let the affair drop quietly into oblivion; perhaps, as Herbert said, had been glad that it should so drop; but, make the slightest move towards it, he would not. Herbert openly said that he'd not shake hands. If Anthony wanted him ever to shake hands with him again, let him pay up.

There lay the grievance; the "paying up." The bills, not paid, were a terrible thorn in the side of Herbert Dare. He was responsible, and he knew not one hour from another but he might be arrested on them. To soothe the matters between his sons, Mr. Dare would willingly have taken the charge of payment upon himself, but he had positively not the money to do it with. In point of fact, Mr. Dare was growing seriously embarrassed on his own score. He had had a great deal of trouble with his sons, with Anthony in particular, and he had grown sick and tired of helping them out of pecuniary difficulties. Still, he would have relieved Herbert of this one nightmare, had it been in his power. Herbert had been deluded into it, without any benefit to himself; therefore Mr. Dare's will was good, could he have managed it, to help him out. He told Herbert that he would see what he could do after awhile. The promise did not relieve Herbert of present fears; neither did it restore peace between the malcontents. Had Herbert been relieved of that particular nightmare, plenty more would have remained to him; but that did not in the least lessen his soreness, as to the one.

It was an intensely hot day; far hotter than is customary at the season; and the afternoon sun streamed full on the windows of Pomeranian Knoll, suggesting thoughts of July, instead of May. A gay party—at any rate, a party dressed in gay attire—were crossing the hall to enter a carriage that waited at the door. Mr. Dare, Mrs. Dare, and Adelaide. Mrs. Dare had always been given to gay attire, and her daughters had caught the taste from her. They were going to dine at a friend's house, a few miles' distance from Helstonleigh. The invitation was for seven o'clock. It was now striking six, the dinner-hour at Mr. Dare's.

Minny, looking half melted, had perched herself upon the end of the balustrades to watch the departure.

"You'll fall, child," said Mr. Dare.

Minny laughed, and said there was no danger of her falling. She wondered what her papa would think, did he see her sometimes at her gymnastics on the balustrades, taking a sweeping slide on them from the top to the bottom. She generally contrived that he should not see her; or mademoiselle, either. Mademoiselle had caught sight of the performance once, and had given her a whole French fable to learn, by way of punishment.

"Are we to have any strawberries for dinner, mamma?" asked Minny.

"You will have what I have thought proper to order," replied Mrs. Dare, in rather a sharp tone. She was feeling hot and cross. Something had put her out while dressing.

"I think you might wait for strawberries until they are ripe in our own garden; not buy them in the shops without any regard to cost," interposed Mr. Dare, speaking for the general benefit, but not to any one in particular.

Minny dropped the subject. "Your dress is turned up, Adelaide," said she.

Adelaide looked languidly behind her, and a maid, who had followed them downstairs, advanced, and put to rights the refractory dress; a handsome dress of pink, glistening with its own richness. At that moment Anthony entered the hall. He had just come home from dinner, and looked in a very cross humour.

"How late you'll be!" he cried.

"Not at all. We shall get there in an hour."

They swept out at the door, Mrs. Dare and Adelaide. Mr. Dare was about to follow them, when a sudden thought appeared to strike him, and he turned back and addressed Anthony.

"You young men take care that you don't get quarrelling with each other. Do you hear, Anthony?"

"I hear," ungraciously replied Anthony, not turning round to speak, but continuing his way upstairs to his dressing-room. He probably regarded the injunction with slighting contempt, for it was too much in Anthony Dare's nature so to regard all advice, of whatever kind. Nevertheless, it had been well that he had paid heed to it. It had been well that that last word to his father had been one of affection!

The dinner was served. Anthony, in the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Dare, taking the head. Rosa, with a show of great parade and ceremony, took the seat opposite to him, and said she should be mistress. Minny responded that Rosa was not going to be mistress over her, and the governess desired Miss Rosa not to talk so loud. Rather derogatory checks, these, to the dignity of a "mistress."

Herbert was not at table. Irregular as the young Dares were in many of their habits, they were generally home for dinner. Minny wondered aloud where Herbert was. Anthony replied that he was "skulking."

"Skulking!" echoed Minny.

"Yes, skulking," angrily repeated Anthony. "He quitted the office at three o'clock, and has never been near it since. And the governor left at four!" he added, in a tone that seemed to say he considered that also a grievance.

"Where did Herbert go to?" asked Rosa.

"I don't know," responded Anthony. "I only know that I had a double share of work to do."

Anthony Dare was no friend to work. And the having had to do a little more than he would have done, had Herbert remained at his post, had aggravated his temper considerably.

"Why should Monsieur Herbert go away and leave you his work to do?" inquired the governess, lifting her eyes from her plate to Anthony.

"I shall take care to ask him why," returned Anthony.

"It is not fair that he should," continued mademoiselle. "I'd not have done it for him, Monsieur Anthony."

"Neither should I, had I not been obliged," said Anthony, not in the least relaxing from his ill-humour, either of looks or tone. "It was work that had to be done before post time, and one of our clerks is away on business to-day."

The dinner proceeded to its close. Joseph appeared to hesitate whether to remove the cloth. "Is it to be left on for Mr. Herbert?" he asked.

"No!" imperiously answered Anthony. "If he cannot come in for dinner, dinner shall not be kept for him."

"Cook is keeping the things hot, sir."

"Then tell her to save herself the trouble."

So the cloth was removed, and the dessert put on. To Minny's inexpressible disappointment, it turned out that there were no strawberries. This put *her* in an ill-humour, and she quitted the table and the room, declaring she would not touch anything else. Mademoiselle Varsini called her back, and ordered her to her seat; she would not permit so great a breach of discipline. Cyril and George, who were not under the control of mademoiselle, guined down a glass of wine, and hastened out to keep an engagement. It was a very innocent one; a great match at cricket had been organised for the evening, by some of the old college boys; and Cyril and George were amongst the players. It has never been mentioned that Mr. Ashley, in his strict sense of justice, had allowed to Cyril the privilege of spending his evenings at home, five nights in the week, as he did to William Halliburton.

The rest remained at table. Minny, per force; Rosa, to eat an unlimited quantity of oranges; Mademoiselle Varsini, because it was the custom to remain. But mademoiselle soon rose and withdrew with her pupils; Anthony was not showing himself to be a particularly sociable companion. He had not touched the dessert; but seemed to be drinking a good deal of wine.

As they were going out of the room, Herbert hustled in. "Now then, take care!" cried he: for Minny, paying little attention to her way, had gone full butt at him!

"Oh! Herbert, can't you see?" cried she, dolefully, rubbing her head. "What made you so late? The dinner's gone away."

"It can be brought in again," replied Herbert, carelessly. "*Comme il est chaud! n'est-ce pas, mademoiselle?*"

This last was addressed to the governess. Rosa screamed out with laughter at his bad French, and mademoiselle smiled. "You get on in French like you do in Italian, Monsieur Herbert," cried she. "And that is what you call—backward."

Herbert laughed good-humouredly. He did not know what particular mistake he had made; truth to say, he did not care. They withdrew, and he rang the bell for his dinner.

"Mind, Herbert," cried Minny, putting in her head again at the door, "papa said you were not to quarrel."

Better, perhaps, that she had not said it! Who can tell?

The brothers remained alone. Anthony sullen, and, as yet, silent. He appeared to have emptied the port wine decanter, and to be beginning at the sherry! Herbert strolled past him; supreme indifference in his manner—some might have said contempt—and stood just outside the window, whistling.

You have not forgotten that this dining-room window opened to the ground. The apartment was long and somewhat narrow, the window large and high, and opening in the middle, after the manner of a French one. The door was at one end of the room; the window at the other.

Anthony was in too quarrelsome a mood to remain silent long. He began the skirmish by demanding what Herbert meant by absenting himself from the office for the afternoon, and where he had been. His resentful tone, his authoritative words, not being calculated to win any very civil answer.

They did not win one from Herbert. His tone was resentful, too; his words were coolly aggravating. Anthony was not his master; when he was, he might, perhaps, answer him. Such was their purport.

A hot interchange of words ensued. Nothing more. Anthony remained at the table; Herbert, half in, half out at the window, leaning against its frame. When Joseph returned to put things in readiness for Herbert's dinner, they had subsided into quietness. It was but a lull in the storm.

Joseph placed the dessert nearer Anthony's end of the table, and laid his cloth across the other end. Herbert came inside the room. "What a time you are with the dinner, Joseph!" cried he. "One would think it was being cooked."

"Cook's warning it, sir."

"Warming it!" echoed Herbert. "Why couldn't she have kept it warm? She might be sure I should be home to dinner."

"She was keeping it warm, sir, but Mr. Anthony ordered it put away."

Now, the man had really no intention of making mischief, when he said this: that it might cause ill blood between the brothers, never crossed his mind. He was only anxious that he and his fellow-servant, the cook, should stand free of blame. For the young Dares, when displeased with the servants, were not in the habit of sparing them. Herbert turned to Anthony.

"What business have you to interfere with my dinner? Or with anything else that concerns me?"

"I choose to make it my business," insolently retorted Anthony.

At this juncture Joseph left the room. He had finished laying the cloth, and had no call to stop in it. Better perhaps that he had stopped! Surely they would not have proceeded to extremities, the brothers, before their servant! In a short while, sounds as if both were in a terrible state of fury, resounded through the house from the dining-room. The sounds could not be heard in the kitchen, which was partially detached from the house; but the young ladies heard them, and ran out of the drawing-room.

The governess was in the school-room. The noise penetrated even there. She also came forth, and saw her two pupils extended over the balustrades, listening. At any other time mademoiselle would have reproved them: now, she crept down and leaned over in company.

"What can be the matter?" whispered she.

"Papa told them not to quarrel!" was all the answer, uttered by Minny.

It was a terrible quarrel; there was little doubt of that; no child's play. Passionate bursts of fury rose incessantly, now from one, now from the other, now from both. Hot recrimination, words that were not fitted for unaccustomed ears—or for any ears, for the matter of that—rose high and loud. The governess turned pale, and Minny burst into tears.

"Somebody ought to go in to the room," said Rosa. "Minny, you go! Tell them to be quiet."

"I am afraid," replied Minny.

"So am I."

A fearful sound. An explosion louder than all the rest. A noise as if some heavy weight had been thrown down. Had it come to blows? Minny shrieked aloud, and at the same moment Joseph was seen coming along with a tray, and Herbert's hot dinner upon it.

His presence seemed to impart a sense of courage,

and Rosa and Minny flew down, followed by the governess. Herbert had been knocked down by Anthony. He was gathering himself up when Joseph opened the door. Gathering himself up in a tempest of passion his white face one living fury, as he caught hold of a knife from the table and rushed upon Anthony.

But Joseph was too quick for him. The man dashed his tray on the table, seized hold of Herbert, and turned the uplifted knife downwards. "For Heaven's sake, sir, recollect yourself!" said he.

Recollect himself then? No. Persons who put themselves into that mad state of passion, cannot "recollect" themselves. Joseph kept fast his hold, and the dining-room became alive with shrieks; with sobbing tears.

They proceeded from Rosa and Minny. They pulled their brothers by the coats, they implored, they entreated. The women servants came flying from the kitchen, and the Italian governess asked the two gentlemen in French whether they were not ashamed of themselves.

Perhaps they were. At any rate, the quarrel was, for the time, put a stop to. Herbert flung the knife upon the table, and turned his white face, savage still, upon his brother.

"Take care of yourself, though!" cried he, in a marked tone. "I swear you shall have it, yet."

They pulled Anthony out of the room, Rosa and Minny; or it is difficult to say what rejoinder he might have made, or how violently the quarrel might have been renewed. It was certain that he had taken more wine than was good for him: and that, generally speaking, did not improve the tempé of Anthony Darc. Mademoiselle Varsini walked by his side, talking volubly in French. Whether she was sympathising or scolding, Anthony did not know. Not particularly bright at understanding French at the best of times, even when spoken slowly, he could not, in his present excitement, catch a single word. Entering the drawing-room he threw himself upon the sofa, intending to smooth down his ruffled plumage by taking a nap.

Herbert meanwhile had remained in the dining-room, smoothing down his ruffled plumage. Joseph and the cook were bending over the débris on the carpet. When Joseph dashed down his tray on the table, the dish of potatoes had bounded off; thereby, both dish and potatoes, coming to grief. Herbert sat down and made a good dinner. His was not a sulken temper; and, unlike Anthony, the affair once over, he was soon himself again. Should they come in contact again directly, there was no telling how it might be, or what might ensue. His dinner over, he went by-and-by to the drawing-room. Joseph had just entered, and was arousing Anthony from the sleep he had dropped into.

"One of the waiters from the 'Star' has come, sir. He says Lord Hawkesley has sent him to say that the gentlemen are waiting for you."

"I can't go, tell him," responded Anthony, speaking as he looked, thoroughly out of sorts. "I am not going out to-night. Here! Joseph!" for the man was turning away with the message.

"Sir?"

"Take these, and bring me my slippers."

"These" were his boots, which he, not very politely, kicked off in the ladies' presence, and sent them flying after Joseph. The man stooped to pick them, and was carrying them away.

"Here!—what a hurry you are in!" began Anthony again. "Take lights up to my chamber, and the brandy, and some cold water. I shall make myself comfortable there for the night. This room's unbearable, with its present company."

The last was a shaft levelled at Herbert. He did not retort, for a wonder. In fact Anthony afforded little

time for it. Before the words had well left his lips, he had quitted the room. Herbert began to whistle; its very tone an insolent one.

It appeared nearly certain that the unpleasantries was not yet over; and Rosa openly wished her papa was at home. Joseph carried to Anthony's room what he required, and then brought the tea to the drawing-room. Herbert said he should take tea with them. It was rather unusual for him to do so: it was very unusual for Anthony not to go out. Their sisters felt sure that they were only staying in to renew hostilities; and again Rosa almost passionately wished for the presence of her father.

It was dusk by the time tea was over. Herbert rose to leave the room. "Where are you going?" cried out mademoiselle, sharply, after him.

"That's my business," he replied, not in too conciliatory a tone. Perhaps he took the question to proceed from one of his sisters, for he was outside the door when it reached him.

"He is going into Anthony's room!" cried Rosa, turning very pale, as they heard him run upstairs. "Oh, mademoiselle! what can be done? I think I'll call Joseph."

"Hush!" cried mademoiselle. "Wait you still, here. I will go and see."

She stole out of the room and up the stairs, intending to reconnoitre. But she had no time. Herbert was coming down again, and she could only slip inside the school-room door, and peep out. He had evidently been up stairs for his cloak, for he was putting it on as he descended.

"The cloak on a hot night like this!" said mademoiselle to herself. "He must want to disguise himself!"

She stopped to listen. Joseph had come up the stairs, bringing something to Anthony, and Herbert arrested him, speaking in a low tone.

"Don't let there be any mistake to-night about the dining-room window, Joseph. I can't think how you could have been so stupid last night!"

"Sir, I assure you I left it undone as usual," replied Joseph. "It must have been master who fastened it."

"Well, take care that it does not occur," said Herbert. "I expect to be in between ten and eleven; but I may, be later, and I don't want to ring you up again."

Herbert went swiftly down the stairs, and out: choosing his egress by the way, as it appeared, that he intended to enter—the dining-room window. Joseph proceeded to Anthony's chamber; and the governess returned to her frightened pupils in the drawing-room.

"*A la bonne heure!*" she said to them. "Monsieur Herbert is gone out, and I heard him say to Joseph that he was gone for the evening."

"Then it's all safe!" cried Minny. And she began dancing round the room in her gladness. "Mademoiselle, how pale you look!"

Mademoiselle had sat down in her place before the tea-tray, and was leaning her cheek upon her hand. She was certainly looking unusually pale. "Enough to make me!" she said, in answer to Minny. "If there were to be this disturbance often in the house, I would not stop in it for double my *appointment*. It has given me one of those *vilaine* headaches, and I think I shall go to bed. You will not be afraid to stay up alone, mesdemoiselles?"

"There's nothing to be afraid of now," promptly answered Rosa, who had far rather be without her governess's company than with it. "Don't sit up for us, mademoiselle."

"Then I will go at once," said mademoiselle. And she wished them good night and retired to her chamber.

CHAPTER XLIV.

ANNA LYNN'S DILEMMA.

It was a lovely evening. One of those warm still evenings that May sometimes brings us, when gnats hum in the air, and the trees are at rest. The day had been intensely hot: the evening was little less so, and Anna Lynn leaned over the gate of their garden, striving to catch what of freshness there might be in the coming night. The garish day was fading into moonlight; the distant Malvern hills grew fainter and fainter on the view; the little lambs in the field—getting great lambs now, some of them—had long lain down to rest; and the Thursday evening bells came chiming pleasantly on the ear from Helstonleigh.

"How late he is to-night!" murmured Anna. "If he does not come soon, I shall not be able to stay out."

Even as the words passed her lips, a faint movement might be distinguished in the obscurity of the night, telling of the advent of Herbert Dare. Anna looked round to see that the windows were clear from prying eyes, and went forth to meet him.

He had halted at the usual place, under cover of the hedge. The hedge of sweetbriar, skirting that side garden into which the Signora Varsini had made good her *entrée*, in the gratification of her curiosity. A shady walk, and a quiet one: very little fear, there, of overlookers.

"Herbert, thee art late!" cried Anna.

"A good thing I was able to come at all," responded Herbert, taking Anna's arm within his own. "I thought at one time I must have remained at home to chastise my brother Anthony."

"Chastise thy brother Anthony!" repeated Anna, in astonishment.

Herbert, for the first time, told her of the unpleasantness that existed between his brother and himself. He did not speak of the precise cause; but simply said Anthony had behaved ill to him; and drawn down upon him trouble and vexation. Anna was all sympathy. Had Herbert told her the offence had lain on his side, not on Anthony's, her entire sympathy had still been his. She deemed Herbert everything that was good, and great, and worthy. Anthony—what little she knew of him—she did not like.

"Herbert, may be, he will be striking thee in secret; when thee art unprepared?"

"Let him!" carelessly replied Herbert. "I can strike again. I am stronger than he is. I know one thing: that either he or I must leave my father's house and get lodgings out; we can't stop in it together."

"It would be he to leave it, would it not, Herbert? Thy father would not be so unjust as to turn thee out for thy brother's fault."

"I don't know about that," said Herbert. "I expect it is I who would have to go. Anthony is the eldest, and my mother's favourite."

Anna lifted her hand, in her innocent surprise. Anthony the favourite by the side of Herbert? She could not understand how so great an anomalous could be.

Interested in the topic, the time slipped on and on. During a moment of silence, when they had halted in their walk, they heard strike out from Helstonleigh what was called the ten o'clock bell: a bell that boomed out over the city every night for ten minutes before ten o'clock. The sound startled Anna. She had, indeed, overstept her time.

"One moment, Anna!" cried Herbert, as she was preparing to fly off. "There can't be any such hurry. Hester will not be going to bed yet, on a hot night like this. I wanted you to give me back that book, if you have done with it. It is not mine, and I have been asked for it."

Truth to say, Anna would be glad to give it back.

The book was Moore's "Lalla Rookh," and Anna had been upon thorns all the time she had been reading it, lest by some unlucky mishap it might get to the sight of Patience. She thought it everything that was beautiful; she had read pages of it over and over again; they wore for her a strange enchantment: but she had a shrewd suspicion that neither the book nor her reading it would be approved by Patience. "I'll bring it out to thee at once, Herbert, if I can," she hastily said. "If not, I will give it thee to-morrow evening."

"Not so fast, young lady," said Herbert, laughing, and detaining her. "You may not come back. I'll wish you good night now."

"Nay, please thee let me go! What will Hester say to me?"

Scarcely giving a moment to the adieu, Anna sped along with swift feet to the garden gate. But, the moment she was inside that separating barrier and had turned the key, she began—little dissembler that she was!—to step on slowly, in a careless, *nonchalant* manner, looking up at the sky, turning her head to the trees, in no more hurry apparently than if bed-time were three hours off. She had seen Hester Dell standing at the house-door.

"Child," said Hester, gravely, "thee should not stay so late as this."

"It is so warm a night, Hester!"

"But thee should not be beyond the premises. Patience would not like it. It is past thy bed-time, too. Patience's sleeping draught has not come."

"Her sleeping draught not come!" repeated Anna, in surprise.

"It has not. I have been expecting the boy to knock every minute. Friend Parry may have forgotten it."

"Why, of course he must have forgotten it," said Anna. "The medicine always comes in the morning. Will Patience sleep without it?"

"I fear me not. What does thee think if I were to run for it?"

"Yes, do, Hester."

They went in-doors, Hester shutting the back door and turning the key. She put on her shawl and bonnet, and was going out at the front door when the clock struck ten.

"It is ten o'clock, child," she said to Anna. "Thee go to bed. Thee need not sit up. I'll take the latch-key with me and let myself in."

"Oh Hester! I don't want to go to bed yet," returned Anna in a grumbling tone. "It is like a summer's evening."

"But thee had better, child," urged Hester. "Patience has been angry with me once or twice, saying I suffer thee to sit up late. A pretty budget she will be telling thy father on his return! Thee go to bed. Thy candle is ready here on the slab. Good night."

Hester departed, shutting fast the door, and carrying with her the latch-key. Anna, fully convinced that friend Parry's forgetfulness must have been designed as a special favour to herself, went softly into the best parlour, to get the book out of her pretty work-table.

But the room was dark, and Anna could not find her keys. She believed she had left her keys on the top of this very work-table; but, feel as she would, she could not put her hands upon them. With a word of impatience, lost, with all her hurry, Herbert Dare should be gone before she could get to him with the book, she went to the kitchen, lighted the chamber candle, spoken of by Hester as placed ready for her use, and carried it into the parlour.

Her keys were found on the mantelpiece. She unlocked the drawer, took from it the book, blew the candle out, and ran through the garden to the field.

Another minute and Herbert would have left. He was turning away then. In truth, he had not in the

least expected to see Anna back again. "Then you have been able to come!" he exclaimed, in his surprise.

"Hester is gone out," explained Anna. "Friend Parry has forgotten to send Patience's medicine, and Hester has gone for it. Herbert, thee only think! But for Hester's expecting Parry's boy to knock at the door, she would have come out here searching for me! I know she would. I must never forget the time again. There's the book, and thank thee. I am sorry and yet glad to give it thee back."

"Is that not a paradox?" asked Herbert, with a smile; "I do not know why you should be either sorry or glad: to be both seems inexplicable."

"I am sorry to lose it; it is the most charming book I have read, and but for Patience I should like to have kept it for ever," returned Anna, with enthusiasm. "But I always felt afraid of Hester's finding it and carrying it up to Patience. Patience would be angry; and she might tell my father. That is why I am glad to give it back to thee."

"Why did you not lock it up?" asked Herbert.

"I did lock it up. I locked it in my work-table drawer. But I forgot to put my keys in my pocket: I leave them about anywhere. I should have been out with it sooner, but that I could not find the keys."

Anna was in no momentary hurry to run in now. Hester was safe for full twenty minutes to come, therefore the haste need not be so great. She knew that it was past her bed-time, and that Patience would be wondering (unless by great good fortune Patience should have dropped asleep) why she did not go in to wish her good night. But these reflections Anna conveniently ignored, in the charm of remaining longer to talk about the book. She told Herbert that she had been copying the engravings, but she must put them in some safe place before Patience is about again. "Tell me the time, please," she suddenly said, bringing her chatter to a standstill.

Herbert took out his watch, and held its face towards the moon. "It is twelve minutes past ten," he said.

"Then I must be going in," said Anna. "She could be back in twenty minutes, and she must not find me out again."

Herbert turned with her, and walked to the gate: pacing slowly, both of them, and talking still. He turned in at the gate with her, and Anna made no demur. No fear of his being seen. Patience was as safe in bed as if she had been chained there, and Hester could not be back quite yet. Arrived at the door, shut as Anna had left it, Herbert put out his hand. "I suppose I must bid you a final good-night now, Anna," he said, in a low tone.

"That thee must. I have to come down the garden again to lock the gate after thee. And Hester may not be more than three or four minutes longer. Good night to thee, Herbert."

"Let me see that it is all safe for you," said Herbert, before he finally turned away, laying his hand on the handle of the door to open it.

To open it? Nay: he could not open it. The handle resisted his efforts. "Did you lock it, Anna?"

Anna smiled at what she thought his awkwardness, "Thee art turning it the wrong way, Herbert. See!"

He withdrew his hand to give place to hers, and she turned the handle, softly and gently, the contrary way; that is, she essayed to turn it. But it would not turn for her, any more than it had for Herbert Dare. A sick feeling of terror rushed over Anna, as the conviction of the truth grew upon her. Hester Dell had returned, and she was locked out!

In good truth, it was no less a calamity. Hester Dell had not gone far from the door on her errand, when she met the doctor's boy with his basket, hastening up with

the medicine. "I was just coming after it," said Hester to him. "Whatever brings thee so late?"

"Mr. Parry was called out this morning before he had time to make it up, and he has but just come home," was the boy's reply. "Better late than never," he somewhat saucily added.

"Well, so it is," acquiesced Hester, who rarely gave anything but a meek retort. And she turned back home, letting herself in with the latch key. The house appeared precisely as she had left it, save that Anna's candle had disappeared from the mahogany slab in the passage. "That's right! the child's gone to bed," soliloquised she.

She proceeded to go to bed herself. The Quaker's was an early household. All Hester had to do now, was to give Patience her sleeping draught. "Let me see?" continued Hester, still in soliloquy, "I think I did lock the back door."

To make sure, she tried the key and found it was not locked. Rather wondering for a minute, for she certainly thought she had locked it, but dismissing the subject the next minute from her thoughts, she locked it now, and took the key out. Then she continued her way up to Patience. Patience, lying there lonely and dull with her night-light, turned her eyes on Hester.

"Did thee think we had forgotten thee, Patience? Parry has been out all day, the boy says, and the physic is but this minute come."

"Where's Anna?" inquired Patience.

"She is gone to bed."

"Why did she not come to me as usual?"

"Did she not come?" asked Hester.

"I have seen nothing of her all the evening."

"Maybe she thought thee'd be dozing," observed Hester, bringing forward the sleeping draught, which she had been pouring into a wine-glass. She said no more. Her private opinion was, that Anna had purposely abstained from the visit, lest she should get a scolding for going to bed late, her usual hour being half-past nine. Patience said no more, either. She was feeling that Anna might be a little less ungrateful. She drank the draught, and Hester went to bed.

And poor Anna? To describe her dismay, her consternation, would be a useless attempt. The doors were fast—the windows were fast. Herbert Dare essayed to soothe her, but she would not be soothed. She sat down on the step of the back door, and cried bitterly: all her apprehension being, the terrible scolding she should get from Patience, were it found out; the worse than scolding she might get, if Patience told her father.

To give Herbert Dare his due, he felt truly vexed at the dilemma, for Anna's sake. Could he have let her in in any way, by getting down a chimney himself, and so opening the door for her, he would have done it. "Don't cry, Anna," he entreated, "don't cry! I'll take care of you. Nothing shall harm you. I'll not go away."

The more he talked, the more she cried. Very like a little child. Had Herbert Dare known how to break the glass without noise, he would have taken out a pane in the kitchen window, and so got to the fastening, and opened it. Anna, in worse terror than ever, begged him not to attempt it. It would be sure to arouse Hester.

"But you'll be so cold, child, staying here all night!" he urged. "You are shivering now."

Anna was shivering: shivering with vexation and fear. Herbert thought it would be better that he should boldly knock up Hester: and he suggested it. But the proposal sounded more alarming to Anna than any that had gone before it. It seemed that there was nothing to be done.

How long she sat there, crying and shivering, and refusing to be comforted or to hear reason, she could not tell. Like half the night, it seemed. But Anna, you must remember, was counting time by her own state of

mind, not by the clock. Suddenly a bright thought, like a ray of light, flashed into her brain.

"There's the pantry window," she cried, arresting her tears. "How could I ever have forgotten it? There is no glass, and thee art strong enough to push in the wire."

This pantry window Herbert Dare knew nothing of. It was at the side of the house, thickly surrounded by shrubs; a square window frame, protected by wire. He sought his way to it amid the thick shrubs; but, to get in, proved a work of time and difficulty. The window was at some height from the ground, the wire strong. Anna sat on the door step, never stirring, leaving him to get in if he could, her tears falling yet, and terrific visions of Patience's anger chasing each other through her mind.

"Anna!"

She could have shouted forth a cry of delight as she leaped up. He had got in, had found his way to the kitchen window, had gently raised it, and was softly calling to her. Some little difficulty yet, but with Herbert's assistance she was safely landed inside, a great tear in her dress being the only damage. He had managed to get a light by means of some fuses in his pocket, and had lighted a candle. Anna sat down on a chair, her face radiant through her tears. "How shall I ever thank thee?"

He was looking at his fingers, with a half serious, half mocking expression of dismay. The wire had torn them in many places, and they were bleeding. "I could have got in quicker had I forced the wire out in the middle," he observed, "but that would have told tales. I got it away from the side, and have pushed it back again in place as well as I could. Perhaps it may escape notice."

"How shall I ever thank thee?" was all Anna could repeat in her gratitude.

"Now you know what you must do, Anna," said he. "I am going to jump out through the window, and be off home. You must shut it and fasten it after me: I'd shut it myself, after I'm out, but that these stains on my fingers would go on the frame. And when you leave the kitchen, remember to turn the key of the door out-side. I found it turned. Do you understand? And now farewell, my little locked-out princess. Don't say I have not worked wonders for you, like the good spirits in the fairy tales."

She caught his hand in her glad delight. She looked at him with a face full of gratitude. Herbert Dare bent down and took a kiss from the up-turned face. Perhaps he thought he had fairly earned the reward. Then he proceeded to swing himself through the window, feeling heartily glad that he had been able to get Anna out of the dilemma.

Before Holstonleigh arose the next morning, a startling report was circulating through the city, the very air teeming with it. A report that Anthony Dare had been killed in the night by his brother Herbert.

(To be continued.)

Progress of the Truth.

ENGLAND.

A HAPPY CHANGE.—Mr. Gordon, the Secularist lecturer, has addressed the following letter to the clergy and ministers of the town of Leeds:—"Permit me to withdraw my circular to you of the 23rd December, 1860. In assuming and maintaining the position which, since that period, I have held in Leeds, I was actuated by the belief that the course I was taking was a righteous and a fruitful one. That belief, however, has passed away; and, by a series of deeply interesting incidents—incidents that I hope to enlarge upon, in your presence, at no very distant date—I have come to accept those Christian

truths which I had so long endeavoured to subject to the province of my reason, but unto which that reason has finally learned to subject itself. Consequently, I have resigned my position as lecturer to the Leeds Secular Society, as also all relationship with the Secularists, as such; and I have the satisfaction to ask you to acknowledge me now, not only as a fellow man, but as a Christian brother.—Permit me to remain, reverend sir, yours respectfully, J. H. GORDON."

OPEN-AIR MISSION.—On Tuesday evening, the 29th ult., the ninth annual meeting of the Open-air Mission was held in the grounds of the Church Missionary College, Islington, kindly lent for the occasion. About 120 took tea together in the hall. The public meeting was held on the lawn. Lord Shaftesbury presided, but left early, and was succeeded by Deputy-Judge Payne. An encouraging report was read by Mr. John MacGregor, the honorary secretary, from which it appeared that twelve auxiliaries are in connection with the society. Twelve conferences have been held during the year. Preaching has been carried on at fifty-four races and fairs, and five executions. The common lodging-houses have been visited, and 500 "British Workman Almanacs" placed in them. 414,000 tracts have been circulated. The income has been £425 13s. 11d., and the expenditure £328 15s. 2d., leaving a balance in hand of £96 18s. 9d. Liabilities, £26 10s. Dr. Weir, Rev. W. Vincent, and Mr. Robert Baxter, took part in the proceedings.

AMERICA.

MASSACHUSETTS.—**Sheffield.**—A pleasant revival of religion has taken place at Sheffield, Massachusetts, manifesting itself with nearly equal power in the Congregational and Methodist Churches. The first tokens of awakening were discovered about the 1st of March last, when some of the hitherto careless began to inquire for the way of salvation. The pastor of the Congregational Church soon invited the Rev. Mr. Potter, an evangelist, to spend a few days with him. So great was the interest speedily manifest, that Mr. Potter spent four or five weeks in Sheffield. A general seriousness has pervaded the town. Several very interesting and marked cases of conversion have taken place, and some fifty probably give evidence of having recently passed from death unto life. A noteworthy incident of the revival, as having a lesson of encouragement to others in well doing, is this. One of the converts at Sheffield wrote a friendly Christian letter to an unconverted acquaintance in a distant place. This letter dropped like a spark of heavenly fire in that place; and as the result, some twenty conversions are already counted there.

PERTH AMBOY.—The Rev. J. Knowins writes: "We have just closed our meetings, after a protracted effort for nineteen weeks, scarcely missing a night during that time. As a result, about 135 have professed conversion, of whom 115 have joined us on probation. A large majority of them are furnishing satisfactory signs of a real work of grace. But this is not all. The membership has been greatly blessed, and excited to greater usefulness and happiness, a seeking for full salvation, so that we have Wednesday afternoon of every week set apart for the especial purpose of promoting personal holiness. As a Church, we have great reason to thank the God of all our mercies, and to him be all the glory! I also record, with great gratitude, the very efficient labours of the Rev. Joseph Palmer, of Brooklyn, among us, especially in urging upon us, as a Church, the great importance of entire sanctification."

INDIA.

The Rev. G. Shrewsbury writes an interesting letter, in which he says:—"Another thing which struck me was the notion which the people entertain of a coming change. 'We shall all be Christians soon,' was an ex-

pression heard in many places, and there seems to be an expectation, perhaps a hope, of an entire revolution in the religion of the country. It may be that this is only idle talk, perhaps the remains of some tradition which has long been floating about, and it may be wholly ineffectual to induce a reception of Christianity; but such is the feeling; and we have heard many say, 'What is the use of embracing Christianity now, when it will certainly bring so much trouble? Let us wait; by-and-by all will be Christians, and then it will be easier.' At one place a Brahmin, after stoutly contending for some time against Christianity, said sullenly, 'The worship of our gods is at an end; everybody will now embrace this new religion.'

Temperance Department.

SUNDAY LIQUOR LEGISLATION.

This subject increasingly engages the attention of temperance reformers in England. The Hull movement is a pleasing indication of deep conviction and an energetic will in this salutary direction. The difficulties are great; but, with the example of Scotland before us, where the experiment thus far has been thoroughly successful, let us not despair.

Be it noted and remembered, for the encouragement of social reformers, that, over all Scotland, the total number of cases of drunkenness and crime, during a term of years immediately before the passing of the Mackenzie Act, was 23 per cent. greater than during the same term of years immediately after; while the number of Sunday cases was an increase of 165 per cent. In some cases—including the two chief cities, Edinburgh and Glasgow—the comparison exhibited a result still more strikingly satisfactory.

How enormous the reduction these facts imply in the amount of spirit-consumption, and its dismal consequences in the home, the Church, and the nation, may be readily inferred. One broad feature of it may be read in the more than a million fewer gallons annually consumed in Scotland, since it obtained its Mackenzie Act, than in the years immediately preceding, as authentic statisticians declare; while the new act recently obtained, to confirm and complete the others, may be expected to develop still more cheering results.

THE SUNDAY LIQUOR LAW IN AMERICA.

A recent American print says:—"With the growing strength of right Sabbath sentiment, the police authorities are more vigilant in suppressing Sunday liquor-selling, and kindred abuses. Numerous arrests have been made by detectives for sales within dram-shops whose doors were ostensibly closed; and being made after the closing of police courts, the offenders have had the discomfort of a night in the station-house before they could be discharged on straw bail. This system threatened to break up the whole Sunday business. In the emergency, the city judge, McCunn, interposed the writ of *habeas corpus*, issued at midnight, requiring the captain of police to bring his prisoners forthwith to the county clerk's office, where justice was then administered. The officer waited till nine o'clock in the morning, when he made a proper return. For this constructive contempt of court, Judge McCunn issued an attachment, notwithstanding the letter of the statute allowing twenty-four hours for a return to the writ. The district attorney has applied to the supreme court

for a prohibition of the oppressive action of the city judge.

"This state of facts is suited to arrest the attention of good citizens to the state of our judiciary, and to the working of the elective system.

"When our national troubles are over, it may be worth while for loyal citizens to look into this matter. Meanwhile let all right-minded men stand by the police, and other faithful public servants, who would guard the city from vice and crime."

A TRAITOR IN THE CAMP.

In spite of all the recent interdicts by the Federal war secretary of military news, there are always prominent items that cannot be hid. Among these there is one fact which towers head and shoulders above the rest—namely, that the most formidable enemy the Northern legions have yet had to encounter is one which they have welcomed within their own camp—not in the belly of a wooden horse, as in ancient Troy, but in the belly of wooden casks, and in the form of whisky or rum.

A correspondent of a New York paper, writing at the close of June last, says: "While good and true men are working hard to abolish grog in our navy, the devil's emissaries are working harder to demoralize our army. The noble river, that flows within a hundred feet of me, increases from a small brook you can step across until it well deserves the name of Father of Waters; and so that gill of liquor will increase to a flood that will destroy us more surely than a score of secession armies.

"Many a mother, wife, and sister have had cause to bewail the loss of a son, husband, or brother, from the use of liquor in our western army; and the eastern is not much, if any, better. Visit our hospitals at Cairo, St. Louis, Quincy, Keokuk, &c., and ask the wounded there, both officers and men, about Pittsburgh Landing, and they all tell you the same story—whisky did it.

"We have noble, honest, and sober men in our armies, and while we have enough of such men, drunkards should not be placed in positions to sacrifice the lives of our sons, brothers, and husbands unnecessarily, nor be allowed to hide their own shame, by endeavouring to make their men as bad or worse than themselves."

GOOD HINTS AND TRUE, FOR OUR EAST OR WEST INDIANS.

An American physician who had lived much in hot climates, was asked by several persons, on their way to the south, how they could best preserve their health during the summer. He replied, "I will give you a few rules, which, faithfully observed, will protect you against the fevers, dysentery, and other diseases of hot climates:—

"1st. Don't touch a drop of alcoholic stimulus, and avoid the excessive use of ice water.

"2nd. Eat very little or no meat, but use freely coarse bread and the fruits of the country. Tea and coffee may be drunk in small quantities, if made quite weak.

"3rd. Bathe all over at least once a day; sleep in well-ventilated apartments; retire early, and sleep long. Straw makes the best bed. It is not well to sleep in the same garment, next the skin, which has been worn during the day.

"4th. And most important of all, wear woolen next the skin! It may be hard to learn; you may,

at first, be obliged to provide yourself with very thin, soft flannel; but you must persevere. If symptoms of bowel-disease appear, wrap an extra piece of flannel around the bowels.

"5th. You must keep up your exercise; although it may increase your discomfort for the moment, it will greatly enhance your power to resist the heat. The farmer in the harvest-field suffers much less than the fine lady in her parlour, although his temperature may be thirty degrees higher. Brisk exercise of the right kind and amount is a wonderful protector against the influence of heat. No one so surely falls a victim to a hot climate as he who lives high, drinks brandy, and sits constantly in the shade, fanning himself."

THE WAY TO THE GALLOWS

The following is an extract from the narrative of the life of Brown, who was executed at Toronto, Canada West, some time ago:—"Were I asked to state what are the causes that have brought me to my present unhappy condition, I would answer in one brief sentence, 'Intoxicating drinks and bad company.' To all young men and young women—yes, and old ones, too—I would say, as you value your health, your reputation, and your immortal souls, avoid intoxicating drinks and bad company as you would avoid a poisonous serpent. Shun the house of 'ill-fame,' for death is there; and 'touch not, taste not, handle not,' the intoxicating cup. I would also add, to children and young people, follow the counsel of your parents and teachers, however much it may cross your own inclinations. Abide by the advice which they give, for had I followed the instructions of my dear parents, I might now have been a respectable and useful member of society, an honour to my parents, and in all things doing the will of God; instead of which, I am confined in a lonely cell, with its grated windows. I am involved in shame and disgrace, condemned to die on the scaffold. Society is casting me from her embrace as not fit to live. Oh, my God and Father! what a course I have run! and how sad—oh, how sad!—the result. I have caused this to be written at my own dictation, not for the sake of publishing my name to the world—for, God knows, I had rather die and be forgotten; but that others may take warning from my bad example when I am no more. I feel willing to die, if my sad end may prove a warning to others to avoid the snare of the tempter."

PAINFUL REMINISCENCES OF A MINISTERIAL TEMPERANCE VETERAN.

The Rev. William Reid, of Edinburgh, in an excellent little treatise, entitled, "Conversion Considered," says: "I do not profess to know more of such cases than others, and yet there passed before my mind, as I write, the haggard forms of not a few whom I once loved, and who have fallen the victims of the fell destroyer. There is one, who moved in a respectable circle of society, and for thirty years enjoyed church fellowship, and she died a drunkard. There is another, a young, but ardent and seemingly-devoted follower of the Saviour, long a successful Sabbath-school teacher, for many years a member of the church, but who became the victim of intemperance, was expelled from Christian communion, and found, a few weeks afterwards, dead in bed, one morning, with an empty bottle beneath her pillow. The recollection of another presents itself—young,

graceful, and kind—the happy wife of a devoted husband. Whether living or dead, now, I cannot tell; but this I know, within a few years of her marriage, she was disowned and cast off, and might be seen wandering the streets of a neighbouring city, reduced to absolute wretchedness. Another man with whom I was acquainted, and a church member, under the influence of drink, went and hanged himself. Nor can I forget one whom I visited when lying on his death-bed—for fifteen years he filled the office of ruling elder, but, notwithstanding, he became the victim of moderate drinking; and although possessed of a knowledge of divine things, at once accurate and comprehensive, died amid all the darkness of spiritual death, with his last breath beseeching his friends for liquor. Delicacy forbids that I proceed, for cases are crowding on my mind which personal friendship denies me the liberty of adducing. They have, however, to me a voice of solemn warning; to close my ear would be to deny myself the benefit of experience, afforded me, I fear, at the expense of souls."

A CHINAMAN'S OPINION OF RUM.

Taking a walk one day through the commissariat stores in Hong Kong, with a friend, I came to a portion of that establishment where four Chinamen were engaged in emptying a large tub of rum, which they were carrying in gallon measures to another portion of the building. Addressing myself to the one who was apparently the head of the party, I inquired, "Do you like rum, John?" "No, sir," said the Chinaman. "Why not?" "Rum not proper, sir; make Chinaman number one FOOL!"

EXPERIENCE OF MINISTERS.

Many and emphatic are the ministerial testimonies, from personal experience, to the vastly increased strength for duty they derived from the adoption of total abstinence. We here present one, that of the late Rev. Benjamin Parsons, author of "Anti-Bacchus."—"About sixteen years ago I became a teetotaler. As I have often said, previous to that period, the doctors had given it as their opinion that my nerves were so shattered, that nothing but giving up reading, thinking, and the ministry altogether, would afford any hope of recovery. My nervousness was such that I enjoyed nothing. I held tightly by both rails of the stairs lest I should fall from top to bottom; I expected every hour to drop down dead, and indeed suffered a living martyrdom. With a life then not worth six months' purchase, I commenced teetotaler, and, 'having obtained help of God,' have continued until this day, and have enjoyed as large an amount of bodily and mental health as any person in the kingdom. I am quite willing to compare notes with any individual in the world as to my exemption from pain and ailments of any kind during the sixteen years of my teetotal history. I am also ready to examine with them my labours. I have studied for more hours every day on an average than I ought, and have to some extent put my health in jeopardy; I have worked hard with my hands, feet, and tongue, and have had, perhaps, more than a common share of the cares and anxieties of life; and yet I have never been ill, have required no medicine, and for the last six years and a half have taken none at all. I may add that my spirits have been cheerful, and my labours and pursuits, which before were so perfectly irksome, have afforded me the highest pleasure."

International Exhibition, 1862.

THE JURORS OF CLASS II. HAVE AWARDED A
PRIZE MEDAL
FOR THE SUPERIORITY OF THE
GLENFIELD STARCH.

Sold by all Grocers, Chandlers, Oilmen, &c.

**COUGHS, ASTHMA, AND INCIPIENT CON-
SUMPTION ARE EFFECTUALLY CURED BY**

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

JUDGED BY THE IMMENSE DEMAND, this UNIVERSAL REMEDY now stands the first in public favour and confidence; this result has been acquired by the test of fifty years' experience. These Lozenges may be found on sale in every British Colony, and throughout India and China. They have been highly esteemed wherever introduced. For Coughs, Asthma, and all affections of the Throat and Chest, they are the most agreeable and efficacious remedy.

Prepared and Sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and Tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors in the World.

N.B.—To prevent spurious imitations, please to observe that the words "KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES" are engraved on the Government Stamp of each Box, without which none are genuine.

"RHEUMATISM."

RHEUMATISM, Rheumatic Gout, and Rheumatic Fever CURED by GARDINER'S RHEUMATIC COMPOUND, which may be taken with perfect safety, containing no colchicum or any other ingredient detrimental to health. This medicine is dispensed gratis to the poor by the London Bible Mission. Sold by the most respectable druggists. Wholesale and retail depot, No. 70, Mark Lane, E.C. Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 1½d. per bottle.

"Custom House Terrace, Victoria Docks, E., March 25, 1861.

"Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in stating that your Rheumatic Compound has done much good among my poor. Many often assure me that it has entirely cured them of severe rheumatism, and they are most anxious to recommend it to other sufferers.

"I have the honour to remain, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

"HERMAN DOUGLAS, M.A.,

"Clergyman of the District."

"116, Fenchurch Street, London, 22nd March, 1861.
"Dear Sir,—It is with the most grateful and pleasurable feelings that I write these few lines to bear my humble testimony to the excellence of Gardiner's Rheumatic Compound, which has most effectually cured me of that wretched complaint, the Rheumatic, after many years of suffering. You cannot do the general public a greater service than by making known this most invaluable medicine. You may depend on my recommending the same to all my circle of friends; and if of any service to you, you are at perfect liberty to humbly tribute of its excellence to any other testimonials already given you.

"I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

"CHARLES BECKMAN.

"There are several hundred testimonials which can be seen by calling at the depot, 70, Mark Lane, E.C.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE

WITH THE BEST ARTICLES AT

DEANE'S

**Ironmongery & Furnishing
WAREHOUSES.**

A Priced Furnishing List sent Post-free.

DEANE & CO., LONDON BRIDGE.

Established A.D. 1700.

**THE PATENT CAZELINE OIL,
THE MOST BRILLIANT OIL DISCOVERED,
Will Burn in all Paraffin and Hydro-Carbon
Lamps.**

Price 3s. 3d. per Gallon.

It is perfectly safe, and free from the offensive odour common to Paraffin Oils. Supplied only through Agents, one of which will be appointed in every Town or District throughout the United Kingdom.

Applications for Agencies to be addressed to CASSELL, SMITH, & CO., 80, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

IF THIS SHOULD MEET THE EYE
of any one troubled with Wind in the Stomach, Indigestion, or Biliousness, take PAGE WOODCOCK'S WIND PILLS. Ten years of success have proved them of sterling merit. Of all Medicine Vendors, at 1s. 1½d.; or free by post for 14 stamps, from PAGE D. WOODCOCK, Chemist, Lincoln.

**PYNE'S
TARAXACUM COCOA**

IS PREPARED FROM THE
FINEST COCOA AND PURE EXTRACT OF DANDELION,
forming a most agreeable BREAKFAST BEVERAGE, and is highly recommended in all BILIOUS and LIVER COMPLAINTS.

Prepared only by J. J. PYNE, Chemist, 63, Piccadilly, Manchester; and sold in Canisters, at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 9d. Wholesale Agents in London, Messrs. BARCLAY and SONS, 25, Farringdon Street.

**H.R.H. THE PRINCESS LOUIS OF HESSE
DARMSTADT.**

THE Marriage of the Princess Alice having created a large renewed inquiry for Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin's BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVING of the unbroken circle of the Royal Family, in which the Portrait of Her Royal Highness forms a prominent feature, they are now issuing a further edition of the Engraving at the price of Two-pence, at which charge it is now ready for delivery to any one who may desire to procure it.

NOW READY,

160 pages, demy 8vo, in handsome wrapper, price 1s.; or printed on superior paper, and elegantly bound in cloth gilt, price 2s. 6d.

An Edition in English, and an Edition in French,

OF

**CASSELL'S
ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO LONDON,**

WITH

Large Folded Map, and Twelve Clue Maps, conveniently printed with the Text for instant reference.

"Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin have published an excellent Illustrated Guide to London, full of good sense and useful information."—The Athenaeum.

All who are unable to visit the Exhibition, and yet wish they could see it accurately reflected as in a mirror, should purchase the Superior Edition of

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR.

All who have visited the Exhibition, and wish to possess a beautiful and permanent record of what they have seen, should purchase the Superior Edition of

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR.

Is publishing in Monthly Parts, price 6d., to be completed in a sufficient number of Parts to form one magnificent Volume. Sold by all Booksellers. Parts 1, 2, and 3 now ready.

Part 1 sent as a specimen, on receipt of six stamps.

On May 12, 1862, was published the First Number of the New Testament Division of

**CASSELL'S
ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE,**

With which Number is issued a beautiful

FAMILY REGISTER,

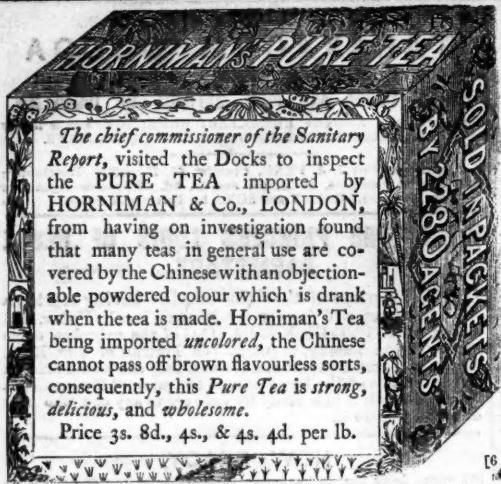
Consisting of Eight Pages, embellished with FOUR SUPERB ENGRAVINGS of Original Subjects: the first engraving is for the insertion of Parents' Names; the second for the Registration of Births; the third for the Registration of Marriages; and the fourth for the Registration of Deaths; each with a richly-ornamented Emblematic Border.

* * The OLD TESTAMENT PORTION may now be had complete in One Volume, handsomely bound in Cloth, gilt back and front. One Guinea.

A General Preface, Title, and Index to the Old Testament are now ready, price 2d.

Handsome Cloth Cases, gilt back and front, for binding the Old Testament in one volume, are now ready, price 5s.

CASSELL, PETTER, & GALPIN, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.



THE GREAT SERMONS

OF THE GREAT PREACHERS,

ANCIENT & MODERN.

With an Historical Sketch of the Greek & Latin Pulpit.

Third Edition, 8vo, cloth, 5s.

THIS Work contains a Collection of Sermons by Great Preachers in various ages of the Church in different countries, and are important as illustrating whole periods of Church History, which have been to a great extent overlooked. It consists of selections from the writings of the early Fathers—Tertullian, Augustine, Basil, and others; from the works of the Reformers, and discourses by the leading Preachers and Theologians of more recent times. The reader will here find a choice casket of Christian Art and Piety, and specimens of the rarest gems of Sacred Eloquence ever brought together in one volume.

CASSELL, PETTER, and GALPIN, Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

PRIZE MEDALS.

EXHIBITION OF 1862.

Fac-simile Electrotypes, for Printing purposes, of the Medal awarded at the International Exhibition can be obtained, in three sizes, upon application to

PETTER & GALPIN,
La Belle Sauvage Yard,
Ludgate Hill, London,
E.C.



CASH'S CAMBRIC FRILLING.

PATENT.

For Trimming all kinds of Ladies' and Children's Washing Apparel.

Sold by all respectable Drapers, in Wrappers containing 12 yds., and bearing the names of J. & J. CASH, Patentees.

Ready October 13th, price 4s. 6d., bound in cloth gilt,

The Second Volume of John Cassell's New Journal, **THE QUIVER.**

On the same day will be published, price One Penny,

THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE THIRD VOLUME OF **THE QUIVER.**

IN introducing to their Subscribers the commencement of the Third Volume of "THE QUIVER," the Publishers beg to invite special attention to some of the ADDITIONAL FEATURES OF ATTRACTION which this Volume will present.

The TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT will contain articles and anecdotes illustrative of the progress of Temperance, and designed to bring before the Christian public the claims of this movement.

The MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT will convey much information useful and interesting to Mothers.

A space will be specially devoted to the SUNDAY-SCHOOL, in which both Teachers and Scholars, it is hoped, will find matter interesting to them, and calculated to afford them valuable assistance in their studies.

The EDITOR will continue to hold CONVERSE WITH HIS FRIENDS and CORRESPONDENTS as to the various matters which they may bring before him.

Other new and important features are intended to be introduced from time to time, and every effort will be made to render the whole of the contents as varied and useful as possible.

THE QUIVER is published in Weekly Numbers, price One Penny; in Monthly Parts, price 5d. and 6d.; and in Half-Yearly Volumes, cloth gilt, price 4s. 6d.

CASSELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.